

READINGS IN
EXPOSITION

DECEMBER 1960

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ROGER S LOOMIS AND DONALD LEMEN CLARK

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PREFACE



THERE ARE NO SHORT CUTS to good writing, for writing, like all arts, is the product of experience, knowledge, and imagination. These cannot easily be bought. The editors of this new, seventh edition of *Modern English Readings* have therefore kept the same informal and flexible organization of previous editions. They have not been tempted to regroup their selections under headings implying that life can be neatly packaged and labeled. They have, on the contrary, retained their belief that, given a sufficiently extensive and varied menu of good writing, the student will learn its form and technique in the only way it can be learned—by study of clearly written models and by association with intelligent, imaginative minds. Here, then, are biographies, essays, articles, and speeches—all chosen to enrich experience, quicken interest, and discipline effort.

Though the format and the tone are similar to previous editions, we have changed many of the readings, eliminating outmoded selections of limited appeal, and adding selections from the work of the best moderns. Thus one will find essays by Aldous Huxley and Joseph Wood Krutch, discussions of language problems by George Orwell and Jacques Barzun, to mention a random few.

In the Discussions of Modern Problems section we have made many changes, though the chief topics remain the same—the student and education, the reconciliation of individual freedom with social justice, the United Nations and world government, man's relation to the universe. In addition to these topics, the present emphasis on social and intellectual conformity is discussed by William Whyte and Edgar Mowrer, some popular delusions are amusingly presented by Bergen Evans, the question of truth and the news is analyzed by Elmer Davis.

Though much has been added, much has been retained. Perennial favorites have not been sacrificed. A glance at the Table of Contents will reveal that we have been guided throughout by a desire to include the best, not to dress up the showcase.

One word about two major changes. In response to the renewed interest in speech as a vital part of language communication, we have added a section of six speeches—the never too much studied "Gettysburg Address," a humorous talk by Samuel Clemens, selections from Churchill, Roosevelt, Faulkner. And in response to many requests for more short expository pieces to serve as models for elementary themes, we have enlarged the Simple Exposition section with over twenty examples of the classic methods of theme development, to

gether with précis of three of these selections. This material can easily be used as the basis of the study of exposition which is an integral part of all beginning composition courses.

As in previous editions, the Student Helps and Theme Suggestions at the close offer some guidance to student reading and classroom discussion, and furnish possible answers to the question, 'What shall I write about?' Brief biographical notes enable one to identify the authors.

We wish to thank the authors, publishers, and editors who have generously allowed us to use copyright material. Specific indebtedness is acknowledged. Our gratitude is due to the many college men and women from whom we have learned most of what we know about the desires and needs of those for whom we have prepared this book. We wish to thank those whose experience with *Modern English Readings* guided our revisions: Professors George Bleasby, Westminster College, Pennsylvania, Henry David Cooke, Long Beach City College, California, Hilda M. Fife, University of Maine, Bertha M. Johnston, University of North Dakota, Joseph S. Marshall, University of South Dakota, and Mary Gladys Moore, Porterville College, California. Especially we would thank our friends and colleagues who have made helpful comments and suggestions, namely, Mr. Morton Donner, Dr. Alice G. Fredman, Mr. Ernest Griffin, Mr. Edwin Heinle, Mr. Thomas Johnson, Mr. Roger Jones, Mrs. Doris B. Kelly, Dr. Barbara Seward, Mr. Louis Simpson.

R S L
D L C
J H M

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INTRODUCTORY



ALL WRITING worthy of the name of literature confers on the sensitive reader a thrill of pleasure. It is out of gratitude for this pleasure that the world has always honored its writers of epic and romance, comedy and tragedy, genial essay and caustic satire. The pleasure varies vastly in kind and degree, and one bit of verse or prose may combine many forms of pleasure. There may be rhythms of phrase or line or stanza that charm the inner ear, there may be music of vowels and consonants, there may be exquisite imagery or faithful portrayal of men and things, there may be emotions of curiosity, humor, indignation, passion, worship, despair, courage, and pity. There may be simply the pleasure of enlightenment, of gaining a clearer insight into questions that perplex and baffle. And always there must be for the sensitive and intelligent reader the pleasing sense of artistry, of a job done with the right tools, with the right technique of verse or prose.

This collection of literature is intended for those college men and women who have learned already to demand honesty, intelligence, and taste in their reading, whose minds have graduated beyond the faked sentimentality of sob sisters, and the boyish heroisms of Western stories. Between these covers there is literary fare of many flavors, but all of it adapted to mature minds and exacting tastes, and some of it the work of the recognized literary geniuses of the last hundred or more years. Here is a small part of your rich heritage of emotional experience and intellectual insight. It is for you to read, to ponder, to enjoy.

Perhaps you would like to stop there. But it is part of your preparation for life, a requirement for your joining the company of educated men and women, that you should be able to use this same instrument of language yourself. Not that any one expects you to become a Newman or a Poe or a Swinburne. But the ability to write with clarity and correctness, and if possible with some force and charm, is of immense use both in college and after, without it the rest of your education loses much of its efficacy. Your reading in this book, therefore, will form the basis for class discussion and for written papers. You will have an opportunity to learn from the masters of prose how to put your ideas and your experiences on paper. Write always with honesty, saying what you have really felt or what you believe to be true. Work always toward greater and greater clarity of thought and expression. Develop your capacity for seeing the humors, the shams, the ecstasies, the tragedies that give life its enthralling interest. Search for the right word and the telling phrase, build

the paragraph or the composition into a reasoned or a shapely whole. In sum, develop in your writing that sincerity, intelligence, and taste which are the earmarks of all good writing. And if you do, some of you will be writing literature, in a modest way, of course, but still literature.

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BIOGRAPHY

IT IS A GOOD SIGN, perhaps, that biography and detective fiction have had a special vogue in the United States during the decades just past, for good biography creates and satisfies a craving for realities and even mediocre detective stories rouse the torpid faculties of observation and reasoning. If we could evolve a species of literature which would render the interpretation of present day realities as exciting and as clear cut as the solution of a murder mystery, we might have some hope of emerging from chaos and muddlement into a happier world.

As it is, we have biography. Here are segments of reality as observed by sensitive and acute minds, phases of experience with which most of us have had no direct contact or phases of experience familiar enough but seen with other and sharper eyes. To read biography with an active imagination is vastly to extend the orbit of one's life, to travel in other times and climes with fascinating companions—and at a minimum of expense. Who does not feel pride and pleasure in making the acquaintance of 'Jeb' Stuart, gallant cavalry officer of the Confederacy, whose gold spurs and chivalrous heart were realities of ninety five years ago? Who can read without fascination the story of the great gawky giant from the Prairie who preserved the Union—the plain facts of his young manhood, clerking in a store, joking, wrestling with toughs, finding ecstasy and agony in love? Who can live through those four years with the Curies in a leaky shed in Paris, and not tingle with excitement when at last radium glows in the darkness? And we venture to question whether any of our own experiences with parents or professors can be more vivid and pleasurable than our vicarious—and hilarious—experiences with the father of Clarence Day and the botany professor of James Thurber.

Reading biography not only multiplies the possibilities of pleasurable and interesting experience, but also provokes thought. Side by side in this volume are portrayed two kinds of war experience, Florence Nightingale's and 'Jeb' Stuart's, and two extraordinary characters thrive on that experience. What thoughts arise in the reading as to the effects of war on character, honor in warfare, the role of women? Can one read about Mrs. Margaret Brown without some reflections on high society, about Severeid's college days without asking what is the main business of education? Biography extends our acquaintance with the realities of the past and the present, and offers a broader basis for judgment than our own limited lives afford.

Close attention will reveal something of the arts of narrative and character analysis. How is the impression of reality conveyed? What uses may be made of description and background? How are effects of irony, suspense, and humor secured? When is direct quotation from dialogue or letters employed? What are the most impressive passages? What lends them their power?

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE¹



Lytton Strachey

EVERYONE KNOWS the popular conception of Florence Nightingale. The saintly, self-sacrificing woman, the delicate maiden of high degree who threw aside the pleasures of a life of ease to succour the afflicted, the Lady with the Lamp, gliding through the horrors of the hospital at Scutari, and consecrating with the radiance of her goodness the dying soldier's couch—the vision is familiar to all. But the truth was different. The Miss Nightingale of fact was not as facile fancy painted her. She worked in another fashion, and towards another end, she moved under the stress of an impetus which finds no place in the popular imagination. A Demon possessed her. Now demons, whatever else they may be, are full of interest. And so it happens that in the real Miss Nightingale there was more that was interesting than in the legendary one, there was also less that was agreeable.

Her family was extremely well to do, and connected by marriage with a spreading circle of other well-to-do families. There was a large country house in Derbyshire, there was another in the New Forest, there were Mayfair rooms for the London season and all its finest parties, there were tours on the Continent with even more than the usual number of Italian operas and glimpses at the celebrities of Paris. Brought up among such advantages, it was only natural to suppose that Florence would show a proper appreciation of them by doing her duty in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call her—in other words, by marrying, after a fitting number of dances and dinner parties, an eligible gentleman, and living happily ever afterwards. Her sister, her cousins, all the young ladies of her acquaintance, were either getting ready to do this or had already done it. It was inconceivable that Florence should dream of anything else, yet dream she did. Ah! To do her duty in that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call her! Assuredly she would not be behindhand in doing her duty, but unto what state of life *had* it pleased God to call her? That was the question. God's calls are many, and they are strange. Unto what state of life had it pleased Him to call Charlotte Corday, or Elzabeth of Hungary? What was that secret voice in her ear, if it was not a call? Why had she felt, from her earliest years, those mysterious promptings to wards—she hardly knew what but certainly towards something very different from anything around her? Why, as a child in the nursery, when her sister had shown a healthy pleasure in tearing her dolls to pieces, had *she* shown an

¹ From Lytton Strachey, *Eminent Victorians* (1918). By permission of Harcourt, Brace and Co.

almost morbid one in sewing them up again? Why was she driven now to minister to the poor in their cottages, to watch by sick beds, to put her dog's wounded paw into elaborate splints as if it was a human being? Why was her head filled with queer imaginations of the country house at Embley turned by some enchantment, into a hospital, with herself as matron moving about among the beds? Why was even her vision of heaven itself filled with suffering patients to whom she was being useful? So she dreamed and wondered, and, taking out her diary, she poured into it the agitations of her soul. And then the bell rang, and it was time to go and dress for dinner.

As the years passed, a restlessness began to grow upon her. She was unhappy, and at last she knew it. Mrs. Nightingale, too, began to notice that there was something wrong. It was very odd, what could be the matter with dear Flo? Mr. Nightingale suggested that a husband might be advisable, but the curious thing was that she seemed to take no interest in husbands. And with her attractions, and her accomplishments, too! There was nothing in the world to prevent her making a really brilliant match. But no! She would think of nothing but how to satisfy that singular craving of hers to be *doing* something. As if there was not plenty to do in any case, in the ordinary way, at home. There was the china to look after, and there was her father to be read to after dinner. Mrs. Nightingale could not understand it, and then one day her perplexity was changed to consternation and alarm. Florence announced an extreme desire to go to Salisbury Hospital for several months as a nurse, and she confessed to some visionary plan of eventually setting up in a house of her own in a neighboring village, and there founding "something like a Protestant Sisterhood, without vows, for women of educated feelings." The whole scheme was summarily brushed aside as preposterous, and Mrs. Nightingale, after the first shock of terror, was able to settle down again more or less comfortably to her embroidery. But Florence, who was now twenty-five and felt that the dream of her life had been shattered, came near to desperation.

And, indeed, the difficulties in her path were great. For not only was it an almost unimaginable thing in those days for a woman of means to make her own way in the world and to live in independence, but the particular profession for which Florence was clearly marked out both by her instincts and her capacities was at that time a peculiarly disreputable one. A "nurse" meant then a coarse old woman, always ignorant, usually dirty, often brutal, a Mrs. Gamp, in bunched up sordid garments, tipping at the brandy bottle or indulging in worse irregularities. The nurses in the hospitals were especially notorious for immoral conduct, sobriety almost unknown among them, and they could hardly be trusted to carry out the simplest medical duties. Certainly, things have changed since those days, and that they *have* changed is due, far more than to any other human being, to Miss Nightingale herself. It is not to be wondered at that her parents should have shuddered at the notion of their

daughter devoting her life to such an occupation "It was as if," she herself said afterward, "I had wanted to be a kitchen maid" Yet the want, absurd, impracticable as it was, not only remained fixed immovably in her heart, but grew in intensity day by day Her wretchedness deepened into a morbid melancholy Everything about her was vile, and she herself, it was clear, to have deserved such misery, was even viler than her surroundings Yes, she had sinned—'standing before God's judgment seat' "No one," she declared, 'has so grieved the Holy Spirit', of that she was quite certain It was in vain that she prayed to be delivered from vanity and hypocrisy, and she could not bear to smile or to be gay, "because she hated God to hear her laugh, as if she had not repented of her sin"

A weaker spirit would have been overwhelmed by the load of such distresses—would have yielded or snapped But this extraordinary young woman held firm, and fought her way to victory With an amazing persistency, during the eight years that followed her rebuff over Salisbury Hospital, she struggled and worked and planned While superficially she was carrying on the life of a brilliant girl in high society, while internally she was a prey to the tortures of regret and of remorse, she yet possessed the energy to collect the knowledge and to undergo the experience which alone could enable her to do what she had determined she would do in the end In secret she devoured the reports of medical commissions, the pamphlets of sanitary authorities, the histories of hospitals and homes She spent the intervals of the London season in ragged schools and workhouses When she went abroad with her family, she used her spare time so well that there was hardly a great hospital in Europe with which she was not acquainted, hardly a great city whose slums she had not passed through She managed to spend some days in a convent school in Rome, and some weeks as a "Sœur de Charité" in Paris Then, while her mother and sister were taking the waters at Carlsbad, she succeeded in slipping off to a nursing institution at Kaiserswerth, where she remained for more than three months This was the critical event of her life The experience which she gained as a nurse at Kaiserswerth formed the foundation of all her future action and finally fixed her in her career

But one other trial awaited her The allurements of the world she had brushed aside with disdain and loathing, she had resisted the subtler temptation which, in her weariness, had sometimes come upon her, of devoting her baffled energies to art or literature, the last ordeal appeared in the shape of a desirable young man Hitherto, her lovers had been nothing to her but an added burden and a mockery, but now— For a moment, she wavered A new feeling swept over her—a feeling which she had never known before, which she was never to know again The most powerful and the profoundest of all the instincts of humanity laid claim upon her But it rose before her, that instinct, arrayed—how could it be otherwise?—in the inevitable habiliments of a Victorian marriage, and she had the strength to stamp it underfoot

I have an intellectual nature which requires satisfaction [she noted], and that would find it in him I have a passional nature which requires satisfaction, and that would find it in him I have a moral, an active nature which requires satisfaction, and that would not find it in his life Sometimes I think that I will satisfy my passional nature at all events

But no, she knew in her heart that it could not be "To be nailed to a continuation and exaggeration of my present life to put it out of my power ever to be able to seize the chance of forming for myself a true and rich life"—that would be a suicide She made her choice, and refused what was at least a certain happiness for a visionary good which might never come to her at all And so she returned to her old life of waiting and bitterness

The thoughts and feelings that I have now [she wrote] I can remember since I was six years old A profession, a trade a necessary occupation something to fill and employ all my faculties, I have always felt essential to me I have always longed for The first thought I can remember, and the last was nursing work, and in the absence of this, education work, but more the education of the bad than of the young Everything has been tried, foreign travel, kind friends, everything My God! What is to become of me?

A desirable young man? Dust and ashes! What was there desirable in such a thing as that? "In my thirty first year," she noted in her diary, "I see nothing desirable but death"

Three more years passed, and then at last the pressure of time told, her family seemed to realize that she was old enough and strong enough to have her way, and she became the superintendent of a charitable nursing home in Harley Street She had gained her independence, though it was in a meagre sphere enough, and her mother was still not quite resigned surely Florence might at least spend the summer in the country At times, indeed, among her intimates, Mrs Nightingale almost wept "We are ducks," she said with tears in her eyes, "who have hatched a wild swan" But the poor lady was wrong, it was not a swan that they had hatched, it was an eagle

Miss Nightingale had been a year in her nursing home in Harley Street, when Fate knocked at the door The Crimean War broke out, the battle of the Alma was fought, and the terrible condition of our military hospitals at Scutari began to be known in England It sometimes happens that the plans of Providence are a little difficult to follow, but on this occasion all was plain, there was a perfect co ordination of events For years Miss Nightingale had been getting ready, at last she was prepared—experienced, free, mature, yet still young—she was thirty four—desirous to serve, accustomed to command at that precise moment the desperate need of a great nation came, and she was there to satisfy it If the war had fallen a few years earlier, she would have lacked the knowledge, perhaps even the power, for such a work, a few years later and she would, no doubt, have been fixed in the routine of some

absorbing task, and, moreover, she would have been growing old. Nor was it only the coincidence of Time that was remarkable. It so fell out that Sidney Herbert was at the War Office and in the Cabinet, and Sidney Herbert was an intimate friend of Miss Nightingale's, convinced, from personal experience in charitable work, of her supreme capacity. After such premises, it seems hardly more than a matter of course that her letter, in which she offered her services for the East, and Sidney Herbert's letter, in which he asked for them, should actually have crossed in the post. Thus it all happened, without a hitch. The appointment was made, and even Mrs. Nightingale, overawed by the magnitude of the venture, could only approve. A pair of faithful friends offered themselves as personal attendants, thirty-eight nurses were collected, and within a week of the crossing of the letters Miss Nightingale, amid a great burst of popular enthusiasm, left for Constantinople.

Among the numerous letters which she received on her departure was one from Dr. Manning, who at that time was working in comparative obscurity as a Catholic priest in Bayswater. "God will keep you," he wrote, "and my prayer for you will be that your one object of Worship, Pattern of Imitation, and source of consolation and strength may be the Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord."

To what extent Dr. Manning's prayer was answered must remain a matter of doubt, but this much is certain, that, if ever a prayer was needed, it was needed then for Florence Nightingale. For dark as had been the picture of the state of affairs at Scutari, revealed to the English public in the despatches of the *Times* correspondent and in a multitude of private letters, yet the reality turned out to be darker still. What had occurred was, in brief, the complete breakdown of our medical arrangements at the seat of war. The origins of this awful failure were complex and manifold, they stretched back through long years of peace and carelessness in England, they could be traced through endless ramifications of administrative incapacity—from the inherent faults of confused systems to the petty bunglings of minor officials, from the inevitable ignorance of Cabinet Ministers to the fatal exactitudes of narrow routine. In the inquiries which followed it was clearly shown that the evil was in reality that worst of all evils—one which has been caused by nothing in particular and for which no one in particular is to blame. The whole organisation of the war machine was incompetent and out of date. The old Duke had sat for a generation at the Horse Guards repressing innovations with an iron hand. There was an extraordinary overlapping of authorities, an almost incredible shifting of responsibilities to and fro. As for such a notion as the creation and the maintenance of a really adequate medical service for the army—in that atmosphere of aged chaos, how could it have entered anybody's head? Before the war, the easy-going officials at Westminster were naturally persuaded that all was well—or at least as well as could be expected, when someone, for instance, actually had the temerity to suggest the formation of a corps of army nurses, he was at once laughed out of court. When the war had begun, the

gallant British officers in control of affairs had other things to think about than the petty details of medical organisation. Who had bothered with such trifles in the Peninsula? And surely, on that occasion, we had done pretty well. Thus the most obvious precautions were neglected, the most necessary preparations put off from day to day. The principal medical officer of the army, Dr Hall, was summoned from India at a moment's notice, and was unable to visit England before taking up his duties at the front. And it was not until after the battle of the Alma, when we had been at war for many months, that we acquired hospital accommodations at Scutari for more than a thousand men. Errors, follies, and vices on the part of individuals there doubtless were, but, in the general reckoning, they were of small account—insignificant symptoms of the deep disease of the body politic—the enormous calamity of administrative collapse.

Miss Nightingale arrived at Scutari—a suburb of Constantinople, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus—on November 4th, 1854, it was ten days after the battle of Balaklava, and the day before the battle of Inkerman. The organisation of the hospitals, which had already given way under the stress of the battle of the Alma, was now to be subjected to the further pressure which these two desperate and bloody engagements implied. Great detachments of wounded were already beginning to pour in. The men, after receiving such summary treatment as could be given them at the smaller hospitals in the Crimea itself, were forthwith shipped in batches of two hundred across the Black Sea to Scutari. This voyage was in normal times one of four days and a half, but the times were no longer normal, and now the transit often lasted for a fortnight or three weeks. It received, not without reason, the name of “the middle passage.” Between, and sometimes on the decks, the wounded, the sick, and the dying were crowded—men who had just undergone the amputation of limbs, men in the clutches of fever or of frostbite, men in the last stages of dysentery and cholera—without beds, sometimes without blankets, often hardly clothed. The one or two surgeons on board did what they could, but medical stores were lacking, and the only form of nursing available was that provided by a handful of invalid soldiers, who were usually themselves prostrate by the end of the voyage. There was no other food besides the ordinary salt rations of ship diet, and even the water was sometimes so stored that it was out of reach of the weak. For many months, the average of deaths during these voyages was seventy-four in the thousand, the corpses were shot out into the waters, and who shall say that they were the most unfortunate? At Scutari, the landing stage, constructed with all the perverseness of Oriental ingenuity, could only be approached with great difficulty, and, in rough weather, not at all. When it was reached, what remained of the men in the ships had first to be disembarked, and then conveyed up a steep slope of a quarter of a mile to the nearest of the hospitals. The most serious cases might be put upon stretchers—for there were far too few for all, the rest were carried or dragged up the hill by such convalescent soldiers as could be got to

gether, who were not too obviously infirm for the work. At last the journey was accomplished, slowly, one by one, living or dying, the wounded were carried up into the hospital. And in the hospital what did they find?

Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate the delusive doors bore no such inscription, and yet behind them Hell yawned. Want, neglect, confusion, misery—in every shape and in every degree of intensity—filled the endless corridors and the vast apartments of the gigantic barrack house, which, without forethought or preparation, had been hurriedly set aside as the chief shelter for the victims of the war. The very building itself was radically defective. Huge sewers underlay it, and cess pools loaded with filth wafted their poison into the upper rooms. The floors were in so rotten a condition that many of them could not be scrubbed, the walls were thick with dirt, incredible multitudes of vermin swarmed everywhere. And, enormous as the building was, it was yet too small. It contained four miles of beds, crushed together so close that there was but just room to pass between them. Under such conditions, the most elaborate system of ventilation might well have been at fault, but here there was no ventilation. The stench was indescribable. "I have been well acquainted," said Miss Nightingale, "with the dwellings of the worst parts of most of the great cities in Europe, but have never been in any atmosphere which I could compare with that of the Barrack Hospital at night." The structural defects were equalled by the deficiencies in the commonest objects of hospital use. There were not enough bedsteads, the sheets were of canvas, and so coarse that the wounded men recoiled from them, begging to be left in their blankets, there was no bedroom furniture of any kind, and empty beer bottles were used for candlesticks. There were no basins, no towels, no soap, no brooms, no mops, no trays, no plates, there were neither slippers nor scissors, neither shoebrushes nor blacking, there were no knives or forks or spoons. The supply of fuel was constantly deficient. The cooking arrangements were preposterously inadequate, and the laundry was a farce. As for purely medical materials, the tale was no better. Stretchers, splints, bandages—all were lacking, and so were the most ordinary drugs.

To replace such wants, to struggle against such difficulties, there was a handful of men overburdened by the strain of ceaseless work, bound down by the traditions of official routine, and enfeebled either by old age or inexperience or sheer incompetence. They had proved utterly unequal to their task. The principal doctor was lost in the imbecilities of a senile optimism. The wretched official whose business it was to provide for the wants of the hospital was tied fast hand and foot by red tape. A few of the younger doctors struggled valiantly, but what could they do? Unprepared, disorganised, with such help only as they could find among the miserable band of convalescent soldiers drafted off to tend their sick comrades, they were faced with disease, mutilation, and death in all their most appalling forms, crowded multitudinously about them in an ever increasing mass. They were like men in a shipwreck, fighting, not for safety, but for the next moment's bare existence—to gain, by

yet another frenzied effort, some brief respite from the waters of destruction

In these surroundings, those who had been long inured to scenes of human suffering—surgeons with a world wide knowledge of agonies, soldiers familiar with fields of carnage, missionaries with remembrances of famine and of plague—yet found a depth of horror which they had never known before. There were moments, there were places in the Barrack Hospital at Scutari, where the strongest hand was struck with trembling, and the boldest eye would turn away its gaze

Miss Nightingale came, and she, at any rate, in that Inferno, did not abandon hope. For one thing, she brought material succour. Before she left London she had consulted Dr. Andrew Smith, the head of the Army Medical Board, as to whether it would be useful to take out stores of any kind to Scutari, and Dr. Andrew Smith had told her that “nothing was needed.” Even Sidney Herbert had given her similar assurances, possibly, owing to an oversight, there might have been some delay in the delivery of the medical stores, which, he said, had been sent out from England “in profusion,” but “four days would have remedied this.” She preferred to trust her own instincts, and at Marseilles purchased a large quantity of miscellaneous provisions, which were of the utmost use at Scutari. She came, too, amply provided with money—in all, during her stay in the East, about £7000 reached her from private sources, and, in addition, she was able to avail herself of another valuable means of help. At the same time as herself, Mr. Macdonald, of the *Times*, had arrived at Scutari, charged with the duty of administering the large sums of money collected through the agency of that newspaper in aid of the sick and wounded, and Mr. Macdonald had the sense to see that the best use he could make of the *Times* Fund was to put it at the disposal of Miss Nightingale.

I cannot conceive [wrote an eye witness], as I now calmly look back on the first three weeks after the arrival of the wounded from Inkerman, how it could have been possible to have avoided a state of things too disastrous to contemplate, had not Miss Nightingale been there with the means placed at her disposal by Mr. Macdonald.

But the official view was different. What! Was the public service to admit, by accepting outside charity, that it was unable to discharge its own duties without the assistance of private and irregular benevolence? Never! And accordingly when Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, our Ambassador at Constantinople, was asked by Mr. Macdonald to indicate how the *Times* Fund could best be employed, he answered that there was indeed one object to which it might very well be devoted—the building of an English Protestant Church at Pera.

Mr. Macdonald did not waste further time with Lord Stratford, and immediately joined forces with Miss Nightingale. But, with such a frame of mind in the highest quarters, it is easy to imagine the kind of disgust and alarm with which the sudden intrusion of a band of amateurs and females must have filled the minds of the ordinary officers and the ordinary military sur-

geon They could not understand it what had women to do with war? Honest Colonels relieved their spleen by the cracking of heavy jokes about "the Bird", while poor Dr Hall, a rough terrier of a man, who had worried his way to the top of his profession, was struck speechless with astonishment, and at last observed that Miss Nightingale's appointment was extremely droll

Her position was, indeed, an official one, but it was hardly the easier for that In the hospitals it was her duty to provide the services of herself and her nurses when they were asked for by the doctors, and not until then At first some of the surgeons would have nothing to say to her, and, though she was welcomed by others, the majority were hostile and suspicious But gradually she gained ground Her good will could not be denied, and her capacity could not be disregarded With consummate tact, with all the gentleness of supreme strength, she managed at last to impose her personality upon the susceptible, overwrought, discouraged, and helpless group of men in authority who surrounded her She stood firm, she was a rock in the angry ocean, with her alone was safety, comfort, life And so it was that hope dawned at Scutari The reign of chaos and old night began to dwindle, order came upon the scene, and common sense, and forethought, and decision, radiating out from the little room off the great gallery in the Barrack Hospital where, day and night, the Lady Superintendent was at her task Progress might be slow, but it was sure The first sign of a great change came with the appearance of some of those necessary objects with which the hospitals had been unprovided for months The sick men began to enjoy the use of towels and soap, knives and forks, combs and tooth brushes Dr Hall might snort when he heard of it, asking, with a growl, what a soldier wanted with a tooth brush, but the good work went on Eventually the whole business of purveying to the hospitals was, in effect, carried out by Miss Nightingale She alone, it seemed, whatever the contingency, knew where to lay her hands on what was wanted, she alone could dispense her stores with readiness, above all, she alone possessed the art of circumventing the pernicious influences of official etiquette This was her greatest enemy, and sometimes even she was baffled by it On one occasion 27,000 shirts, sent out at her instance by the Home Government, arrived, were landed, and were only waiting to be unpacked But the official "Purveyor" intervened, 'he could not unpack them,' he said, "without a Board ' Miss Nightingale pleaded in vain, the sick and wounded lay half naked, shivering for want of clothing, and three weeks elapsed before the Board released the shirts A little later, however, on a similar occasion, Miss Nightingale felt that she could assert her own authority She ordered a Government consignment to be forcibly opened, while the miserable "Purveyor" stood by, wringing his hands in departmental agony

Vast quantities of valuable stores sent from England lay, she found, engulfed in the bottomless abyss of the Turkish Customs House Other ship loads, buried beneath munitions of war destined for Balaclava, passed Scutari without a sign, and thus hospital materials were sometimes carried to and fro

three times over the Black Sea, before they reached their destination. The whole system was clearly at fault, and Miss Nightingale suggested to the home authorities that a Government Store House should be instituted at Scutari for the reception and distribution of the consignments. Six months after her arrival this was done.

In the meantime she had reorganized the kitchens and the laundries in the hospitals. The ill cooked hunks of meat, vilely served at irregular intervals, which had hitherto been the only diet for the sick men, were replaced by punctual meals, well prepared and appetising, while strengthening extra foods—soups and wines, and jellies (“preposterous luxuries” snarled Dr. Hall)—were distributed to those who needed them. One thing, however, she could not effect. The separation of the bones from the meat was no part of official cookery: the rule was that the food must be divided into equal portions, and if some of the portions were all bone—well, every man must take his chance. The rule, perhaps, was not a very good one, but there it was. “It would require a new Regulation of the Service,” she was told, “to bone the meat.” As for the washing arrangements, they were revolutionised. Up to the time of Miss Nightingale’s arrival the number of shirts which the authorities had succeeded in washing was seven. The hospital bedding, she found, was “washed” in cold water. She took a Turkish house, had boilers installed and employed soldiers’ wives to do the laundry work. The expenses were defrayed from her own funds and that of the *Times*, and henceforward the sick and wounded had the comfort of clean linen.

Then she turned her attention to their clothing. Owing to military exigencies the greater number of the men had abandoned their kits, their knapsacks were lost forever, they possessed nothing but what was on their persons and that was usually only fit for speedy destruction. The “Purveyor,” of course, pointed out that, according to the regulations, all soldiers should bring with them into hospital an adequate supply of clothing, and he declared that it was no business of his to make good their deficiencies. Apparently, it was the business of Miss Nightingale. She procured socks, boots, and shirts in enormous quantities, she had trousers made, she rigged up dressing gowns. “The fact is,” she told Sidney Herbert, “I am now clothing the British Army.”

All at once, word came from the Crimea that a great new contingent of sick and wounded might shortly be expected. Where were they to go? Every available inch in the wards was occupied, the affair was serious and pressing, and the authorities stood aghast. There were some dilapidated rooms in the Barrack Hospital, unfit for human habitation, but Miss Nightingale believed that if measures were promptly taken they might be made capable of accommodating several hundred beds. One of the doctors agreed with her, the rest of the officials were irresolute: it would be a very expensive job, they said, it would involve building, and who could take the responsibility? The proper course was that a representation should be made to the Director General of the Army Medical Department in London: then the Director General would ap

ply to the Horse Guards the Horse Guards would move the Ordnance, the Ordnance would lay the matter before the Treasury, and if the Treasury gave its consent, the work might be correctly carried through, several months after the necessity for it had disappeared. Miss Nightingale, however, had made up her mind, and she persuaded Lord Stratford—or thought she had persuaded him—to give his sanction to the required expenditure. A hundred and twenty-five workmen were immediately engaged, and the work was begun. The workmen struck, whereupon Lord Stratford washed his hands of the whole business. Miss Nightingale engaged two hundred other workmen on her own authority, and paid the bill out of her own resources. The wards were ready by the required date, five hundred sick men were received in them, and all the utensils, including knives, forks, spoons, cans and towels, were supplied by Miss Nightingale.

This remarkable woman was in truth performing the function of an administrative chief. How had this come about? Was she not in reality merely a nurse? Was it not her duty simply to tend to the sick? And indeed, was it not as a ministering angel, a gentle “lady with a lamp” that she actually impressed the minds of her contemporaries? No doubt that was so, and yet it is no less certain that, as she herself said, the specific business of nursing was “the least important of the functions into which she had been forced.” It was clear that in the state of disorganisation into which the hospitals at Scutari had fallen the most pressing, the really vital, need was for something more than nursing, it was for the necessary elements of civilised life—the commonest material objects, the most ordinary cleanliness, the rudimentary habits of order and authority. “Oh, dear Miss Nightingale,” said one of her party as they were approaching Constantinople, “when we land, let there be no delays, let us get straight to nursing the poor fellows!” “The strongest will be wanted at the wash tub,” was Miss Nightingale’s answer. And it was upon the wash tub, and all that the wash tub stood for, that she expended her greatest energies. Yet to say that is perhaps to say too much. For to those who watched her at work among the sick, moving day and night from bed to bed, with that unflinching courage, with that indefatigable vigilance, it seemed as if the concentrated force of an undivided and unparalleled devotion could hardly suffice for that portion of her task alone. Wherever, in those vast wards, suffering was at its worst and the need for help was greatest, there, as if by magic, was Miss Nightingale. Her superhuman equanimity would, at the moment of some ghastly operation, nerve the victim to endure and almost to hope. Her sympathy would assuage the pangs of dying and bring back to those still living something of the forgotten charm of life. Over and over again her untiring efforts rescued those whom the surgeons had abandoned as beyond the possibility of cure. Her mere presence brought with it a strange influence. A passionate idolatry spread among the men: they kissed her shadow as it passed. They did more. “Before she came,” said a soldier, “there was cussin’ and swearin’, but after that it was as ’olv as a church.” The most

cherished privilege of the fighting man was abandoned for the sake of Miss Nightingale. In those "lowest sinks of human misery," as she herself put it, she never heard the use of one expression "which could distress a gentle woman."

She was heroic, and these were the humble tributes paid by those of grosser mould to that high quality. Certainly, she was heroic. Yet her heroism was not of that simple sort so dear to the readers of novels and the compilers of hagiologies—the romantic sentimental heroism with which mankind loves to invest its chosen darlings. It was made of sterner stuff. To the wounded soldier on his couch of agony she might well appear in the guise of a gracious angel of mercy, but the military surgeons, and the orderlies, and her own nurses, and the 'Purveyor,' and Dr. Hall, and even Lord Stratford himself could tell a different story. It was not by gentle sweetness and womanly self-abnegation that she had brought order out of chaos in the Scutari Hospitals, that, from her own resources, she had clothed the British Army, that she had spread her dominion over the sullen and reluctant powers of the official world, it was by strict method, by stern discipline, by rigid attention to detail, by ceaseless labour, by the fixed determination of an indomitable will. Beneath her cool and calm demeanour lurked fierce and passionate fires. As she passed through the wards in her plain dress, so quiet, so unassuming, she struck the casual observer simply as the pattern of a perfect lady, but the keener eye perceived something more than that—the serenity of high deliberation in the scope of the capacious brow, the sign of power in the dominating curve of the thin nose, and the traces of a harsh and dangerous temper—something peevish, something mocking, and yet something precise—in the small and delicate mouth. There was humour in the face, but the curious watcher might wonder whether it was humour of a very pleasant kind, might ask himself, even as he heard the laughter and marked the jokes with which she cheered the spirits of her patients, what sort of sardonic merriment this same lady might not give vent to, in the privacy of her chamber. As for her voice, it was true of it, even more than her countenance, that it had that in it one must fain call master. Those clear tones were in no need of emphasis. "I never heard her raise her voice," said one of her companions. Only, when she had spoken, it seemed as if nothing could follow but obedience. Once, when she had given some direction, a doctor ventured to remark that the thing could not be done. "But it must be done," said Miss Nightingale. A chance bystander, who heard the words, never forgot through all his life the irresistible authority of them. And they were spoken quietly—very quietly in deed.

Late at night, when the long miles of beds lay wrapped in darkness, Miss Nightingale would sit at work in her little room, over her correspondence. It was one of the most formidable of all her duties. There were hundreds of letters to be written to the friends and relations of soldiers, there was the enormous mass of official documents to be dealt with—there were her own

private letters to be answered, and, most important of all, there was the composition of her long and confidential reports to Sidney Herbert. These were by no means official communications. Her soul, pent up all day in the restraint and reserve of a vast responsibility, now at last poured itself out in these letters with all its natural vehemence, like a swollen torrent through an open sluice. Here, at least, she did not mince matters. Here she painted in her darkest colours the hideous scenes which surrounded her, here she tore away remorselessly the last veils still shrouding the abominable truth. Then she would fill pages with recommendations and suggestions, with criticism of the minutest details of organisation, with elaborate calculations of contingencies, with exhaustive analyses and statistical statements piled up in breathless eagerness one on top of the other. And then her pen, in the virulence of its volubility, would rush on to the discussion of individuals, to the denunciation of an incompetent surgeon or the ridicule of a self-sufficient nurse. Her sarcasm searched the ranks of the officials with the deadly and unsparing precision of a machine gun. Her nicknames were terrible. She respected no one. Lord Stratford, Lord Raglan, Lady Stratford, Dr Andrew Smith, Dr Hall, the Commissary General, the Purveyor—she fulminated against them all. The intolerable futility of mankind obsessed her like a nightmare, and she gnashed her teeth against it. "I do well to be angry," was the burden of her cry. How many just men were there at Scutari? How many who cared at all for the sick, or had done anything for their relief? Were there ten? Were there five? Was there even one? She could not be sure.

At one time, during several weeks, her vituperations descended upon the head of Sidney Herbert himself. He had misinterpreted her wishes, he had traversed her positive instructions, and it was not until he had admitted his error and apologised in abject terms that he was allowed again into favour. While this misunderstanding was at its height an aristocratic young gentleman arrived at Scutari with a recommendation from the Minister. He had come out from England filled with a romantic desire to render homage to the angelic heroine of his dreams. He had, he said, cast aside his life of ease and luxury, he would devote his days and nights to the service of that gentle lady, he would perform the most menial offices, he would "fag" for her, he would be her footman—and feel requited by a single smile. A single smile, indeed, he had, but it was of an unexpected kind. Miss Nightingale at first refused to see him, and then, when she consented, believing that he was an emissary sent by Sidney Herbert to put her in the wrong over their dispute, she took notes of her conversation with him, and insisted on his signing them at the end of it. The young gentleman returned to England by the next ship.

This quarrel with Sidney Herbert was, however, an exceptional incident. Alike by him, and by Lord Panmure, his successor at the War Office, she was firmly supported, and the fact that during the whole of her stay at Scutari she had the Home Government at her back, was her trump card in her dealings with the hospital authorities. Nor was it only the Government that was

behind her public opinion in England early recognised the high importance of her mission, and its enthusiastic appreciation of her work soon reached an extraordinary height. The Queen herself was deeply moved. She made repeated inquiries as to the welfare of Miss Nightingale, she asked to see her accounts of the wounded, and made her the intermediary between the throne and the troops.

Let Mrs Herbert know [she wrote to the War Minister] that I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell these poor noble, wounded, and sick men that *no one* takes a warmer interest or feels *more* for their sufferings or admires their courage and heroism *more* than their Queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops. So does the Prince. Beg Mrs Herbert to communicate these last words to those ladies, as I know that *our* sympathy is much valued by these noble fellows.

The letter was read aloud in the wards by the Chaplain. "It is a very feeling letter," said the men.

And so the months passed, and that fell winter which had begun with Inkerman and had dragged itself out through the long agony of the investment of Sebastopol, at last was over. In May, 1855, after six months of labour, Miss Nightingale could look with something like satisfaction at the condition of the Scutari hospitals. Had they done nothing more than survive the terrible strain which had been put upon them, it would have been a matter for congratulation, but they had done much more than that, they had marvellously improved. The confusion and the pressure in the wards had come to an end. Order reigned in them, and cleanliness, the supplies were bountiful and prompt, important sanitary works had been carried out. One simple comparison of figures was enough to reveal the extraordinary change: the rate of mortality among the cases treated had fallen from 42 per cent to 22 per thousand. But still the indefatigable lady was not satisfied. The main problem had been solved—the physical needs of the men had been provided for, their mental and spiritual needs remained. She set up and furnished reading rooms and recreation rooms. She started classes and lectures. Officers were amazed to see her treating their men as if they were human beings, and assured her that she would only end by "spoiling the brutes." But that was not Miss Nightingale's opinion, and she was justified. The private soldier began to drink less, and even—though that seemed impossible—to save his pay. Miss Nightingale became a banker for the army, receiving and sending home large sums of money every month. At last, reluctantly, the Government followed suit, and established machinery of its own for the remission of money. Lord Panmure, however, remained sceptical, "It will do no good," he pronounced, "the British soldier is not a remitting animal." But, in fact, during the next six months, £71,000 was sent home.

Amid all these activities, Miss Nightingale took up the further task of inspecting the hospitals in the Crimea itself. The labour was extreme, and the conditions of life were almost intolerable. She spent whole days in the saddle,

or was driven over those bleak and rocky heights in a baggage cart. Some times she stood for hours in the heavily falling snow, and would only reach her hut at dead of night after walking for miles through perilous ravines. Her powers of resistance seemed incredible, but at last they were exhausted. She was attacked by fever, and for a moment came very near to death. Yet she worked on, if she could not move, she could at least write, and wrote she did until her mind had left her, and after it had left her, in what seemed the delirious trance of death itself, she still wrote. When, after many weeks, she was strong enough to travel, she was to return to England, but she utterly refused. She would not go back, she said, before the last of the soldiers had left Scutari.

This happy moment had almost arrived, when suddenly the smouldering hostilities of the medical authorities burst out into a flame. Dr. Hall's labours had been rewarded by a K.C.B.—letters which, as Miss Nightingale told Sidney Herbert, she could only suppose to mean 'Knight of the Crimean Burial grounds'—and the honour had turned his head. He was Sir John, and he would be thwarted no longer. Disputes had lately arisen between Miss Nightingale and some of the nurses in the Crimean hospitals. The situation had been embittered by rumours of religious dissensions, for, while the Crimean nurses were Roman Catholics, many of those at Scutari were suspected of a regrettable propensity towards the tenets of Dr. Pusey. Miss Nightingale was by no means disturbed by these sectarian differences, but any suggestion that her supreme authority over all the nurses with the Army was in doubt was enough to rouse her to fury, and it appeared that Mrs. Bridgeman, the Reverend Mother in the Crimea, had ventured to call that authority in question. Sir John Hall thought that his opportunity had come, and strongly supported Mrs. Bridgeman—or, as Miss Nightingale preferred to call her, the 'Reverend Brickbat.' There was a violent struggle, Miss Nightingale's rage was terrible. Dr. Hall, she declared, was doing his best to 'root her out of the Crimea.' She would bear it no longer, the War Office was playing her false, there was only one thing to be done—Sidney Herbert must move for the production of papers in the House of Commons, so that the public might be able to judge between her and her enemies. Sidney Herbert with great difficulty calmed her down. Orders were immediately dispatched putting her supremacy beyond doubt, and the Reverend Brickbat withdrew from the scene. Sir John, however, was more tenacious. A few weeks later, Miss Nightingale and her nurses visited the Crimea for the last time, and the brilliant idea occurred to him that he could crush her by a very simple expedient—he would starve her into submission, and he actually ordered that no rations of any kind should be supplied to her. He had already tried this plan with great effect upon an unfortunate medical man whose presence in the Crimea he had considered an intrusion, but he was now to learn that such tricks were thrown away upon Miss Nightingale. With extraordinary foresight, she had brought with her a great supply of food, she succeeded in obtaining more at

her own expense and by her own exertions, and thus for ten days, in that inhospitable country, she was able to feed herself and twenty-four nurses. Eventually the military authorities intervened in her favour, and Sir John had to confess that he was beaten.

It was not until July, 1856—four months after the Declaration of Peace—that Miss Nightingale left Scutari for England. Her reputation was now enormous, and the enthusiasm of the public was unbounded. The Royal approbation was expressed by the gift of a brooch, accompanied by a private letter.

You are, I know, well aware [wrote Her Majesty] of the high sense I entertain of the Christian devotion which you have displayed during this great and bloody war, and I need hardly repeat to you how warm my admiration is for your services, which are fully equal to those of my dear and brave soldiers, whose sufferings you have had the *privilege* of alleviating in so merciful a manner. I am, however, anxious of marking my feelings in a manner which I trust will be agreeable to you, and therefore send you with this letter a brooch, the form and emblems of which commemorate your great and blessed work, and which I hope you will wear as a mark of the high approbation of your Sovereign!

‘It will be a very great satisfaction to me,’ Her Majesty added, ‘to make the acquaintance of one who has set so bright an example to our sex.’

The brooch, which was designed by the Prince Consort, bore a St. George’s cross in red enamel, and the Royal cypher surmounted by diamonds. The whole was encircled by the inscription, “Blessed are the Merciful.”

The name of Florence Nightingale lives in the memory of the world by virtue of the kind and heroic adventure of the Crimea. Had she died—as she nearly did—upon her return to England, her reputation would hardly have been different, her legend would have come down to us almost as we know it to-day—that gentle vision of female virtue which first took shape before the adoring eyes of the sick soldiers at Scutari. Yet, as a matter of fact, she lived for more than half a century after the Crimean War, and during the greater part of that long period all the energy and all the devotion of her extraordinary nature were working at their highest pitch. What she accomplished in those years of unknown labour could, indeed, hardly have been more glorious than her Crimean triumphs, but it was certainly more important. The true history was far stranger even than the myth. In Miss Nightingale’s own eyes the adventure of the Crimea was a mere incident—scarcely more than a useful stepping stone in her career. It was the fulcrum with which she hoped to move the world, but it was only the fulcrum. For more than a generation she was to sit in secret, working her lever, and her real life began at the very moment when, in the popular imagination, it had ended.

She arrived in England in a shattered state of health. The hardships and the ceaseless effort of the last two years had undermined her nervous system, her heart was pronounced to be affected, she suffered constantly from faint

ing fits and terrible attacks of utter physical prostration. The doctors declared that one thing alone would save her—a complete and prolonged rest. But that was also the one thing with which she would have nothing to do. She had never been in the habit of resting, why should she begin now? Now, when her opportunity had come at last, now, when the iron was hot, and it was time to strike? No, she had work to do, and, come what might, she would do it. The doctors protested in vain, in vain her family lamented and entreated, in vain her friends pointed out to her the madness of such a course. Madness? Mad—possessed—perhaps she was. A demoniac frenzy had seized upon her. As she lay upon her sofa, gasping, she devoured blue books, dictated letters, and, in the intervals of her palpitations, cracked her febrile jokes. For months at a stretch she never left her bed. For years she was in daily expectation of Death. But she would not rest. At this rate, the doctors assured her, even if she did not die, she would become an invalid for life. She could not help that, there was the work to be done, and, as for rest, very likely she might rest when she had done it.

Wherever she went, in London or in the country, in the hills of Derbyshire, or among the rhododendrons at Embley, she was haunted by a ghost. It was the spectre of Scutari—the hideous vision of the organisation of a military hospital. She would lay that phantom, or she would perish. The whole system of the Army Medical Department, the education of the Medical Officer, the regulations of hospital procedure—rest? How could she rest while these things were as they were, while, if the like necessity were to arise again, the like results would follow? And, even in peace and at home, what was the sanitary condition of the Army? The mortality in the barracks was, she found, nearly double the mortality in civil life. “You might as well take 1100 men every year out upon Salisbury Plain and shoot them,” she said. After inspecting the hospitals at Chatham, she smiled grimly. “Yes, this is one more symptom of the system which, in the Crimea, put to death 16,000 men.” Scutari had given her knowledge, and it had given her power too. Her enormous reputation was at her back—an incalculable force. Other works, other duties, might lie before her, but the most urgent, the most obvious of all was to look to the health of the Army.

One of her very first steps was to take advantage of the invitation which Queen Victoria had sent her to the Crimea, together with the commemorative brooch. Within a few weeks of her return, she visited Balmoral, and had several interviews both with the Queen and the Prince Consort. “She put before us,” wrote the Prince in his diary, “all the defects of our present military hospital system and the reforms that are needed.” She related the whole story of her experiences in the East, and, in addition, she managed to have some long and confidential talks with His Royal Highness on metaphysics and religion. The impression which she created was excellent. “Sie gefällt uns sehr,” noted the Prince, “ist sehr bescheiden.” Her Majesty’s comment was different—“Such a head! I wish we had her at the War Office.”

But Miss Nightingale was not at the War Office, and for a very simple reason she was a woman Lord Panmure, however, *was* (though indeed the reason for that was not quite so simple), and it was upon Lord Panmure that the issue of Miss Nightingale's efforts for reform must primarily depend That burlv Scottish nobleman had not, in spite of his most earnest endeavours, had a very easy time of it as Secretary of State for War He had come into office in the middle of the Sebastopol campaign, and had felt himself very well fitted for the position, since he had acquired in former days an inside knowledge of the Army—as a Captain of Hussars It was this inside knowledge which had enabled him to inform Miss Nightingale with such authority that ‘the British soldier is not a remitting animal’ And perhaps it was this same consciousness of a command of his subject which had impelled him to write a dispatch to Lord Raglan, blandly informing the Commander in Chief in the Field just how he was neglecting his duties, and pointing out to him that if he would only try he really might do a little better next time Lord Raglan's reply, calculated as it was to make its recipient sink into the earth, did not quite have that effect upon Lord Panmure, who, whatever might have been his faults, had never been accused of being supersensitive However, he allowed the matter to drop, and a little later Lord Raglan died—worn out, some people said, by work and anxiety He was succeeded by an excellent red nosed old gentleman, General Simpson, whom nobody had ever heard of, and who took Sebastopol But Lord Panmure's relations with him were hardly more satisfactory than his relations with Lord Raglan, for, while Raglan had been too independent, poor General Simpson erred in the opposite direction, perpetually asked advice, suffered from lumbago, doubted, his nose growing daily redder and redder, whether he was fit for his post, and, by alternate mails, sent in and withdrew his resignation Then, too, both the General and the Minister suffered acutely from that distressingly useful new invention, the electric telegraph On one occasion General Simpson felt obliged actually to expostulate

I think, my Lord [he wrote], that some telegraphic messages reach us that cannot be sent under due authority and are perhaps unknown to you, although under the protection of your Lordship's name For instance I was called up last night, a dragoon having come express with a telegraphic message in these words Lord Panmure to General Simpson—Captain Jarvis has been bitten by a centipede How is he now?”

General Simpson might have put up with this, though to be sure it did seem “rather too trifling an affair to call for a dragoon to ride a couple of miles in the dark that he may knock up the Commander of the Army out of the very small allowance of sleep permitted him”, but what was really more than he could bear was to find ‘upon sending in the morning another mounted dragoon to inquire after Captain Jarvis, four miles off, that he never has been bitten at all, but has had a boil, from which he is fast recovering’ But Lord

Panmure had troubles of his own. His favourite nephew, Captain Dowbiggan, was at the front, and to one of his telegrams to the Commander in Chief the Minister had taken occasion to append the following carefully qualified sentence— I recommend Dowbiggan to your notice, should you have a vacancy, and if he is fit. Unfortunately in those early days, it was left to the discretion of the telegraphist to compress the messages which passed through his hands, so that the result was that Lord Panmure's delicate appeal reached its destination in the laconic form of 'Look after Dowb.' The Headquarters Staff were at first extremely puzzled, they were at last extremely amused. The story spread, and 'Look after Dowb.' remained for many years the familiar formula for describing official hints in favour of deserving nephews.

And now that all this was over, now that Sebastopol had been, somehow or another, taken, now that peace was, somehow or another, made, now that the troubles of office might surely be expected to be at an end at last—here was Miss Nightingale breaking in upon the scene, with her talk about the state of the hospitals and the necessity for sanitary reform. It was most irksome, and Lord Panmure almost began to wish that he was engaged upon some more congenial occupation—discussing, perhaps, the constitution of the Free Church of Scotland—a question in which he was profoundly interested. But no, duty was paramount, and he set himself, with a sigh of resignation, to the task of doing as little of it as he possibly could.

"The Bison" his friends called him, and the name fitted both his physical demeanour and his habit of mind. That large low head seemed to have been created for butting rather than for anything else. There he stood, four square and menacing, in the doorway of reform, and it remained to be seen whether the bulky mass, upon whose solid hide even the barbed arrows of Lord Raglan's scorn had made no mark, would prove amenable to the pressure of Miss Nightingale. Nor was he alone in the doorway. There loomed behind him the whole phalanx of professional conservatism, the stubborn supporters of the out of date, the worshippers and the victims of War Office routine. Among these it was only natural that Dr. Andrew Smith, the head of the Army Medical Department, should have been pre-eminent—Dr. Andrew Smith, who had assured Miss Nightingale before she left England that "nothing was wanted at Scutari." Such were her opponents, but she too was not without allies. She had gained the ear of Royalty—which was something, at any moment that she pleased she could gain the ear of the public—which was a great deal. She had a host of admirers and friends, and—to say nothing of her personal qualities—her knowledge, her tenacity, her tact—she possessed, too, one advantage which then, far more even than now, carried an immense weight—she belonged to the highest circle of society. She moved naturally among Peers and Cabinet Ministers—she was one of their own set, and in those days their set was a very narrow one. What kind of attention would such persons have paid to some middle class woman with whom they were not acquainted, who possessed great experience of army nursing and had decided views upon

hospital reform? They would have politely ignored her, but it was impossible to ignore Flo Nightingale. When she spoke, they were obliged to listen, and, when they had once begun to do that—what might not follow? She knew her power, and she used it. She supported her weightiest minutes with familiar witty little notes. The Bison began to look grave. It might be difficult—it might be damned difficult—to put down one's head against the white hand of a lady.

Of Miss Nightingale's friends, the most important was Sidney Herbert. He was a man upon whom the good fairies seemed to have showered, as he lay in his cradle, all their most enviable gifts. Well born, handsome, rich, the master of Wilton—one of those great country houses, clothed with the glamour of a historic past, which are the peculiar glory of England—he possessed, besides all these advantages, so charming, so lively, so gentle a disposition that no one who had once come near him could ever be his enemy. He was, in fact, a man of whom it was difficult not to say that he was a perfect English gentleman. For his virtues were equal even to his good fortune. He was religious—deeply religious. "I am more and more convinced every day," he wrote, when he had been for some years a Cabinet Minister, "that in politics, as in everything else, nothing can be right which is not in accordance with the spirit of the Gospel." No one was more unselfish, he was charitable and benevolent to a remarkable degree, and he devoted the whole of his life with an unwavering conscientiousness to the public service. With such a character, with such opportunities, what high hopes must have danced before him, what radiant visions of accomplished duties, of ever increasing usefulness, of beneficent power, of the consciousness of disinterested success! Some of those hopes and visions were, indeed, realised, but, in the end, the career of Sidney Herbert seemed to show that, with all their generosity, there was some gift or other—what was it?—some essential gift—which the good fates had withheld, and that even the qualities of a perfect English gentleman may be no safeguard against anguish, humiliation, and defeat.

That career would certainly have been very different if he had never known Miss Nightingale. The alliance between them, which had begun with her appointment to Scutari, which had grown closer and closer while the war lasted, developed, after her return, into one of the most extraordinary of friendships. It was the friendship of a man and a woman intimately bound together by their devotion to a public cause, mutual affection, of course, played a part in it, but it was an incidental part, the whole soul of the relationship was a community of work. Perhaps out of England such an intimacy could hardly have existed—an intimacy so utterly untinged not only by passion itself but by the suspicion of it. For years Sidney Herbert saw Miss Nightingale almost daily, for long hours together, corresponding with her incessantly when they were apart, and the tongue of scandal was silent, and one of the most devoted of her admirers was his wife. But what made the connection still more remarkable was the way in which the parts that were

played in it were divided between the two. The man who acts, decides, and achieves, the woman who encourages, applauds, and—from a distance—inspires—the combination is common enough, but Miss Nightingale was neither an Aspasia nor an Egeria. In her case it is almost true to say that the *roles* were reversed, the qualities of pliancy and sympathy fell to the man, those of command and initiative to the woman. There was one thing only which Miss Nightingale lacked in her equipment for public life, she had not—she never could have—the public power and authority which belong to the successful politician. That power and authority Sidney Herbert possessed, the fact was obvious, and the conclusion no less so: it was through the man that the woman must work her will. She took hold of him, taught him, shaped him, absorbed him, dominated him through and through. He did not resist—he did not wish to resist, his natural inclination lay along the same path as hers, only that terrific personality swept him forward at her own fierce pace and with her own relentless stride. Swept him—where to? Ah! Why had he ever known Miss Nightingale? If Lord Panmure was a bison, Sidney Herbert, no doubt, was a stag—a comely, gallant creature springing through the forest, but the forest is a dangerous place. One has the image of those wide eyes fascinated suddenly by something feline, something strong, there is a pause, and then the tigress has her claws in the quivering haunches, and then—!

Besides Sidney Herbert, she had other friends who, in a more restricted sphere, were hardly less essential to her. If, in her condition of bodily collapse, she were to accomplish what she was determined that she should accomplish, the attentions and the services of others would be absolutely indispensable. Helpers and servers she must have, and accordingly there was soon formed about her a little group of devoted disciples upon whose affections and energies she could implicitly rely. Devoted, indeed, these disciples were, in no ordinary sense of the term, for certainly she was no light task mistress, and he who set out to be of use to Miss Nightingale was apt to find, before he had gone very far, that he was in truth being made use of in good earnest—to the very limit of his endurance and his capacity. Perhaps, even beyond those limits, why not? Was she asking of others more than she was giving herself? Let them look at her lying there pale and breathless on the couch, could it be said that she spared herself? Why, then, should she spare others? And it was not for her own sake that she made these claims. For her own sake, indeed! No! They all knew it! It was for the sake of the work. And so the little band, bound body and soul in that strange servitude, laboured on ungrudgingly. Among the most faithful was her 'Aunt Mai,' her father's sister, who from the earliest days had stood beside her, who had helped her to escape from the thralldom of family life, who had been with her at Scutari, and who now acted almost the part of mother to her, watching over her with infinite care in all the movements and uncertainties which her state of health involved. Another constant attendant was her brother-in-law, Sir Harry Verney, whom she found particularly valuable in parliamentary

affairs Arthur Clough, the poet, also a connection by marriage, she used in other ways Ever since he had lost his faith at the time of the Oxford Movement, Clough had passed his life in a condition of considerable uneasiness, which was increased rather than diminished by the practice of poetry Unable to decide upon the purpose of an existence whose savour had fled to gether with his belief in the Resurrection, his spirits lowered still further by ill health, and his income not all that it should be, he had determined to seek the solution of his difficulties in the United States of America But, even there, the solution was not forthcoming, and when, a little later, he was offered a post in a government department at home, he accepted it, came to live in London, and immediately fell under the influence of Miss Nightingale Though the purpose of existence might be still uncertain and its nature still unsavoury, here, at any rate, under the eye of this inspired woman, was something real, something earnest his only doubt was—could he be of any use? Certainly he could There were a great number of miscellaneous little jobs which there was nobody handy to do For instance, when Miss Nightingale was travelling, there were the railway tickets to be taken, and there were proof sheets to be corrected, and then there were parcels to be done up in brown paper, and carried to the post Certainly he could be useful And so, upon such occupations as these, Arthur Clough was set to work 'This that I see, is not all,' he comforted himself by reflecting, 'and this that I do is but little' nevertheless it is good, though there is better than it'

As time went on, her 'Cabinet,' as she called it, grew larger Officials with whom her work brought her into touch and who sympathised with her objects, were pressed into her service, and old friends of the Crimean days gathered round her when they returned to England Among these the most indefatigable was Dr Sutherland, a sanitary expert, who for more than thirty years acted as her confidential private secretary, and surrendered to her purposes literally the whole of his life Thus sustained and assisted, thus slaved for and adored, she prepared to beard the Bison

Two facts soon emerged, and all that followed turned upon them It became clear, in the first place, that that imposing mass was not immovable, and in the second, that its movement, when it did move, would be exceedingly slow The Bison was no match for the lady It was in vain that he put down his head and planted his feet in the earth, he could not withstand her, the white hand forced him back But the process was an extraordinarily gradual one Dr Andrew Smith and all his War Office phalanx stood behind, blocking the way, the poor Bison groaned inwardly, and cast a wistful eye towards the happy pastures of the Free Church of Scotland, then slowly, with infinite reluctance, step by step, he retreated, disputing every inch of the ground

The first great measure, which, supported as it was by the Queen, the Cabinet, and the united opinion of the country, it was impossible to resist, was the appointment of a Royal Commission to report upon the health of the Army The question of the composition of the Commission then im

mediately arose, and it was over this matter that the first hand to hand encounter between Lord Panmure and Miss Nightingale took place. They met, and Miss Nightingale was victorious. Sidney Herbert was appointed Chairman, and, in the end the only member of the Commission opposed to her views was Dr Andrew Smith. During the interview, Miss Nightingale made an important discovery: she found that 'the Bison was bullyable'—the hide was the hide of a Mexican buffalo, but the spirit was the spirit of an Alderney calf. And there was one thing above all others which the huge creature dreaded—an appeal to public opinion. The faintest hint of such a terrible eventuality made his heart dissolve within him, he would agree to anything—he would cut short his grouse shooting—he would make a speech in the House of Lords—he would even overrule Dr Andrew Smith—rather than that Miss Nightingale held the fearful threat in reserve—she would speak out what she knew, she would publish the truth to the whole world, and let the whole world judge between them. With supreme skill, she kept this sword of Damocles poised above the Bison's head and more than once she was actually on the point of really dropping it. For his recalcitrancy grew and grew. The *personnel* of the Commission once determined upon, there was a struggle, which lasted for six months, over the nature of its powers. Was it to be an efficient body, armed with the right of full inquiry and wide examination, or was it to be a polite official contrivance for exonerating Dr Andrew Smith? The War Office phalanx closed its ranks, and fought tooth and nail, but it was defeated: the Bison was bullyable.

Three months from this day [Miss Nightingale had written at last] I publish my experience of the Crimean Campaign, and my suggestions for improvement, unless there has been a fair and tangible pledge by that time for reform.

Who could face that?

And, if the need came, she meant to be as good as her word. For she had now determined, whatever might be the fate of the Commission, to draw up her own report upon the questions at issue. The labour involved was enormous, her health was almost desperate, but she did not flinch, and after six months of incredible industry she had put together and written with her own hand her "Notes affecting the Health, Efficiency, and Hospital Administration of the British Army." This extraordinary composition, filling more than eight hundred closely printed pages, laying down vast principles of far reaching reform, discussing the minutest details of a multitude of controversial subjects, containing an enormous mass of information of the most varied kinds—military, statistical, sanitary, architectural—was never given to the public, for the need never came, but it formed the basis of the Report of the Royal Commission, and it remains to this day the leading authority on the medical administration of armies.

Before it had been completed the struggle over the powers of the Commission had been brought to a victorious close. Lord Panmure had given way once more: he had immediately hurried to the Queen to obtain her consent

and only then when her Majesty's initials had been irrevocably affixed to the fatal document, did he dare to tell Dr Andrew Smith what he had done. The Commission met, and another immense load fell upon Miss Nightingale's shoulders. To-day she would, of course, have been one of the Commission herself, but at that time the idea of a woman appearing in such a capacity was unheard of, and no one even suggested the possibility of Miss Nightingale's doing so. The result was that she was obliged to remain behind the scenes throughout, to coach Sidney Herbert in private at every important juncture, and to convey to him and to her other friends upon the Commission the vast funds of her expert knowledge—so essential in the examination of witnesses—by means of innumerable consultations, letters, and memoranda. It was even doubtful whether the proprieties would admit of her giving evidence, and at last as a compromise, her modesty only allowed her to do so in the form of written answers to written questions. At length the grand affair was finished. The Commission's Report, embodying almost word for word the suggestions of Miss Nightingale, was drawn up by Sidney Herbert. Only one question remained to be answered—would anything, after all, be done? Or would the Royal Commission, like so many other Royal Commissions before and since, turn out to have achieved nothing but the concoction of a very fat blue book on a very high shelf?

And so the last and the deadliest struggle with the Bison began. Six months had been spent in coercing him into granting the Commission effective powers, six more months were occupied by the work of the Commission, and now yet another six were to pass in extorting from him the means whereby the recommendations of the Commission might be actually carried out. But, in the end, the thing was done. Miss Nightingale seemed indeed, during these months, to be upon the very brink of death. Accompanied by the faithful Aunt Mai, she moved from place to place—to Hampstead, to Highgate, to Derbyshire, to Malvern—in what appeared to be a last desperate effort to find health somewhere, but she carried that with her which made health impossible. Her desire for work could now scarcely be distinguished from mania. At one moment she was writing a "last letter" to Sidney Herbert, at the next she was offering to go out to India to nurse the sufferers in the Mutiny. When Dr Sutherland wrote, imploring her to take a holiday, she raved. Rest!—

I am lying without my head, without my claws, and you all peck at me. It is *de rigueur, d'obligation* like the saying something to one's hat, when one goes into church, to say to me all that has been said to me 110 times a day during the last three months. It is the *obligato* on the violin, and the twelve violins all practise it together, like the clocks striking 12 o'clock at night all over London, till I say like Xavier de Maistre, *Assez, je le sais, je le sais que trop*. I am not a penitent, but you are like the R. C. confessor, who says what is *de rigueur*.

Her wits began to turn, and there was no holding her. She worked like a slave in a mine. She began to believe, as she had begun to believe at Scutari,

that none of her fellow workers had their hearts in the business, if they had, why did they not work as she did? She could only see slackness and stupidity around her. Dr Sutherland, of course, was grotesquely muddle-headed, and Arthur Clough incurably lazy. Even Sidney Herbert—oh yes, he had simplicity and candour and quickness of perception, no doubt, but he was an eclectic, and what could one hope for from a man who went away to fish in Ireland just when the Bison most needed bullying? As for the Bison himself, he had fled to Scotland, where he remained buried for many months. The fate of the vital recommendation in the Commission's Report—the appointment of four Sub Commissions charged with the duty of determining upon the details of the proposed reforms and of putting them into execution—still hung in the balance. The Bison consented to everything, and then, on a flying visit to London, withdrew his consent and hastily returned to Scotland. Then for many weeks all business was suspended, he had gout—gout in the hands, so that he could not write. "His gout was always handy," remarked Miss Nightingale. But eventually it was clear even to the Bison that the game was up, and the inevitable surrender came.

There was, however, one point in which he triumphed over Miss Nightingale. The building of Netley Hospital had been begun, under his orders, before her return to England. Soon after her arrival she examined the plans, and found that they reproduced all the worst faults of an out of date and mischievous system of hospital construction. She therefore urged that the matter should be reconsidered, and in the meantime building stopped. But the Bison was obdurate, it would be very expensive, and in any case it was too late. Unable to make any impression on him, and convinced of the extreme importance of the question, she determined to appeal to a higher authority. Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister, she had known him from her childhood, he was a near neighbour of her father's in the New Forest. She went down to the New Forest, armed with the plans of the proposed hospital and all the relevant information, stayed the night at Lord Palmerston's house, and convinced him of the necessity of rebuilding Netley.

It seems to me [Lord Palmerston wrote to Lord Panmure] that at Netley all consideration of what would best tend to the comfort and recovery of the patients has been sacrificed to the vanity of the architect, whose sole object has been to make a building which should cut a dash when looked at from the Southampton river.

Pray, therefore, stop all further progress in the work until the matter can be duly considered.

But the Bison was not to be moved by one peremptory letter, even if it was from the Prime Minister. He put forth all his powers of procrastination, Lord Palmerston lost interest in the subject, and so the chief military hospital in England was triumphantly completed on unsanitary principles, with unventilated rooms, and with all the patients' windows facing northeast.

But now the time had come when the Bison was to trouble and to be troubled no more. A vote in the House of Commons brought about the fall

of Lord Palmerston's Government, and Lord Panmure found himself at liberty to devote the rest of his life to the Free Church of Scotland. After a brief interval, Sidney Herbert became Secretary of State for War. Great was the jubilation in the Nightingale Cabinet, the day of achievement had dawned at last. The next two and a half years (1859-61) saw the introduction of the whole system of reforms for which Miss Nightingale had been struggling so fiercely—reforms which make Sidney Herbert's tenure of power at the War Office an important epoch in the history of the British Army. The four Sub Commissions, firmly established under the immediate control of the Minister, and urged forward by the relentless perseverance of Miss Nightingale, set to work with a will. The barracks and the hospitals were remodelled, they were properly ventilated and warmed and lighted for the first time, they were given a water supply which actually supplied water, and kitchens where, strange to say, it was possible to cook. Then the great question of the Purveyor—that portentous functionary whose powers and whose lack of powers had weighed like a nightmare upon Scutari—was taken in hand, and new regulations were laid down, accurately defining his responsibilities and his duties. One Sub Commission reorganised the medical statistics of the Army. Another established—in spite of the last convulsive efforts of the Department—an Army Medical School. Finally the Army Medical Department itself was completely reorganised, an administrative code was drawn up, and the great and novel principle was established that it was as much a part of the duty of the authorities to look after the soldier's health as to look after his sickness. Besides this, it was at last officially admitted that he had a moral and intellectual side. Coffee rooms and reading rooms, gymnasiums and workshops were instituted. A new era did in truth appear to have begun. Already by 1861 the mortality in the Army had decreased by one half since the days of the Crimea. It was no wonder that even vaster possibilities began now to open out before Miss Nightingale. One thing was still needed to complete and to assure her triumphs. The Army Medical Department was indeed reorganised, but the great central machine was still untouched. The War Office itself—! If she could remould *that* nearer to her heart's desire—there indeed would be a victory! And until that final act was accomplished, how could she be certain that all the rest of her achievements might not, by some capricious turn of Fortune's wheel—a change of Ministry, perhaps, replacing Sidney Herbert by some puppet of the permanent official gang—be swept to limbo in a moment?

Meanwhile, still ravenous for more and yet more work, her activities had branched out into new directions. The army in India claimed her attention. A Sanitary Commission, appointed at her suggestion, and working under her auspices, did for our troops there what the four Sub Commissions were doing for those at home. At the same time, these very years which saw her laying the foundations of the whole modern system of medical work in the army, saw her also beginning to bring her knowledge, her influence, and her activity

into the service of the country at large. Her *Notes on Hospitals* (1859) revolutionised the theory of hospital construction and hospital management. She was immediately recognised as the leading expert upon all the questions involved; her advice flowed unceasingly and in all directions, so that there is no great hospital to day which does not bear upon it the impress of her mind. Nor was this all. With the opening of the Nightingale Training School for Nurses at St. Thomas's Hospital (1860), she became the founder of modern nursing.

But a terrible crisis was now fast approaching. Sidney Herbert had consented to undertake the root and branch reform of the War Office. He had sallied forth into that tropical jungle of festooned obstructiveness, of inter-twisted irresponsibilities, of crouching prejudices, of abuses grown stiff and rigid with antiquity, which for so many years to come was destined to lure reforming ministers to their doom.

The War Office [said Miss Nightingale] is a very slow office, an enormously expensive office, and one in which the Minister's intentions can be entirely negatived by all his sub-departments, and those of each of the sub-departments by every other

It was true, and, of course, at the first rumour of a change, the old phalanx of reaction was bristling with its accustomed spears. At its head stood no longer Dr. Andrew Smith, who, some time since, had followed the Bison into outer darkness, but a yet more formidable figure, the permanent Under-Secretary himself, Sir Benjamin Hawes—Ben Hawes the Nightingale Cabinet irreverently dubbed him—a man remarkable even among civil servants for adroitness in baffling inconvenient inquiries, resource in raising false issues, and, in short, a consummate command of all the arts of officially sticking in the mud. "Our scheme will probably result in Ben Hawes's resignation," Miss Nightingale said, and that is another of its advantages." Ben Hawes himself, however, did not quite see it in that light. He set himself to resist the wishes of the Minister by every means in his power. The struggle was long and desperate, and, as it proceeded, it gradually became evident to Miss Nightingale that something was the matter with Sidney Herbert. What was it? His health, never very strong, was, he said, in danger of collapsing under the strain of his work. But, after all, what is illness, when there is a War Office to be reorganised? Then he began to talk of retiring altogether from public life. The doctors were consulted, and declared that, above all things, what was necessary was rest. Rest! She grew seriously alarmed. Was it possible that, at the last moment, the crowning wreath of victory was to be snatched from her grasp? She was not to be put aside by doctors, they were talking nonsense, the necessary thing was not rest but the reform of the War Office, and, besides, she knew very well from her own case what one could do even when one was on the point of death. She expostulated vehemently, passionately. The goal was so near, so very near, he could not turn back now! At any rate, he could not resist Miss Nightingale. A compromise was arranged. Very reluc-

tantly, he exchanged the turmoil of the House of Commons for the dignity of the House of Lords, and he remained at the War Office. She was delighted 'One fight more, the best and the last,' she said.

For several more months the fight did indeed go on. But the strain upon him was greater even than she perhaps could realise. Besides the intestine war in his office, he had to face a constant battle in the Cabinet with Mr Gladstone—a more redoubtable antagonist even than Ben Hawes—over the estimates. His health grew worse and worse. He was attacked by fainting fits, and there were some days when he could only just keep himself going by gulps of brandy. Miss Nightingale spurred him forward with her encouragements and her admonitions, her zeal and her example. But at last his spirit began to sink as well as his body. He could no longer hope, he could no longer desire, it was useless, all useless, it was utterly impossible. He had failed. The dreadful moment came when the truth was forced upon him: he would never be able to reform the War Office. But a yet more dreadful moment lay behind, he must go to Miss Nightingale and tell her that he was a failure, a beaten man.

Blessed are the merciful! What strange ironic prescience had led Prince Albert, in the simplicity of his heart, to choose that motto for the Crimean brooch? The words hold a double lesson, and, alas! when she brought herself to realise at length what was indeed the fact and what there was no helping, it was not in mercy that she turned upon her old friend.

Beaten! [she exclaimed] Can't you see that you've simply thrown away the game? And with all the winning cards in your hands! And so noble a game! Sidney Herbert beaten! And beaten by Ben Hawes! It is a worse disgrace [her full rage burst out at last] a worse disgrace than the hospitals at Scutari.

He dragged himself away from her, dragged himself to Spa, hoping vainly for a return of health, and then, despairing, back again to England, to Wilton, to the majestic house standing there resplendent in the summer sunshine, among the great cedars, which had lent their shade to Sir Philip Sidney, and all those familiar, darling haunts of beauty which he loved, each one of them, 'as if they were persons', and at Wilton he died. After having received the Eucharist he had become perfectly calm, then, almost unconscious, his lips were seen to be moving. Those about him bent down "Poor Florence! Poor Florence!" they just caught "Our joint work unfinished tried to do" and they could hear no more.

When the onward rush of a powerful spirit sweeps a weaker one to its destruction, the commonplaces of the moral judgment are better left unmade. If Miss Nightingale had been less ruthless, Sidney Herbert would not have perished, but then, she would not have been Miss Nightingale. The force that created was the force that destroyed. It was her Demon that was responsible. When the fatal news reached her, she was overcome by agony. In the revulsion of her feelings, she made a worship of the dead man's memory,

and the facile instrument which had broken in her hand she spoke of for ever after as her Master ' Then, almost at the same moment, another blow fell upon her Arthur Clough, worn out by labours very different from those of Sidney Herbert, died too never more would he tie up her parcels And yet a third disaster followed The faithful Aunt Mai did not, to be sure, die, no she did something almost worse she left Miss Nightingale She was growing old, and she felt that she had closer and more imperative duties with her own family Her niece could hardly forgive her She poured out, in one of her enormous letters, a passionate diatribe upon the futility, the lack of sympathy, the stupidity, the ineptitude of women Her doctrines had taken no hold among them, she had never known one who had *appris a apprendre* she could not even get a woman secretary, "they don't know the names of the Cabinet Ministers—they don't know which of the Churches has Bishops and which not" As for the spirit of self-sacrifice, well—Sidney Herbert and Arthur Clough were men, and they indeed had shown their devotion, but women—! She would mount three widow's caps 'for a sign' The first two would be for Clough and for her Master, but the third, 'the biggest widow's cap of all'—would be for Aunt Mai She did well to be angry, she was deserted in her hour of need, and, after all, could she be sure that even the male sex was so impeccable? There was Dr Sutherland, bungling as usual Perhaps even he intended to go off, one of these days, too? She gave him a look, and he shivered in his shoes No!—she grinned sardonically, she would always have Dr Sutherland And then she reflected that there was one thing more that she would always have—her work

Sidney Herbert's death finally put an end to Miss Nightingale's dream of a reformed War Office For a moment, indeed, in the first agony of her disappointment, she had wildly clutched at a straw, she had written to Mr Gladstone to beg him to take up the burden of Sidney Herbert's work And Mr Gladstone had replied with a sympathetic account of the funeral

Succeeding Secretaries of State managed between them to undo a good deal of what had been accomplished, but they could not undo it all, and for ten years more (1862-72) Miss Nightingale remained a potent influence at the War Office After that, her direct connection with the army came to an end, and her energies began to turn more and more completely towards more general objects Her work upon hospital reform assumed enormous proportions, she was able to improve the conditions in infirmaries and workhouses, and one of her most remarkable papers forestalls the recommendations of the Poor Law Commission of 1909 Her training school for nurses, with all that it involved in initiative, control, responsibility, and combat, would have been enough in itself to have absorbed the whole efforts of at least two lives of ordinary vigour And at the same time her work in connection with India, which had begun with the Sanitary Commission on the Indian Army, spread and ramified in a multitude of directions Her tentacles reached the India Office and succeeded in establishing a hold even upon those slippery high

places For many years it was *de rigueur* for the newly appointed Viceroy, before he left England, to pay a visit to Miss Nightingale

After much hesitation, she had settled down in a small house in South Street where she remained for the rest of her life That life was a very long one the dying woman reached her ninety first year Her ill health gradually diminished, the crises of extreme danger became less frequent, and at last, altogether ceased, she remained an invalid, but an invalid of a curious character—an invalid who was too weak to walk downstairs and who worked far harder than most Cabinet Ministers Her illness, whatever it may have been, was certainly not inconvenient It involved seclusion, and an extraordinary, an unparalleled seclusion was, it might almost have been said, the main spring of Miss Nightingale's life Lying on her sofa in the little upper room in South Street, she combined the intense vitality of a dominating woman of the world with the mysterious and romantic quality of a myth She was a legend in her lifetime, and she knew it She tasted the joys of power, like those Eastern Emperors whose autocratic rule was based upon invisibility, with the mingled satisfactions of obscurity and fame And she found the machinery of illness hardly less effective as a barrier against the eyes of men than the ceremonial of a palace Great statesmen and renowned generals were obliged to beg for audiences, admiring princesses from foreign countries found that they must see her at her own time, or not at all, and the ordinary mortal had no hope of ever getting beyond the downstairs sitting room and Dr Sutherland For that indefatigable disciple did, indeed, never desert her He might be impatient, he might be restless, but he remained His "incurable looseness of thought," for so she termed it, continued at her service to the end Once, it is true, he had actually ventured to take a holiday, but he was recalled, and he did not repeat the experiment He was wanted downstairs There he sat, transacting business, answering correspondence, interviewing callers, and exchanging innumerable notes with the unseen power above Sometimes word came down that Miss Nightingale was just well enough to see one of her visitors The fortunate man was led up, was ushered, trembling, into the shaded chamber, and, of course, could never afterwards forget the interview Very rarely, indeed, once or twice a year, perhaps, but nobody could be quite certain, in deadly secrecy, Miss Nightingale went out for a drive in the Park Unrecognised, the living legend flitted for a moment before the common gaze And the precaution was necessary, for there were times when, at some public function, the rumour of her presence was spread abroad, and ladies, mistaken by the crowd for Miss Nightingale, were followed, pressed upon and vehemently supplicated—"Let me touch your shawl,"—"Let me stroke your arm", such was the strange adoration in the hearts of the people That vast reserve of force lay there behind her, she could use it, if she would But she preferred never to use it On occasions, she might hint or threaten, she might balance the sword of Damocles over the head of the Bison, she might, by a word, by a glance remind some refractory

minister, some unpersuadable viceroy, sitting in audience with her in the little upper room, that she was something more than a mere sick woman, that she had only, so to speak, to go to the window and wave her handkerchief for dreadful things to follow. But that was enough they understood, the myth was there—obvious, portentous, impalpable, and so it remained to the last.

With statesmen and governors at her beck and call, with her hands on a hundred strings, with mighty provinces at her feet, with foreign governments agog for her counsel, building hospitals, training nurses—she still felt that she had not enough to do. She sighed for more worlds to conquer—more, and yet more. She looked about her—what was there left? Of course! Philosophy! After the world of action, the world of thought. Having set right the health of the British Army, she would now do the same good service for the religious convictions of mankind. She had long noticed—with regret—the growing tendency towards free thinking among artisans. With regret, but not altogether with surprise, the current teaching of Christianity was sadly to seek, nay Christianity itself was not without its defects. She would rectify these errors. She would correct the mistakes of the Churches, she would point out just where Christianity was wrong, and she would explain to the artisans what the facts of the case really were. Before her departure for the Crimea, she had begun this work and now, in the intervals of her other labours, she completed it. Her *Suggestions for Thought to the Searchers after Truth among the Artisans of England* (1860), unravels, in the course of three portly volumes, the difficulties—hitherto, curiously enough, unsolved—connected with such matters as Belief in God, the Plan of Creation, the Origin of Evil, the Future Life, Necessity and Free Will, Law, and the Nature of Morality. The Origin of Evil in particular, held no perplexities for Miss Nightingale. ‘We cannot conceive,’ she remarks, “that Omnipotent Righteousness would find satisfaction in *solitary existence*.” This being so, the only question remaining to be asked is, “What beings should we then conceive that God would create?” Now, He cannot create perfect beings, ‘since, essentially, perfection is one’, if He did so, He would only be adding to Himself. Thus the conclusion is obvious. He *must* create imperfect ones. Omnipotent Righteousness, faced by the intolerable *impasse* of a solitary existence, finds itself bound, by the very nature of the case, to create the hospitals at Scutari. Whether this argument would have satisfied the artisans, was never discovered, for only a very few copies of the book were printed for private circulation. One copy was sent to Mr. Mill, who acknowledged it in an extremely polite letter. He felt himself obliged, however, to confess that he had not been altogether convinced by Miss Nightingale’s proof of the existence of God. Miss Nightingale was surprised and mortified, she had thought better of Mr. Mill, for surely her proof of the existence of God could hardly be improved upon. “A law,” she had pointed out, ‘implies a lawgiver.’ Now the Universe is full of laws—the law of gravitation, the law

of the excluded middle, and many others, hence it follows that the Universe has a lawgiver—and what would Mr Mill be satisfied with, if he was not satisfied with that?

Perhaps Mr Mill might have asked why the argument had not been pushed to its logical conclusion. Clearly, if we are to trust the analogy of human institutions, we must remember that laws are, as a matter of fact, not dispensed by lawgivers, but passed by Act of Parliament. Miss Nightingale, however, with all her experience of public life, never stopped to consider the question whether God might not be a Limited Monarchy.

Yet her conception of God was certainly not orthodox. She felt towards Him as she might have felt towards a glorified sanitary engineer, and in some of her speculations she seems hardly to distinguish between the Deity and the Drains. As one turns over these singular pages, one has the impression that Miss Nightingale has got the Almighty too into her clutches, and that, if He is not careful, she will kill Him with overwork.

Then, suddenly, in the very midst of the ramifying generalities of her metaphysical disquisitions there is an unexpected turn, and the reader is plunged all at once into something particular, something personal, something impregnated with intense experience—a virulent invective upon the position of women in the upper ranks of society. Forgetful alike of her high argument and of the artisans, the bitter creature rails through a hundred pages of close print at the falsities of family life, the ineptitudes of marriage, the emptiness of convention, in the spirit of an Ibsen or a Samuel Butler. Her fierce pen, shaking with intimate anger, depicts in biting sentences the fearful fate of an unmarried girl in a wealthy household. It is a *cri du cœur*, and then, as suddenly, she returns once more to instruct the artisans upon the nature of Omnipotent Righteousness.

Her mind was, indeed, better qualified to dissect the concrete and distasteful fruits of actual life than to construct a coherent system of abstract philosophy. In spite of her respect for Law, she was never at home with a generalisation. Thus, though the great achievement of her life lay in the immense impetus which she gave to the scientific treatment of sickness, a true comprehension of the scientific method itself was alien to her spirit. Like most great men of action—perhaps like all—she was simply an empiricist. She believed in what she saw, and she acted accordingly, beyond that she would not go. She had found in Scutari that fresh air and light played an effective part in the prevention of the maladies with which she had to deal, and that was enough for her, she would not inquire further, what were the general principles underlying that fact—or even whether there were any—she refused to consider. Years after the discoveries of Pasteur and Lister, she laughed at what she called the “germ fetish.” There was no such thing as “infection”, she had never seen it, therefore it did not exist. But she *had* seen the good effects of fresh air, therefore there could be no doubt about them, and therefore it was essential that the bedrooms of patients should be well ventilated. Such was her doctrine, and in those days of hermetically sealed windows it

was a very valuable one. But it was a purely empirical doctrine, and thus it led to some unfortunate results. When, for instance, her influence in India was at its height she issued orders that all hospital windows should be invariably kept open. The authorities, who knew what an open window in the hot weather meant, protested, but in vain, Miss Nightingale was incredulous. She knew nothing of the hot weather, but she did know the value of fresh air—from personal experience, the authorities were talking nonsense and the windows must be kept open all the year round. There was a great outcry from all the doctors in India, but she was firm, and for a moment it seemed possible that her terrible commands would have to be put into execution. Lord Lawrence, however, was Viceroy, and he was able to intimate to Miss Nightingale, with sufficient authority, that he himself had decided upon the question, and that his decision must stand, even against her own. Upon that, she gave way, but reluctantly and quite unconvinced she was only puzzled by the unexpected weakness of Lord Lawrence. No doubt, if she had lived to day, and if her experience had lain, not among cholera cases at Scutari but among yellow fever cases in Panama, she would have declared fresh air a fetish, and would have maintained to her dying day that the only really effective way of dealing with disease was by the destruction of mosquito

Yet her mind, so positive, so realistic, so ultra practical, had its singular revulsions, its mysterious moods of mysticism and of doubt. At times, lying sleepless in the early hours, she fell into long strange agonised meditations, and then, seizing a pencil, she would commit to paper the confessions of her soul. The morbid longings of her pre-Crimean days came over her once more, she filled page after page with self-examination, self-criticism, self-surrender. "O Father," she wrote, "I submit, I resign myself, I accept with all my heart this stretching out of Thy hand to save me. O how vain it is, the vanity of vanities, to live in men's thoughts instead of God's!" She was lonely, she was miserable. "Thou knowest that through all these horrible twenty years, I have been supported by the belief that I was working with Thee who wert bringing everyone, even our poor nurses, to perfection,"—and yet, after all, what was the result? Had not even she been an unprofitable servant? One night, waking suddenly, she saw, in the dim light of the night lamp, tenebrous shapes upon the wall. The past rushed back upon her. "Am I she who once stood on that Crimean height?" she wildly asked—"The Lady with a lamp shall stand. 'The lamp shows me only my utter shipwreck'."

She sought consolation in the writings of the Mystics and in a correspondence with Mr. Jowett. For many years the Master of Balliol acted as her spiritual adviser. He discussed with her in a series of enormous letters the problems of religion and philosophy, he criticised her writings on those subjects with the tactful sympathy of a cleric who was also a man of the world, and he even ventured to attempt at times to instil into her rebellious nature some of his own peculiar suavity. "I sometimes think," he told her, "that you

ought seriously to consider how your work may be carried on, not with less energy but in a calmer spirit I am not blaming the past. But I want the peace of God to settle on the future." He recommended her to spend her time no longer in "conflicts with Government offices," and to take up some literary work. He urged her to "work out her notion of Divine Perfection," in a series of essays for *Frazer's Magazine*. She did so, and the result was submitted to Mr Froude, who pronounced the second essay to be "even more pregnant than the first. I cannot tell," he said, "how sanitary, with disordered intellects, the effects of such papers will be." Mr Carlyle, indeed, used different language, and some remarks of his about a lost lamb bleating on the mountains having been unfortunately repeated to Miss Nightingale, all Mr Jowett's suavity was required to keep the peace. In a letter of four teen sheets, he turned her attention from the painful topic towards a discussion of Quietism. "I don't see why," said the Master of Balliol, "active life might not become a sort of passive life too." And then, he added, "I sometimes fancy there are possibilities of human character much greater than have been realised." She found such sentiments helpful, underlining them in blue pencil, and, in return, she assisted her friend with a long series of elaborate comments upon the Dialogues of Plato, most of which he embodied in the second edition of his translation. Gradually her interest became more personal, she told him never to work again after midnight, and he obeyed her. Then she helped him to draw up a special form of daily service for the College Chapel, with selections from the Psalms, under the heads of "God the Lord, God the Judge, God the Father, and God the Friend,"—though indeed, this project was never realised, for the Bishop of Oxford disallowed the alterations, exercising his legal powers, on the advice of Sir Travers Twiss.

Their relations became intimate. "The spirit of the twenty third psalm and the spirit of the nineteenth psalm should be united in our lives," Mr Jowett said. Eventually, she asked him to do her a singular favour. Would he, knowing what he did of her religious views, come to London and administer to her the Holy Sacrament? He did not hesitate, and afterwards declared that he would always regard the occasion as a solemn event in his life. He was devoted to her, though the precise nature of his feelings towards her never quite transpired. Her feelings towards him were more mixed. At first, he was "that great and good man"—"that true saint, Mr Jowett", but, as time went on, some gall was mingled with the balm, the acrimony of her nature asserted itself. She felt that she gave more sympathy than she received, she was exhausted, she was annoyed, by his conversation. Her tongue, one day, could not refrain from shooting out at him. "He comes to me, and he talks to me," she said, "as if I were someone else."

At one time she had almost decided to end her life in retirement, as a patient at St Thomas's Hospital. But partly owing to the persuasions of Mr Jowett she changed her mind, for forty five years she remained in South

Street, and in South Street she died. As old age approached, though her influence with the official world gradually diminished, her activities seemed to remain as intense and widespread as before. When hospitals were to be built, when schemes of sanitary reform were in agitation, when wars broke out, she was still the adviser of all Europe. Still, with a characteristic self-assurance, she watched from her Mayfair bedroom over the welfare of India. Still, with an indefatigable enthusiasm, she pushed forward the work which, perhaps, was nearer to her heart—more completely her own, than all the rest—the training of nurses. In her moments of deepest depression, when her greatest achievements seemed to lose their lustre, she thought of her nurses, and was comforted. The ways of God, she found, were strange indeed. ‘How inefficient I was in the Crimea,’ she noted. Yet He has raised up from it trained nursing.’

At other times she was better satisfied. Looking back, she was amazed by the enormous change which, since her early days, had come over the whole treatment of illness, the whole conception of public and domestic health—a change in which, she knew, she had played her part. One of her Indian admirers, the Aga Khan, came to visit her. She expatiated on the marvellous advances she had lived to see in the management of hospitals, in drainage, in ventilation, in sanitary work of every kind. There was a pause, and then, ‘Do you think you are improving?’ asked the Aga Khan. She was a little taken aback, and said, ‘What do you mean by ‘improving’?’ He replied, ‘Believing more in God.’ She saw that he had a view of God which was different from hers. ‘A most interesting man,’ she noted after the interview, ‘but you could never teach him sanitation.’

When old age actually came, something curious happened. Destiny, having waited very patiently, played a queer trick on Miss Nightingale. The benevolence and public spirit of that long life had only been equalled by its acerbity. Her virtue had dwelt in hardness, and she had poured forth her unstinted usefulness with a bitter smile upon her lips. And now the sarcastic years brought the proud woman her punishment. She was not to die as she had lived. The sting was to be taken out of her—she was to be made soft, she was to be reduced to compliance and complacency. The change came gradually, but at last it was unmistakable. The terrible commander who had driven Sidney Herbert to his death, to whom Mr Jowett had applied the words of Homer, *αμοτον μεμαϊα*—raging insatiably—now accepted small compliments with gratitude, and indulged in sentimental friendships with young girls. The author of ‘*Notes on Nursing*’—that classical compendium of the besetting sins of the sisterhood, drawn up with the detailed acrimony, the vindictive relish, of a Swift—now spent long hours in composing sympathetic Addresses to Probationers, whom she petted and wept over in turn. And, at the same time there appeared a corresponding alteration in her physical mould. The thin, angular woman, with her haughty eye and her acid mouth had vanished, and in her place was the rounded bulky form of a fat

old lady, smiling all day long Then something else became visible The brain which had been steeled at Scutari was indeed, literally, growing soft Senility—an ever more and more amiable senility—descended Towards the end, consciousness itself grew lost in a roseate haze, and melted into nothingness It was just then, three years before her death, when she was eighty seven years old (1907), that those in authority bethought them that the opportune moment had come for bestowing a public honour on Florence Nightingale She was offered the Order of Merit That Order, whose roll contains, among other distinguished names, those of Sir Laurence Alma Tadema and Sir Edward Elgar, is remarkable chiefly for the fact that, as its title indicates, it is bestowed because its recipient deserves it, and for no other reason Miss Nightingale's representatives accepted the honour, and her name, after a lapse of many years, once more appeared in the Press Congratulations from all sides came pouring in There was a universal burst of enthusiasm—a final revivification of the ancient myth Among her other admirers, the German Emperor took this opportunity of expressing his feelings towards her ‘His Majesty,’ wrote the German Ambassador, “having just brought to a close a most enjoyable stay in the beautiful neighbourhood of your old home near Romsey, has commanded me to present you with some flowers as a token of his esteem” Then, by Royal command, the Order of Merit was brought to South Street, and there was a little ceremony of presentation Sir Douglas Dawson, after a short speech, stepped forward, and handed the insignia of the Order to Miss Nightingale Propped up by pillows, she dimly recognised that some compliment was being paid her “Too kind—too kind,” she murmured, and she was not ironical

J E B STUART¹



Gamaliel Bradford

STUART WAS a fighter by nature When he was at West Point in the early fifties, his distinguishing characteristics, as chronicled by Fitzhugh Lee, were “a strict attendance to his military duties, an erect, soldierly bearing, an immediate and almost thankful acceptance of a challenge from any cadet to fight, who might in any way feel himself aggrieved” The tendency, if not inherited, did not lack paternal encouragement, for the elder Stuart writes to his son, in regard to one of these combats “I did not consider you so much to blame An insult should be resented under all circumstances” The young

¹ From Gamaliel Bradford *Confederate Portraits* (1914) By arrangement with and permission of Houghton Mifflin Company

cadet also showed himself to be a fearless and an exceptionally skillful horse man

These qualities served him well in the Indian warfare to which he was immediately transferred from West Point His recklessness in taking chances was equaled only by his ingenuity in pulling through One of his superiors writes Lieutenant Stuart was brave and gallant, always prompt in execution of orders and reckless of danger and exposure I considered him at that time one of the most promising young officers in the United States Army '

Later Stuart took a prominent part in the capture of John Brown He himself wrote an account of the matter at the time for the newspapers, simply to explain and justify Lee's conduct He also wrote a letter to his mother, with a characteristic description of his own doings "I approached the door in the presence of perhaps two thousand spectators, and told *Mr Smuth* that I had a communication for him from Colonel Lee He opened the door about four inches, and placed his body against the crack, with a cocked carbine in his hand, hence his remark after his capture that he could have wiped me out like a mosquito When *Smuth* first came to the door I recognized old *Osawatimie Brown*, who had given us so much trouble in Kansas No one present but myself could have performed that service I got his bowie knife from his person, and have it yet "

From the very beginning of the war Stuart maintained this fighting reputation He would attack anything anywhere, and the men who served under him had to do the same, what is more, and marks the born leader, he made them wish to do the same "How can I eat, sleep, or rest in peace without you upon the outpost?" wrote Joseph Johnston, and a noble enemy, who had been a friend, Sedgwick, is reported to have said that Stuart was "the greatest cavalry officer ever foaled in America '

Danger he met with more than stolid indifference, a sort of furious bravado, thrusting himself into it with manifest pleasure, and holding back, when he did hold back, with a sigh And some men's luck! Johnston was wounded a dozen times, was always getting wounded Yet Stuart, probably far more exposed, was wounded only once in his life, among the Indians, in the war not at all His clothes were pierced again and again According to Von Borcke, the general had half of his moustache cut off by a bullet 'as neatly as it could have been done by the hand of an experienced barber" Yet nothing ever drew blood till the shot which was mortal Such an immunity naturally encouraged the sort of fatalism not unusual with great soldiers, and Stuart once said of the proximity of his enemies, "You might have shot a marble at them—but I am not afraid of any ball aimed at me "

In this spirit he got into scores of difficult places—and got out again Some times it was by quick action and a mad rush, as when he left his hat and a few officers behind him Sometimes it was by stealth and secrecy, as when he hid his whole command all night within a few hundred yards of the marching

enemv 'And nothing now remained but to watch and wait and keep quiet Quiet? Yes, the men kept very quiet, for they realized that even Stuart never before had them in so tight a place But many a time did we fear that we were betrayed by the weary, hungry, headstrong mules of the ordnance train Men were stationed at the head of every team, but in spite of all precautions, a discordant bray would every now and then fill the air Never was the voice of a mule so harsh!"

The men who had watched and tried and tested him on such occasions as these knew what he was and gave him their trust He asked nothing of them that he would not do himself Therefore they did what he asked of them Scheibert says that "he won their confidence and inspired them by his whole bearing and personality, by his kindling speech, his flashing eye, and his cheerfulness which no reverse could overcome" Stuart himself describes his followers' enthusiastic loyalty with a naivete as winning as it is characteristic

There was something of the sublime in the implicit confidence and unquestioning trust of the rank and file in a leader guiding them straight, apparently, into the very jaws of the enemy, every step appearing to them to diminish the very faintest hope of extication ' Yet he asked this trust and they gave it simply on the strength of his word "You are about to engage in an enterprise which, to ensure success, imperatively demands at your hands coolness, decision, and the strictest order and sobriety on the march and in the bivouac The destination and extent of this expedition had better be kept to myself than known to you "

The men loved him also because, when the strain was removed, he put on no airs, pretense, or remoteness of superiority, but treated them as man to man "He was the most approachable of major generals, and jested with the private soldiers of his command as jovially as though he had been one of themselves The men were perfectly unconstrained in his presence, and treated him more like the chief huntsman of a hunting party than as a major-general " His officers also loved him, and not only trusted him for war, but enjoyed his company in peace He was constantly on the watch to do them kindnesses, and would frolic with them—marbles, snowballs, quoits, what not?—like a boy with boys

And Stuart loved his men as they loved him, did not regard them as mere food for cannon, to be used, and abused, and forgotten There is something almost pathetic in his neglect of self in praising them 'The horseman who, at his officer's bidding, without question, leaps into unexplored darkness, knowing nothing except that there is danger ahead, possesses the highest attribute of the patriot soldier It is a great source of pride to me to command a division of such men " Careless of his own danger always, he was far more thoughtful of those about him In the last battle he was peculiarly reckless, and Major McClellan noticed that the general kept sending him with messages to General Anderson 'At last the thought occurred to me that he was endeavouring to shield me from danger I said to him 'General, my horse is

weary You are exposing yourself, and you are alone Please let me remain with you' He smiled at me kindly, but bade me go to General Anderson with another message'

Any reflection on his command arouses him at once to its defense 'There seems to be a growing tendency to abuse and underrate the services of that arm of the service [cavalry] by a few officers of infantry, among whom I regret to find General Trimble Troops should be taught to take pride in other branches of the service than their own

It is very rare that Stuart has any occasion to address himself directly to the authorities at Richmond Fighting, not writing, was his business But when he feels that his men and horses are being starved unnecessarily he bestirs himself, and sends Seddon a letter which is as interesting for nervous and vigorous expressions as for the character of the writer I beg to urge that in no case should persons not connected with the army, and who are amply compensated for all that is taken, be allowed more subsistence per day than the noble veterans who are periling their lives in the cause and at every sacrifice are enduring hardship and exposure in the ranks"

And the general's care and enthusiasm for his officers was as great as for the privates It is charming to see how earnestly and how specifically he commends them in every report Particularly, he is anxious to impress upon Lee that no family considerations should prevent the merited advancement of Lee's own son and nephew Even on his deathbed one of his last wishes was that his faithful followers should have his horses, and he allotted them thoughtfully according to each officer's needs

The general did not allow his feelings to interfere with subordination, however His discipline was as firm as could be with such men as composed the cavalry of General Lee's army," writes Judge Garnett "He never tolerated nor overlooked disobedience of orders" Even his favorites, Mosby and Fitz Lee, come in for reproof when needed Of the latter's failure to arrive at Raccoon Ford when expected he writes 'By this failure to comply with instructions not only the movement of the cavalry across the Rapidan was postponed a day, but a fine opportunity was lost to overhaul a body of the enemy's cavalry on a predatory excursion far beyond their lines His tendency to severity in regard to a certain subordinate calls forth one of Lee's gently tactful cautions 'I am perfectly willing to transfer him to Paxton's brigade, if he desires it, but if he does not, I know of no act of his to justify my doing so Do not let your judgment be warped There were officers with whom Stuart could not get along, for instance, "Grumble Jones," who perhaps could get along with no one Yet, after Stuart's death, Jones said of him "By G—, Martin! You know I had little love for Stuart, and he had just as little for me, but that is the greatest loss the army has ever sustained except the death of Jackson"

From these various considerations it will be surmised that Stuart was no mere reckless sworder no Rupert, good with sabre, furious in onset beyond

that signifying nothing. He knew the spirit of the antique maxim, "Be bold, and evermore be bold, be not too bold." He had learned the hardest lesson and the essential corrective for such a temperament, self control. To me there is an immense pathos in his quiet, almost plaintive explanation to Lee, on one occasion: "The commanding general will, I am sure, appreciate how hard it was to desist from the undertaking, but to any one on the spot there could be but one opinion—its impossibility. I gave it up." On the other hand, no one knew better that in some cases perfect prudence and splendid boldness are one and the same thing. To use again his own language: "Although the expedition was prosecuted further than was contemplated in your instructions, I feel assured that the considerations which actuated me will convince you that I did not depart from their spirit and that the bold development in the subsequent direction of the march was the quintessence of prudence. Lee always found the right words. In one of his reports he says of Stuart [*italics mine*]: "I take occasion to express to the Department my sense of the boldness, *judgment*, and *prudence* he displayed in its execution."

But one may have self control without commanding intelligence. Free mantle's description of Stuart's movements does not suggest much of the latter quality. He seems to roam over the country at his own discretion, and always gives a good account of himself, turning up at the right moment, and hitherto he has not got himself into any serious trouble." Later, more studious observers do not take quite the same view. One should read the whole of the Prussian colonel Scheibert's account of Stuart's thorough planning, his careful calculation, his exact methods of procedure. "Before Stuart undertook any movement, he spared nothing in the way of preparation which might make it succeed. He informed himself as exactly as possible by scouts and spies, himself reconnoitred with his staff, often far beyond the outposts, had his engineer officers constantly fill out and improve the rather inadequate maps and ascertain the practicability of roads, fords, etc. In short, he omitted no precaution and spared no pains or effort to secure the best possible results for such undertakings as he planned, therefore he was in the saddle almost as long again as his men." Similar testimony can be gathered incidentally everywhere in Stuart's letters and reports, proving that he was no chance roamer, but went where he planned to go and came back when he intended. For instance, he writes of the Peninsular operations: "It is proper to remark here that the commanding general had, on the occasion of my late expedition to the Pamunkey, imparted to me his design of bringing Jackson down upon the enemy's right flank and rear, and directed that I should examine the country with reference to its practicability for such a movement. I therefore had studied the features of the country very thoroughly and knew exactly how to conform my movements to Jackson's route."

On the strength of these larger military qualities it has sometimes been contended that Stuart should have had an even more responsible command

than fell to him and that Lee should have retained him at the head of Jackson's corps after Jackson's death. Certainly, Lee can have expressed no higher opinion of any one. 'A more zealous, ardent, brave and devoted soldier than Stuart the Confederacy cannot have.' Johnston called him "calm, firm, acute, active, and enterprising, I know of no one more competent than he to estimate occurrences at their true value." Longstreet, hitting Jackson as well as praising Stuart, said 'His death was possibly a greater loss to the Confederate army than that of the swift moving General Stonewall Jackson.' Among foreign authorities Scheibert writes that 'General von Schmidt, the regenerator of our [Prussian] cavalry tactics, has told me that Stuart was the model cavalry leader of this century and has questioned me very often about his mode of fighting.' And Captain Battine thinks that he should have had Jackson's place. Finally, Alexander, sanest of Confederate writers, expresses the same view strongly and definitely. "I always thought it an injustice to Stuart and a loss to the army that he was not from that moment *continued in command of Jackson's corps*. He had *won* the right to it. I believe he had all of Jackson's genius and dash and originality, without the eccentricity of character which sometimes led to disappointment. Jackson's spirit and inspiration were uneven. Stuart, however, possessed the rare quality of being always *equal to himself at his very best*."

This is magnificent praise, coming from such a source. Nevertheless, I find it hard to question Lee's judgment. There was nothing in the world to prevent his giving Stuart the position, if he thought him qualified. It is not absolutely certain how Stuart would have carried independent command. I can hardly imagine Davis, even early in the war, writing of Jackson as he did of Stuart. 'The letter of General Hill painfully impresses me with that which has before been indicated—a want of vigilance and intelligent observation on the part of General Stuart.' Major Bigelow, who knows the battle of Chancellorsville as well as any one living, does not judge Stuart's action so favorably as Alexander. And Cooke, who adored Stuart and served constantly under him, says 'At Chancellorsville, when he succeeded Jackson, the troops, although quite enthusiastic about him, complained that he led them too recklessly against artillery, and it is hard for those who knew the man to believe that, as an army commander, he would have consented to a strictly defensive campaign. Fighting was a necessity of his blood, and the slow movements of infantry did not suit his genius.'

May it not be also that Lee thought Stuart indispensable where he was and believed it would be as difficult to replace him as Jackson? Most of Stuart's correspondence has perished and we are obliged to gather its tenor from letters written to him, which is much like listening to a one-sided conversation over the telephone. From one of Lee's letters, however, it is fairly evident that neither he nor Stuart himself had seriously considered the latter's taking Jackson's place. Lee writes "I am obliged to you for your views as to the suc-

cessor of the great and good Jackson Unless God in his mercy will raise us up one, I do not know what we shall do I agree with you on the subject and have so expressed myself

In any event, what his countrymen will always remember of Stuart is the fighting figure, the glory of battle, the sudden and tumultuous fury of charge and onset

And what above all distinguishes him in this is his splendid joy in it Others fought with clenched fist and set teeth, rejoicing, perhaps, but with deadly determination of lip and brow He laughed and sang His blue eye sparkled and his white teeth gleamed To others it was the valley of the shadow of death To him it was a picnic and a pleasure party

He views everything by its picturesque side, catches the theatrical detail which turns terror and death into a scenic surprise "My arrival could not have been more fortunately timed, for, arriving after dark, the ponderous march, with the rolling artillery, must have impressed the enemy's cavalry, watching their rear, with the idea of an immense army about to cut off their retreat" He rushed gayly into battle, singing, "Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out of the Wilderness? or his favorite of favorites, "If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry" When he is riding off, as it were into the mouth of hell, his adjutant asks, "How long?" and he answers, as Touchstone might, with a bit of old ballad, "It may be for years and it may be for ever His clear laughter, in the sternest crises, echoes through dusty war books, like a silver bell As he sped back from his Peninsular raid, the Union troops were close upon him and the swollen Chickahominy in front, impassable, it seemed Stuart thought a moment, pulling at his beard Then he found the remains of an old bridge and set his men to rebuild it "While the men were at work upon it, Stuart was lying down on the bank of the stream, in the gayest humor I ever saw, laughing at the prank he had played on McClellan"

It is needless to enlarge on the effect of such a temper, such exuberant confidence and cheerfulness in danger, on subordinates It lightened labor, banished fatigue, warmed chill limbs and fainting courage "My men and horses are tired, hungry, jaded, but all right," was the last despatch he ever wrote So long as he was with them, they were all right His very voice was like music, says Fitz Lee, "like the silver trumpet of the Archangel It sounded oblivion of everything but glory His gaiety, his laughter, were infectious and turned a raid into a revel "That summer night," writes Mosby of the McClellan expedition, "was a carnival of fun I can never forget Nobody thought of danger or sleep, when champagne bottles were bursting and wine was flowing in copious streams All had perfect confidence in their leader The discipline of the soldiers for a while gave way to the wild revelry of *Comus*"

And this spirit of adventure, of romance, of buoyant optimism and energy, was not merely reserved for occasions of excitement, was not the triumphant outcome of glory and success It was constant and unfailing To begin with, Stuart had a magnificent physique "Nothing seemed strong enough to break

down his powerful organization of mind and body,' says his biographer and Mosby, "Although he had been in the saddle two days and nights without sleep, he was as gay as a lark." When exhaustion finally fell upon him he would drop off his horse by the roadside, anywhere, sleep for an hour, and arise as active as ever. Universal testimony proves that he was overcome and disheartened by no disaster. He would be thoughtful for a moment, pulling at his beard, then seize upon the best decision that presented itself and push on. Dreadfulness sometimes crushes those who can well resist actual misfortune. Not Stuart. "In the midst of rainstorms, when everybody was riding along grim and cowering beneath the flood pouring down, he would trot on, head up, and sing gayly."

The list of his personal adventures and achievements is endless. He braved capture and death with entire indifference, trusting in his admirable horsemanship, which often saved him, trusting in Providence, trusting in nothing at all but his quick wit and strong arm, curious mainly, perhaps, to see what would happen. On one occasion he is said to have captured forty-four Union soldiers. He was riding absolutely alone and ran into them taking their ease in a field. Instantly he chose his course: "Throw down your arms or you are all dead men." They were green troops and threw down their arms, and Stuart marched the whole squad into camp. When duty forbids a choice adventure, he sighs, as might Don Quixote: "A scouting party of one hundred and fifty lancers had just passed toward Gettysburg. I regretted exceedingly that my march did not admit of the delay necessary to catch them."

I have sometimes asked myself how much of this spirit of romantic adventure, of knight errantry, as it were, in Stuart was conscious. Did he like Claverhouse, read Homer and Froissart, and try to realize in modern Virginia the heroic deeds, still more, the heroic spirit, of antique chivalry? In common with all Southerners, he probably knew the prose and poetry of Scott and dreamed of the plume of Marmion and the lance of Ivanhoe. He must have felt the weight of his name, also, and believed that "James Stuart" might be aptly fitted with valorous adventure, and knightly deeds, and sudden glory. It is extremely interesting to find him writing to Jackson: "Did you receive the volume of Napoleon and his Maxims I sent you?" I should like to own that volume. And in his newspaper account of Brown's raid he quotes Horace horribly, but still Horace: *Erant fortes ante Agamemnona*.

Yet I do not gather that he was much of a student. He preferred to live poems rather than read them. The spirit of romance, the instinct of the picturesque, was born in him and would out anywhere and everywhere. Life was a perpetual play, with ever shifting scenes and gay lime light, and hurrying incident, and passionate climax. Again and again he reminds me of a boy playing soldiers. His ambition, his love of glory, was of this order, not a bit the ardent, devouring, growing, far-sighted passion of Jackson, but a jovial sense of pleasant things that can be touched and heard and tasted here, to day. He had a childlike, simple vanity which all his biographers smile at, liked pa-

rade display and pomp and gorgeousness, utterly differing in this from Jackson, who was too proud, or Lee, who was too lofty. Stuart rode fine horses, never was seen on an inferior animal. He wore fine clothes, all that his position justified, perhaps a little more. Here is Fitz Lee's picture of him: "His strong figure, his big brown beard, his piercing, laughing blue eyes, the drooping hat and black feather, the 'fighting jacket' as he termed it, the tall cavalry boots, forming one of the most jubilant and striking figures in the war." And Cooke is even more particular: "His fighting jacket shone with dazzling buttons and was covered with gold braid, his hat was looped up with a golden star, and decorated with a black ostrich plume, his fine buff gauntlets reached to the elbow, around his waist was tied a splendid yellow sash, and his spurs were of pure gold." After this, we appreciate the biographer's assertion that Stuart was as fond of colors as a boy or girl, and elsewhere we read that he never moved without his gorgeous red battle flag which often drew the fire of the enemy.

As to the spurs, they were presented to the general by the ladies of Baltimore and he took great pride in them, signing himself sometimes in his private letters, K G S, Knight of the Golden Spurs.

This last touch is perfectly characteristic and the Stuart of the pen is precisely the same as the Stuart of the sword. He could express himself as simply as Napoleon: "Tell General Lee that all is right. Jackson has not advanced, but I have, and I am going to crowd them with artillery." But usually he did not. Indeed, the severe taste of Lee recoiled from his subordinate's fashions of speech: "The general deals in the flowery style, as you will perceive, if you ever see his reports in detail." But I love them, they ring and resound so with the temper of the man, gorgeous scraps of tawdry rhetoric, made charming by their riotous sincerity, as with Scott and Dumas: "Their brave men behaved with coolness and intrepidity in danger, unswerving resolution before difficulties, and stood unappalled before the rushing torrent of the Chickahominy, with the probability of an enemy at their heels armed with the fury of a tigress robbed of her whelps." Could anything be worse from Lee's point of view? But it does put some life into an official report. Or take this Homeric picture of a charge, which rushes like a half dozen stanzas of "Chevy Chase": "Lieutenant Robbins, handling it in the most skilful manner, managed to clear the way for the march with little delay, and infused by a sudden dash at a picket such a wholesome terror that it never paused to take a second look. On, on dashed Robbins, here skirting a field, there leaping a fence or ditch, and clearing the woods beyond."

When I read these things, I cannot but remember Madame de Sevigne's fascinating comment on the historical novels of her day: "The style of La Calprenede is detestable in a thousand ways: long-winded, romantic phrases, ill-chosen words, I admit it all. I agree that it is detestable, yet it holds me like glue. The beauty of the sentiments, the violence of the passions, the

grandeur of the events, and the miraculous success of the hero's redoubtable sword—it sweeps me away as if I were a child ”

And Stuart's was a real sword!

Then, too, as in Shakespearean tragedy or modern melodrama, the tension in Stuart's case, is constantly relieved by hearty, wholesome, cheery laughter, which shook his broad shoulders and sparkled in his blue eyes. See what a strange comedy his report makes of this lurid night scene, in which another might have found only shadow and death. ‘It so far succeeded as to get possession of his [General Bartlett's] headquarters at one o'clock at night, the general having saved himself by precipitate flight in his nether garments. The headquarters flag was brought away. No prisoners were attempted to be taken, the party shooting down every one within reach. Some horses breaking loose near headquarters ran through an adjacent regimental camp, causing the greatest commotion amid firing and yelling and cries of ‘Halt!’ ‘Rally!’ mingling in wild disorder, and ludicrous stampede which beggars description.” Can't you hear him laugh?

It must not be concluded from this that Stuart was cruel in his jesting. Where gentleness and sympathy were really called for, all the evidence shows that no man could give more. But he believed that the rough places are made smooth and the hard places soft and the barren places green and smiling by genial laughter. Who shall say that he was wrong? Therefore he would have his jest, with inferior and superior, with friend and enemy. Even the sombre Jackson was not spared. Once he had floundered into winter quarters oddly decorated, Stuart suggested “that a drawing of the apartment should be made, with the race horses, gamecocks, and terner in bold relief, the picture to be labelled ‘View of the winter quarters of General Jackson, affording an insight into the tastes and character of the individual.’” And Jackson enjoyed it.

When it came to his adversaries, Stuart's fun was unlimited. Everybody knows his telegraphed complaint to the United States Commissary Department that the mules he had been getting lately were most unsatisfactory and he wished they would provide a better quality. Even more amusing is the correspondence that occurred at Lewinsville. One of Stuart's old comrades wrote, addressing him by his West Point nickname. “My dear Beauty,—I am sorry that circumstances are such that I can't have the pleasure of seeing you, although so near you. Griffin says he would like to have you dine with him at Willard's at 5 o'clock on Saturday next. Keep your Black Horse off me, if you please. Yours, etc., Orlando M. Poe.” On the back of this was penciled in Stuart's writing. “I have the honor to report that ‘circumstances’ were such that they could have seen me if they had stopped to look behind, and I answered both at the cannon's mouth. Judging from his speed, Griffin surely left for Washington to hurry up that dinner.”

I had an old friend who adored the most violent melodrama. When the

curtain and his tears had fallen together, he would sigh and murmur, "Now let's have a little of that snare drum music" Such was Stuart It might almost be said that music was his passion," writes his biographer I doubt, however, whether he dealt largely in the fugues of Bach His favorites, in the serious order, are said to have been "The dew is on the blossom," and "Sweet Evelina" But his joy was the uproarious "If you get there before I do", or his precious "If you want to have a good time, join the cavalry" He liked to live in the blare of trumpets and the crash of cymbals, liked to have his nerves tingle and his blood leap to a merry hunt up or a riotous chorus, liked to have the high strain of war's melodrama broken by the sudden crackle of the snare drum His banjo player, Sweeney, was as near to him as an aide de camp, followed him everywhere "Stuart wrote his most important correspondence with the rattle of the gay instrument stunning everybody, and would turn round from his work, burst into a laugh, and join uproariously in Sweeney's chorus"

And dance was as keen a spice to peril as song and laughter To fight all day and dance all night was a good day's work to this creature of perfect physique and inexhaustible energy If his staff officers could not keep pace with him and preferred a little sleep, the general did not like it at all What? Here is—or was—a gay town, and pretty girls Just because we are here to day and gone to morrow, shall we not fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world? And the girls are got together, and a ball is organized, and the fun grows swifter and swifter Perhaps a fortunate officer picks the prettiest and is about to stand up with her Stuart whispers in his ear that a hurried message must be carried, laughs his gay laugh, and slips into the vacant place Then an orderly hurries in, covered with dust The enemy are upon us The officers rushed to their weapons and called for their horses, panic-stricken fathers and mothers endeavored to collect around them their bewildered children, while the young ladies ran to and fro in most admired despair General Stuart maintained his accustomed coolness and composure Our horses were immediately saddled, and in less than five minutes we were in rapid gallop to the front "Oh, what a life!

You divine that with such a temperament Stuart would love women So he did Not that he let them interfere with duty He would have heartily accepted the profound doctrine of Enobarbus in regard to the fair "It were pity to cast them away for nothing, yet between them and a great cause they should be esteemed as nothing" Stuart arrested hundreds of ladies, says his biographer, and remained inexorable to their petitions Cooke's charming account of one of these arrests should be read in full how the fair captives first raved, and then listened, and then laughed, and then were charmed by the mellifluous Sweeney and the persuasive general, and at last departed with kissed hands and kindly hearts, leaving Stuart to explain to his puzzled aide, who inquired why he took so much pains "Don't you understand? When

those ladies arrived they were mad enough with me to bite my head off, and I determined to put them in good humor before they left me'

And the women liked Stuart. It was a grand thing to be the first officer in the Confederate cavalry, with a blue eye and a fair beard, and all gold like Horace's Lydia from hat to spurs. When he rode singing and laughing into a little town by river or seashore, they flocked to meet him, young and old, and touched his garments and begged his buttons and kissed his gloved hands until he suggested that his cheeks were available, and then they kissed those, young and old alike. They showered him with flowers also, buried him under nosegays and garlands, till he rode like old god Bacchus or the queen of May. What an odd fashion of making war! And the best I have met with is that one day Stuart described one of these occurrences to his great chief, 'I had to wear her garland, till I was out of sight,' apologized the young cavalier. 'Why aren't you wearing it now?' retorted Lee. 'Isn't that admirable? I verily believe that if any young woman had had the unimaginable audacity to throw a garland over Lee, he would have worn it through the streets of Richmond itself.'

You say, then, this Stuart was dissipated, perhaps, a scapegrace, a rioter, imitating Rupert and Murat in other things than great cavalry charges. That is the curious point. The man was nothing of the sort. With all his instinct of revelry, he had no vices, a very Puntan of laughter. He liked pretty girls everywhere but when he was charged with libertinism, he answered, in the boldness of innocence, "That person does not live who can say that I ever did anything improper of that description", and he liked his wife better than any other pretty girl. He married her when he was twenty-two years old and his last wish was that she might reach him before he died. His few letters to her that have been printed are charming in their playful affection. He adored his children also, in short, was a pattern of domesticity. He did, indeed, love his country more, and telegraphed to his wife, when she called him to his dying daughter's bedside, "My duty to the country must be performed before I can give way to the feelings of a father", but the child's death was a cruel blow to him. With his intimates he constantly referred to her, and when he himself was dying, he whispered, "I shall soon be with my little Flora again."

'I never saw him touch a card,' writes one who was very near him, 'and he never dreamed of uttering an oath under any provocation, nor would he permit it at his headquarters.' We are assured by many that he never drank and an explicit statement of his own on the subject is reported. "I promised my mother in my childhood never to touch ardent spirits and a drop has never passed my lips, except the wine of the communion."

As the last words show, he had religion as well as morals. He joined the Methodist church when he was fifteen, later the Episcopal. When he was twenty-four, he sent money home to his mother to aid in the building of a church. He carried his Bible with him always. In his reports religion is not

obtrusive When it does occur, it is evidently sincere "The Lord of Hosts was plainly fighting on our side, and the solid walls of Federal infantry melted away before the straggling, but nevertheless determined, onset of our infantry columns" Believing that the hand of God was clearly manifested in the signal deliverance of my command from danger, and the crowning success at tending it, I ascribe to Him the praise, the honor, and the glory" He inclined to strictness in the observance of Sunday Captain Colston writes me that when twelve struck of a Saturday night Stuart held up his hand relentlessly and stopped song and dance in their full tide, though youth and beauty begged for just one more He was equally scrupulous in the field, though, in his feeling of injury because the enemy were not, I seem to detect his habitual touch of humor "The next morning being the Sabbath, I recognized my obligation to do no duty other than what was absolutely necessary, and determined, so far as possible, to devote it to rest Not so the enemy, whose guns about 8 A M showed that he would not observe it"

I have no doubt that Stuart's religion was inward as well as outward and remoulded his heart But, after all, he was but little over thirty when he died, and I love to trace in him the occasional working of the old Adam which had such lively play in the bosom of many an officer who was unjustly blamed or missed some well deserved promotion Stuart's own letters are too few to afford much insight of this kind But here again we get that one sided correspondence with Lee which is so teasingly suggestive On one occasion Lee writes "The expression appropriated by the Stuart Horse Artillery' was not taken from a report of Colonel Baldwin, nor intended in any objectionable sense, but used for want of a better phrase, without any intention on my part of wounding" And again, after Chancellorsville "As regards the closing remarks of your note, I am at a loss to understand their reference or to know what has given rise to them In the management of the difficult operations at Chancellorsville, which you so promptly undertook and creditably performed, I saw no errors to correct, nor has there been a fit opportunity to commend your conduct I prefer your acts to speak for themselves, nor does your character or reputation require bolstering up by out of place expressions of my opinion"

But by far the most interesting human revelation of this kind is one letter of Stuart's own, written to justify himself against some aspersions of General Trimble With the right or wrong of the case we are not concerned, simply with the fascinating study of Stuart's state of mind He begins evidently with firm restraint and a Christian moderation "Human memory is frail I know" But the exposure of his wrongs heats his blood, as he goes on, and spurs him, though he still endeavors to check himself "It is true I am not in the habit of giving orders, particularly to my seniors in years, in a dictatorial and authoritative manner, and my manner very likely on this occasion was more resolute than imperative, indeed, I may have been content to satisfy myself that the dispositions which he himself proposed accorded with my own ideas, with

out any blustering show of orders to do this or that General Trimble says I did not reach the place until seven or eight o'clock I was in plain view all the time, and rode through, around, and all about the place soon after its capture General Trimble is mistaken ' Nay, in his stammering eagerness to right himself, his phrases, usually so crisp and clear, stumble and fall over each other "In the face of General Trimble's positive denial of sending me such a message, 'that he would prefer waiting until daylight, or anything like it, while my recollection is clear that I did receive such a message, and received it as coming from General Trimble, yet, as he is so positive to not having sent such a message or anything like it, I feel bound to believe that either the message was misrepresented or made up by the messenger, or that it was a message received from General Robertson, whose sharpshooters had been previously deployed "

A real man, you see, like the rest of us but a noble one, and lovable Fortunate, also, in his death as in his life For he was not shot down in the early days, like Jackson and Sidney Johnston, when it seemed as if his great aid might have changed destiny He had done all a man in his position could do When he went, hope too was going He was spared the long, weary days of Petersburg, spared the bitter cup of Appomattox, spared the cruel domination of the conqueror, spared what was perhaps worst of all, the harsh words and reproaches which flew too hotly where there should have been nothing but love and silence He slept untroubled in his glory, while his countrymen mourned and Lee "yearned for him ' His best epitaph has been written by a magnanimous opponent ' Deep in the hearts of all true cavalry men, North and South, will ever burn a sentiment of admiration mingled with regret for this knightly soldier and generous man "

ABRAHAM LINCOLN THE FIRST PRAIRIE YEARS¹



Carl Sandburg

IN THE SUMMER of the year 1831, Abraham Lincoln, twenty two years old, floated a canoe down the Sangamon River, going to a new home, laughter and youth in his bones, in his heart a few pennies of dreams, in his head a ragbag of thoughts he could never expect to sell

New Salem, the town on a hill, to which Abraham Lincoln was shunting his canoe, was a place of promise there in the year 1831, just as all towns in Illinois then were places of promise New Salem then had a dozen families as its population, just as Chicago in the same year reckoned a dozen families and

¹ From *The Prairie Years* (1926) by Carl Sandburg By permission of Harcourt Brace and Company

no more Both had water transportation, outlets, tributary territory, yet one was to be only a phantom hamlet of memories and ghosts, a wind swept hill top kept as cherished haunts are kept

New Salem stood on a hill, a wrinkle of earth crust, a convulsive knob of rock and sod The Sangamon River takes a curve as it comes to the foot of that bluff and looks up It is almost as though the river said, For such a proud standing hill as this I must make a proud winding curve for it to look at "

Up on the ridge level of that bluff, the buffalo, the wild horse, the wild hog and the Red Indian had competed for occupation a thousand years and more Herds of shaggy whiskered buffalo had roamed the Sangamon Valley, deer antlers had been plowed up and arched above doorways where men six feet tall walked under without stooping Plows had turned up brown and white flint arrowheads of Indian hunters, red men whose learning had included buffalo and snake dances, and a necromancy of animal life unknown to men of the white race Before the rifle and plow of the white man, the red man in that particular southern region of Illinois had moved off, had, in the words of some who followed, 'gone and skedaddled' Yet the red man was still a near enough presence to be spoken of as more than a ghost who had just passed

At the foot of a bluff where the Sangamon begins its curve, a thousand wagon loads of gravel had been hauled and packed into the river to make a power dam and mill grind The Rutledges and Camerons who started the mill bought the ridge of land on the bluff above and in 1829 laid out a town, sold lots, put up a log tavern with four rooms, and named the place New Salem

Farmers came from fifty miles away to have their grain turned into flour and to buy salt, sugar, coffee, handkerchiefs, hardware, and calico prints and bonnets If people asked, "Has the mud wagon come in?" they referred to the stagecoach driving from Havana to Springfield once a week, and carrying mail to the New Salem post office The town in its time had a sawmill, fifteen houses, a hundred people, two doctors, a school, a church and Sunday school, a saloon, and a squire and two constables The Herndon brothers, Rowan and James, kept a store, so did the partnership of Samuel Hill and James Mc Namar, also one Reuben Radford had a grocery

And Denton Offut, who had rented the Rutledge and Cameron gristmill, had ordered a stock of goods and was going to open a new store, with A Lincoln as clerk in charge When Offut had seen Lincoln handle his flatboat on the New Salem mill dam so masterfully, Offut had told people he would soon have a regular steamboat running up and down the Sangamon with Lincoln as captain, the boat would run the year round, in all weathers, with rollers for shoals and dams, runners for ice, Offut said that with Lincoln in charge, "By thunder, she'd have to go!"

Election Day was on when Lincoln arrived in New Salem and loafed along

the main street At the voting place they told him a clerk was wanted and asked if he could write Of course, he might have answered that where he came from in Indiana he used to write letters for the whole township, instead he answered with an up and down of careless inflections, Oh, I guess I can make a few rabbit tricks ' So, with a goose quill he sat registering ballots that first day in New Salem, and he felt as much at home with the goose quill as he had felt with the ax, the hoe, the flatboat oars, and other instruments he had handled

The voting was by word of mouth Each voter told the election judges which candidates he wanted to vote for Then a judge would bawl out the voter's name and his candidates, which names would be written down by the clerks Lincoln got acquainted with names and faces of nearly all the men in New Salem on his first day there

Offut's stock for the new store had not come as yet, so when Dr Nelson, who was leaving New Salem for Texas, said he wanted a pilot to take his flat boat through the channels of the Sangamon to Beardstown on the Illinois River, Lincoln was willing When he came back from that little job, he said there were times he ran the flatboat three miles off onto the prairies, but always got back to the main channel of the Sangamon A genius of drollery was recognized by the New Salem folks as having come among them to live with and be one of them They were already passing along the lizard story, a yarn spun by the newcomer the first day he arrived He had said it happened in Indiana and was as strange as many other things that had happened in Indiana

In a meeting house far and deep in the tall timbers, a preacher was delivering a sermon, wearing old fashioned baggy pantaloons fastened with one button and no suspenders, while his shirt was fastened at the collar with one button In a loud voice he announced his text for the day, ' I am the Christ, whom I shall represent today ' And about that time a little blue lizard ran up under one of the baggy pantaloons The preacher went ahead with his sermon, slapping his legs After a while the lizard came so high that the preacher was desperate, and going on with his sermon, unbuttoned the one button that held his pantaloons, they dropped down and with a kick were off By this time the lizard had changed his route and circled around under the shirt at the back, and the preacher repeating his text, I am the Christ, whom I shall represent today," loosened his one collar button and with one sweeping movement off came the shirt The congregation sat in the pews dazed and dazzled everything was still for a moment then a dignified elderly lady stood up slowly, and pointing a finger toward the pulpit called out at the top of her voice, "I just want to say that if you represent Jesus Christ, sir, then I'm done with the Bible "

Men were telling of Lincoln and a crew loading Squire Godbey's hogs onto a flatboat down at Blue Banks, the hogs were slippery and stubborn and the

crew couldn't chase them on board The gossip was that Lincoln said, "Sew their eyes shut" And farmers were "argufyin'" as to whether a hog is easier handled when his eyes are sewed shut

On a lot Offut bought for ten dollars, he and Lincoln built a cabin of logs, this was to be the new store, and Lincoln started boarding at the home of the Reverend John Cameron, whose eleven daughters ran the house

Offut's goods arrived, Lincoln stacked shelves and corners with salt, sugar, tea, coffee, molasses, butter and eggs, whisky, tobacco, hardware, stoneware, cups and saucers, plates, dishes, calico prints, hats, bonnets, gloves, socks, shoes Bill Green, the eighteen year old son of Squire Bowling Green, was put in as a helper mainly to tell Lincoln which of the customers were good pay Offut's enthusiasm about his new clerk ran high "He knows more than any man in the United States Some day he will be President of the United States He can outrun, outlift, outwrestle, and throw down any man in Sangamon County"

And the Clary's Grove Boys, just four miles away, began talking about these claims, what they said mostly was, "Is that so?" Bill Clary, who ran a saloon thirty steps north of the Offut store, put up a bet of ten dollars with Offut that Lincoln couldn't throw Jack Armstrong, the Clary's Grove champion

Sports from fifty miles around came to a level square next to Offut's store to see the match, bets ran high, from money to jackknives and treats of whisky Armstrong was short and powerful in build with the muscle haunches of a wild steer, his aim from the first was to get in close with his man where he would have the advantage of his thick muscular strength

Lincoln held him off with long arms, wore down his strength, got him out of breath and out of temper Armstrong then fouled by stamping on Lincoln's right foot and instep with his boot heel This exasperated Lincoln so that he lost his temper, lifted Armstrong up by the throat and off the ground, shook him like a rag, and then slammed him to a hard fall, flat on his back

As Armstrong lay on the ground, a champion in the dust of defeat, his gang from Clary's Grove started to swarm toward Lincoln, with hot Kentucky and Irish epithets on their lips Lincoln stepped to where his back was against a wall, braced himself, and told the gang he was ready for 'em

Then Jack Armstrong broke through the front line of the gang, shook Lincoln's hand and told the gang Lincoln was "fair," had won the match, and, "He's the best feller that ever broke into this settlement"

As the Clary's Grove Boys looked Lincoln over they decided he was one of them, he weighed 180 pounds, he was hard as nails, he outran the footracers of the Sangamon County, he threw the maul and crowbar farthest he told the lizard story, he saved a flatboat that looked like a wreck on the Cameron mill dam Yes, he belonged, even though he didn't drink whisky nor play cards, he belonged They called on him to judge their horse races and chicken

fights umpire their matches, and settle disputes Their homes were open to him He was adopted

Counting the money a woman paid for dry goods one day, Lincoln found she had paid six and a quarter cents more than her bill, that night he walked six miles to pay it back Once, finding he weighed tea with a four ounce weight instead of an eight he ripped up another quarter of a pound of tea, took a long walk and delivered to the woman the full order of tea she had paid for A loafer used the wrong kind of language when women customers were in the store one day, Lincoln had warned him to stop, he talked back Lincoln took him in front of the store, threw him on the ground and rubbed smartweed in his face When trade was slack, he split rails for Offut and built a pen to hold a thousand hogs

The two clerks, Lincoln and young Bill Green, slept together on a narrow cot in the back of the store "when one turned over, the other had to" When a small gambler tricked Bill, Lincoln told Bill to bet him the best fur hat in the store that he (Lincoln) could lift a barrel of whisky from the floor and hold it while he took a drink from the bunghole Bill hunted up the gambler, made the bet and won it, Lincoln lifted the barrel off the floor sat squatting on the floor, rolled the barrel on his knees till the bunghole reached his mouth, drank a mouthful, let the barrel down—and stood up and spat out the whisky

Wildcat money, 'rag money,' "shimplasters," came across the counter some times The clerk asked the customer "What kind of money have you?" Once in a while he told about a Mississippi steamboat captain, short of firewood, who steered to a landing place and offered the man in charge wildcat money for wood, but the owner of the wood said he could only trade "cord for cord," a cord of money for a cord of wood

Lincoln and John Brewer acted as seconds for Henry Clark and Ben Wilcox when those two settled a dispute with a stand up and knockdown fight with bare fists The seconds had washed the blood off the faces and shoulders of the two fighters, when John Brewer, whose head came about as high as Lincoln's elbows, strutted like a bantam rooster up to Lincoln and broke out "Abe, my man licked yours and I can lick you" Lincoln searched his challenger with a quizzical look and drawled "I'll fight you, John, if you'll chalk your size on me And every blow outside counts round" In the hush of the crowd even Brewer joined

Between times, in spare hours, and in watches of the night when sleep came to the town and river, Lincoln toiled and quested for the inner lights of what was known as education and knowledge Mentor Graham, the school master told him there was a grammar at Vaner's house six miles off he walked the six miles, brought back the book, burned pine shavings in the blacksmith shop to light a book with a title page saying it held, "English Grammar in Familiar Lectures accompanied by a Compendium embracing a

New Systematick Order of Parsing, a New System of Punctuation, Exercises in False Syntax, and a Key to the Exercises, designed for the Use of Schools and Private Learners By Samuel Kirkham” As he got farther into the book, he had Bill Green at the store hold it and ask him questions When Bill asked what adverbs qualify, Lincoln replied, “Adverbs qualify verbs, adjectives and other adverbs” When Bill asked “What is a phrase?” the answer came, A phrase is an assemblage of words, not constituting an entire proposition, but performing a distinct office in the structure of a sentence or of another phrase”

Geography he studied without knowing he was studying geography The store had calico prints from Massachusetts, tea from China, coffee from Brazil, hardware and stoneware from New York and Pennsylvania, products and utensils from the hands and machines of men hundreds and thousands of miles away The feel of other human zones, and a large world to live in, connected with the Offut grocery stock

A literary and debating society was formed in New Salem, with the educated and accomplished people as members, and all others who wished to “advance” themselves Lincoln stood up for his first speech one evening And there was close attention For they all knew this was a joker, the young husky who brought the lizard story to their town, the lusty buck who grappled Jack Armstrong and slammed him for a fall, the pleasant spinner of yarns He opened his address in a tone of apology, as though he had been thinking over what he was going to say, but he wasn’t sure he could put on the end of his tongue the ideas operating in his head He went on with facts, traced back and picked up essential facts, and wove them into an argument, apologized again and said he hoped the argument would stand on its own legs and command respect His hands wandered out of the pockets of his pantaloons and punctuated with loose gestures some of the decisive propositions, after which his hands slowly and easily slid back into the pantaloons pockets

Then it came to Lincoln through the talk of friends that James Rutledge, the president of the society, was saying there was “more than wit and fun” in Abe’s head, he was already a fine speaker, all he lacked was “culture to enable him to reach a high destiny which was in store for him” Lincoln noticed that Mr Rutledge looked more keenly into his face and was more kindly in manner

This had a double interest for the young store clerk, because he had spent afternoons and evenings in the Rutledge tavern, and he had almost trembled and dark waves ran through him as he had looked wholly and surely into the face of the slim girl with corn silk hair, Ann Rutledge, the eighteen year old daughter of James Rutledge

When all New Salem laughed and wondered at the way he saved his flat boat when it hung over the dam the spring before, he had glimpsed this slim girl with light corn silk hair, blue eyed, pink fair Since then he had spoken with her as she sat sewing in a hickory splint chair, a quiet soft bud of a woman

Some mentioned her as 'beautiful', the Clary's Grove Boys said she "wasn't hard to look at" While her two sisters, Nancy and Margaret, helped their mother with the dishes and the baby, Sarah, Ann did the sewing for all the women and showed new stitches to other New Salem girls who came in

After the first evening in which Lincoln had sat next to her and found that bashful words tumbling from his tongue's end really spelled themselves out into sensible talk, her face as he went away, kept coming back So often all else would fade out of his mind and there would be only this riddle of a pink fair face, a mouth and eyes in a frame of light corn silk hair He could ask himself what it meant and search his heart for an answer and no answer would come A trembling took his body and dark waves ran through him sometimes when she spoke so simple a thing as, "The corn is getting high, isn't it?"

The name 'Ann Rutledge' would come to him and he would pronounce it softly to the shadows in the blacksmith shop where he lay burning wood shavings to light the pages of Kirkham's Grammar He knew the Rutledges branched back out of South Carolina and the Revolutionary War Rutledges, one of whom signed the Declaration of Independence, their names were in high places, her father was a Southern gentleman of the old school and he, Abe Lincoln, was from the Kentucky "Linkerns" who had a hard time to read and write His heart would be hurting if he hadn't learned long ago to laugh at himself with a horse laugh

The Cameron girls, where he boarded, tried to tease him about his long legs, long arms, his horsy ways and he was always ready to admit he "wasn't much to look at" And as the blue spray from one young woman's eyes haunted him, he felt it was enough to have looked into such a face and to have learned that such an earthly frame as that of Ann Rutledge had been raised out of the breathing dust He could say, and it was easy to say, 'It can't happen that a sucker like me can have a gal like her'

When the Illinois legislature met at Vandalia in 1834, one of the sitting members was Abraham Lincoln He was twenty five years old, holding his first elective political office, and drawing three dollars a day pay, with privileges of ink, quills, and stationery The four highest candidates from Sangamon County in the voting had stood Dawson, 1,390, Lincoln, 1,376, Carpenter, 1,170, Stuart, 1,164 On being elected Lincoln went to a friend, Coleman Smoot, who was farming near New Salem, and asked Smoot, 'Did you vote for me?' and on Smoot answering, "Yes," he said, "I want to buy some clothes and fix up a little, and I want you to loan me \$200 00" Therefore he sat at his desk in the state capitol wearing brand new blue jeans

He was now away from New Salem and Ann Rutledge And the girl Ann Rutledge had been engaged to marry John McNeil, the storekeeper and farmer who had come to New Salem and in five years acquired property worth \$12,000 00 In money and looks McNeil was considered a "good catch" and

he and Ann Rutledge were known as betrothed, when McNeil started on a trip East. In a short time, as soon as he could visit his father and relatives in New York, he would come back and claim his bride. This was the promise and understanding.

And it was known to Lincoln, who had helped McNeil on deeds to land holdings, that McNeil's real name was McNamar. This was the name put in the deeds. He said he had come West taking another name in order that he might make his fortune without interference from his family back East. He had, for convenience, kept his name off election poll books, and never voted.

McNamar had been away for months and sent few letters, writing from Ohio that he was delayed by an attack of fever, writing again from New York that his father had died and he could not come West till the estate was settled. Thus letters came, with excuses, from far off. Whisperers talked about it in New Salem. Had his love died down? Or was a truthful love to be expected from a man who would live under a false name?

Days were going hard for the little heart under the face framed in auburn hair over in New Salem, as Lincoln had his thoughts at his desk in the capitol at Vandalia. She had sung to him, clear voiced, a hymn he liked with a line, "Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear."

He introduced a bill limiting the jurisdiction of justices of the peace, he introduced a bill to authorize Samuel Musick to build a toll bridge across Salt Creek, he moved to change the rules so that it should not be in order to offer amendments to any bill after the third reading, he offered a resolution relating to a state revenue to be derived from the sale of public lands, he moved to take from the table a report submitted by his committee on public accounts. And he had his thoughts. The line had been sung for him clear voiced, "Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear."

Back to New Salem he came in the spring of 1835. And there was refuge for Ann Rutledge, with her hand in a long fingered hand whose bones told of understanding and a quiet security. She had written McNamar that she expected release from her pledge to him. And no answer had come, letters had stopped coming. Her way was clear. In the fall she was to go to a young ladies' academy in Jacksonville, and Abraham Lincoln, poor in goods and deep in debts, was to get from under his poverty, and they were to marry. They would believe in the days to come, for the present time they had understanding and security.

The cry and the answer of one yellowhammer to another, the wing flash of one bluejay on a home flight to another, the drowsy dreaming of grass and grain coming up with its early green over the moist rolling prairie, these were to be felt that spring together, with the whisper, "Always together."

He was twenty six, she was twenty two, the earth was their footstool, the sky was a sheaf of blue dreams, the rise of the blood gold rim of a full moon in the evening was almost too much to live, see, and remember.

James Rutledge had sold his New Salem tavern to the Onstotts, and taken

his family to a farm near Sand Ridge Lincoln rode back and forth between New Salem and the Rutledge farm when he paid Ann a call They were talking over their plans Ann was proud of Lincoln, and believed he had a future and would make a name as a great man In her father's tavern at New Salem she had heard men say Abe Lincoln was considerable of a thinker and a politician, he had a way with people, he had an independent mind and yet he wanted to learn He would go far and she would go with him, she would be to him what other women had been to other men in days gone by, women who were the wives of Rutledges, among whom there had been a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a governor, judges of courts, and other holders of high place

For a time Ann worked at the farm of James Short and Lincoln rode over there to see her He could laugh with her over Parthenia Hill who had married a man who once wanted to marry Ann, saying "Ann isn't beautiful—to begin with she has red hair"

She and Lincoln talked over the plan for her to go in the following autumn to the Jacksonville Female Academy, while he would register in the Illinois College at Jacksonville A brother of Bill Green was a student there, some of the school teachers around Sangamon County had been Illinois College students, and Ann's own brother David was studying there in that spring of 1835 Out of his companionship with Ann Rutledge, Lincoln had taken seriously to plans for a college education He would have to leave college to sit in legislative sessions, but that could be arranged

August of that summer came Corn and grass, fed by rich rains in May and June, stood up stunted of growth, for want of more rain The red berries on the honeysuckles refused to be glad The swallows and martins came fewer

To the homes of the settlers came chills and fever of malaria Lincoln had been down, and up, and down again with aching bones, taking large spoons of Peruvian bark, boneset tea, jalap, and calomel One and another of his friends had died, for some, he had helped nail together the burial boxes

Ann Rutledge lay fever burned Days passed, help arrived and was helpless Moans came from her for the one man of her thoughts They sent for him He rode out from New Salem to the Sand Ridge farm They let him in, they left the two together and alone a last hour in the log house, with slants of light on her face from an open clapboard door It was two days later that death came

There was what they called a funeral, a decent burial of the body in the Concord burying ground seven miles away And Lincoln sat for hours with no words for those who asked him to speak to them They went away from him knowing he would be alone whether they stayed or went away

A week after the burial of Ann Rutledge, Bill Green found him rambling in the woods along the Sangamon River, mumbling sentences Bill couldn't

make out They watched him and tried to keep him safe among friends at New Salem And he rambled darkly and idly past their circle to the burying ground seven miles away, where he lay with an arm across the one grave

Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear ' As the autumn weeks passed, and the scarlet runners sent out signals across the honey locust and the sycamore tree where they had sat together on the Salem hilltop, and the sunsets flamed earlier in the shortening afternoons, the watchers saw a man struggling on a brink, he needed help Dr Allen said rest would help They took him to the home of Bowling and Nancy Green, at the foot of a bluff climbed by oak timber growths A few days he helped in the field at cornhusking, most of the time Nancy had him cutting wood, picking apples, digging potatoes, doing light chores around the house, once holding the yarn for her as she spun

In the evenings it was useless to try to talk with him They asked their questions and then had to go away He sat by the fire one night as the flames licked up the cordwood and swept up the chimney to pass out into a driving storm wind The blowing weather woke some sort of lights in him and he went to the door and looked out into a night of fierce tumbling wind and black horizons And he came back saying, "I can't bear to think of her out there alone" And he clenched his hands, mumbling, "The rain and the storm shan't beat on her grave"

FOUR YEARS IN A SHED¹



Eve Cune

A MAN CHOSEN AT RANDOM from a crowd to read an account of the discovery of radium would not have doubted for one moment that radium existed beings whose critical sense has not been sharpened and simultaneously deformed by specialized culture keep their imaginations fresh They are ready to accept an unexpected fact, however extraordinary it may appear, and to wonder at it

The physicist colleagues of the Curies received the news in slightly different fashion The special properties of polonium and radium upset fundamental theories in which scientists had believed for centuries How was one to explain the spontaneous radiation of the radioactive bodies? The discovery upset a world of acquired knowledge and contradicted the most firmly established ideas on the composition of matter Thus the physicist kept on the reserve He was violently interested in Pierre and Marie's work, he could

¹ From *Eve Cune, Madame Cune A Biography* copyright 1937 by Doubleday & Company Inc

perceive its infinite developments, but before being convinced he awaited the acquisition of decisive results

The attitude of the chemist was even more downright. By definition, a chemist only believes in the existence of a new substance when he has seen the substance, touched it, weighed and examined it, confronted it with acids, bottled it, and when he has determined its atomic weight.

Now, up to the present, nobody had 'seen' radium. Nobody knew the atomic weight of radium. And the chemists, faithful to their principles, concluded 'No atomic weight, no radium. Show us some radium and we will believe you.'

To show polonium and radium to the incredulous, to prove to the world the existence of their "children" and to complete their own conviction, M and Mme Curie were now to labor for four years.

The aim was to obtain pure radium and polonium. In the most strongly radioactive products the scientists had prepared, these substances figured only in imperceptible traces. Pierre and Marie already knew the method by which they could hope to isolate the new metals, but the separation could not be made except by treating very large quantities of crude material.

Here arose three agonizing questions:

How were they to get a sufficient quantity of ore? What premises could they use to effect their treatment? What money was there to pay the inevitable cost of the work?

Pitchblende, in which polonium and radium were hidden, was a costly ore, treated at the St Joachimsthal mines in Bohemia for the extraction of uranium salts used in the manufacture of glass. Tons of pitchblende would cost a great deal—a great deal too much for the Curie household.

Ingenuity was to make up for wealth. According to the expectation of the two scientists, the extraction of uranium should leave, intact in the ore, such traces of polonium and radium as the ore contains. There was no reason why these traces should not be found in the residue. And, whereas crude pitchblende was costly, its residue after treatment had very slight value. By asking an Austrian colleague for a recommendation to the directors of the mine of St Joachimsthal would it not be possible to obtain a considerable quantity of such residue for a reasonable price?

It was simple enough—but somebody had to think of it.

It was necessary, of course, to buy this crude material and pay for its transportation to Paris. Pierre and Marie appropriated the required sum from their very slight savings. They were not so foolish as to ask for official credit.

If two physicists on the scent of an immense discovery had asked the University of Paris or the French government for a grant to buy pitchblende residue they would have been laughed at. In any case their letter would have been lost in the files of some office, and they would have had to wait months

for a reply, probably unfavorable in the end. Out of the traditions and principles of the French Revolution, which had created the metric system, founded the Normal School, and encouraged science in many circumstances, the State seemed to have retained, after more than a century, only the deplorable words pronounced by Fouquier-Tinville at the trial in which Lavoisier was condemned to the guillotine: "The Republic has no need for scientists."

But at least could there not be found, in the numerous buildings attached to the Sorbonne, some kind of suitable workroom to lend to the Curie couple? Apparently not. After vain attempts, Pierre and Marie staggered back to their point of departure, which is to say to the School of Physics where Pierre taught, to the little room where Marie had done her first experiments. The room gave on a courtyard, and on the other side of the yard there was a wooden shack, an abandoned shed, with a skylight roof in such bad condition that it admitted the rain. The Faculty of Medicine had formerly used the place as a dissecting room, but for a long time now it had not even been considered fit to house the cadavers. No floor, an uncertain layer of bitumen covered the earth. It was furnished with some worn kitchen tables, a blackboard which had landed there for no known reason, and an old cast iron stove with a rusty pipe.

A workman would not willingly have worked in such a place. Marie and Pierre, nevertheless, resigned themselves to it. The shed had one advantage: it was so untempting, so miserable, that nobody thought of refusing them the use of it. Schutzenberger, the director of the school, had always been very kind to Pierre Curie and no doubt regretted that he had nothing better to offer. However that may be, he offered nothing else, and the couple, very pleased at not being put out into the street with their material, thanked him, saying that "this would do" and that they would "make the best of it."

As they were taking possession of the shed, a reply arrived from Austria. Good news! By extraordinary luck, the residue of recent extractions of uranium had not been scattered. The useless material had been piled up in a no man's land planted with pine trees, near the mine of St. Joachimsthale. Thanks to the intercession of Professor Suess and the Academy of Science of Vienna, the Austrian government, which was the proprietor of the State factory there, decided to present a ton of residue to the two French lunatics who thought they needed it. If, later on, they wished to be sent a greater quantity of the material, they could obtain it at the mine on the best terms. For the moment the Curies had to pay only the transportation charges on a ton of ore.

One morning a heavy wagon, like those which deliver coal, drew up in the Rue Lhomond before the School of Physics. Pierre and Marie were notified. They hurried bareheaded into the street in their laboratory gowns. Pierre, who was never agitated, kept his calm, but the more exuberant Marie could not contain her joy at the sight of the sacks that were being unloaded. It was pitchblende, *her* pitchblende for which she had received a

notice some days before from the freight station. Full of curiosity and impatience, she wanted to open one of the sacks and contemplate her treasure without further waiting. She cut the strings, undid the coarse sackcloth and plunged her two hands into the dull brown ore, still mixed with pine needles from Bohemia.

There was where radium was hidden. It was from there that Marie must extract it, even if she had to treat a mountain of this inert stuff like dust on the road.

Marya Skłodowska had lived through the most intoxicating moments of her student life in a garret, Marie Curie was to know wonderful joys again in a dilapidated shed. It was a strange sort of beginning over again, in which a sharp subtle happiness (which probably no woman before Marie had ever experienced) twice elected the most miserable setting.

The shed in the Rue Lhomond surpassed the most pessimistic expectations of discomfort. In summer, because of its skylights, it was as stifling as a hot-house. In winter one did not know whether to wish for rain or frost: if it rained, the water fell drop by drop, with a soft, nerve-racking noise, on the ground or on the worktables, in places which the physicists had to mark in order to avoid putting apparatus there. If it froze one froze. There was no recourse. The stove, even when it was stoked white, was a complete disappointment. If one went near enough to touch it one received a little heat, but two steps away and one was back in the zone of ice.

It was almost better for Marie and Pierre to get used to the cruelty of the outside temperature, since their technical installation—hardly existent—possessed no chimneys to carry off noxious gases, and the greater part of their treatment had to be made in the open air, in the courtyard. When a shower came the physicists hastily moved their apparatus inside to keep on working without being suffocated; they set up draughts between the opened door and windows.

Marie probably did not boast to Dr Vauthier of this very peculiar cure for attacks of tuberculosis.

We had no money, no laboratory and no help in the conduct of this important and difficult task [she was to write later]. It was like creating something out of nothing, and if Casimir Dluski once called my student years the heroic years of my sister in law's life, I may say without exaggeration that this period was, for my husband and myself, the heroic period of our common existence.

And yet it was in this miserable old shed that the best and happiest years of our life were spent, entirely consecrated to work. I sometimes passed the whole day stirring a mass in ebullition with an iron rod nearly as big as myself. In the evening I was broken with fatigue.

In such conditions M. and Mme Curie worked for four years from 1898 to 1902.

During the first year they busied themselves with the chemical separation of radium and polonium and they studied the radiation of the products (more

and more active) thus obtained. Before long they considered it more practical to separate their efforts. Pierre Curie tried to determine the properties of radium, and to know the new metal better. Marie continued those chemical treatments which would permit her to obtain salts of pure radium.

In this division of labor Marie had chosen the "man's job." She accomplished the toil of a day laborer. Inside the shed her husband was absorbed by delicate experiments. In the courtyard, dressed in her old dust-covered and acid-stained smock, her hair blown by the wind, surrounded by smoke which stung her eyes and throat, Marie was a sort of factory girl by herself.

I came to treat as many as twenty kilograms of matter at a time [she writes], which had the effect of filling the shed with great jars full of precipitates and liquids. It was killing work to carry the receivers, to pour off the liquids and to stir for hours at a stretch, the boiling matter in a smelting basin.

Radium showed no intention of allowing itself to be known by human creatures. Where were the days when Marie naively expected the radium content of pitchblende to be *one per cent*? The radiation of the new substance was so powerful that a tiny quantity of radium, disseminated through the ore, was the source of striking phenomena which could be easily observed and measured. The difficult, the impossible thing, was to isolate this minute quantity, to separate it from the gangue in which it was so intimately mixed.

The days of work became months and years. Pierre and Marie were not discouraged. This material which resisted them, which defended its secrets, fascinated them. United by their tenderness, united by their intellectual passions, they had, in a wooden shack, the "anti-natural" existence for which they had both been made, she as well as he.

At this period we were entirely absorbed by the new realm that was, thanks to an unhopèd-for discovery opening before us [Marie was to write]. In spite of the difficulties of our working conditions, we felt very happy. Our days were spent at the laboratory. In our poor shed there reigned a great tranquillity. Sometimes, as we watched over some operation, we would walk up and down, talking about work in the present and in the future, when we were cold a cup of hot tea taken near the stove comforted us. We lived in our single preoccupation as if in a dream.

We saw only very few persons at the laboratory, among the physicists and chemists there were a few who came from time to time either to see our experiments or to ask for advice from Pierre Curie, whose competence in several branches of physics was well known. Then took place some conversations before the black board—the sort of conversation one remembers well because it acts as a stimulant for scientific interest and the ardor for work without interrupting the course of reflection and without troubling that atmosphere of peace and meditation which is the true atmosphere of a laboratory.

Whenever Pierre and Marie, alone in this poor place, left their apparatus for a moment and quietly let their tongues run on, their talk about their beloved radium passed from the transcendent to the childish.

'I wonder what *It* will be like, what *It* will look like,' Marie said one day with the feverish curiosity of a child who has been promised a toy 'Pierre, what form do you imagine *It* will take?'

I don't know, the physicist answered gently 'I should like it to have a very beautiful color'

It is odd to observe that in Marie Curie's correspondence we find, upon this prodigious effort, none of the sensitive comments, decked out with imagery, which used to flash suddenly amid the familiarity of her letters. Was it because the years of exile had somewhat relaxed the young woman's intimacy with her people? Was she too pressed by work to find time?

The essential reason for this reserve is perhaps to be sought elsewhere. It was not by chance that Mme Curie's letters ceased to be original at the exact moment when the story of her life became exceptional. As student, teacher or young wife, Marie could tell her story. But now she was isolated by all that was secret and inexpressible in her scientific vocation. Among those she loved there was no longer anybody able to understand, to realize her worries and her difficult design. She could share her obsessions with only one person, Pierre Curie, companion. To him alone could she confide rare thoughts and dreams. Marie, from now on, was to present to all others, however near they might be to her heart, an almost commonplace picture of herself. She was to paint for them only the bourgeois side of her life. She was to find sometimes accents full of contained emotion to express her happiness as a woman. But of her work she was to speak only in laconic, inexpressive little phrases—news in three lines, without even attempting to suggest the wonders that work meant to her.

Here we feel an absolute determination not to illustrate the singular profession she had chosen by literature. Through subtle modesty, and also through horror of vain talk and everything superfluous, Marie concealed herself, dug herself in, or rather, she offered only one of her profiles. Shyness, boredom or reason, whatever it may have been, the scientist of genius effaced and dissimulated herself behind "a woman like all others."

Marie to Bronya 1899

Our life is always the same. We work a lot but we sleep well, so our health does not suffer. The evenings are taken up by caring for the child. In the morning I dress her and give her her food, then I can generally go out at about nine. During the whole of this year we have not been either to the theater or a concert and we have not paid one visit. For that matter, we feel very well. I miss my family enormously, above all you, my dears and Father. I often think of my isolation with grief. I cannot complain of anything else, for our health is not bad, the child is growing well, and I have the best husband one could dream of, I could never have imagined finding one like him. He is a true gift of heaven, and the more we live together the more we love each other.

Our work is progressing. I shall soon have a lecture to deliver on the subject

It should have been last Saturday but I was prevented from giving it, so it will no doubt be this Sunday or else in a fortnight

This work, which is so dryly mentioned in passing, was in fact progressing magnificently. In the course of the years 1899 and 1900 Pierre and Marie Curie published a report on the discovery of "induced radioactivity" due to radium, another on the effects of radioactivity, and another on the electric charge carried by the rays. And at last they drew up, for the Congress of Physics of 1900, a general report on the radioactive substances, which aroused immense interest among the scientists of Europe.

The development of the new science of radioactivity was rapid, overwhelming—the Curies needed fellow workers. Up to now they had had only the intermittent help of a laboratory assistant named Petit, an honest man who came to work for them outside his hours of service—working out of personal enthusiasm, almost in secret. But they now required technicians of the first order. Their discovery had important extensions in the domain of chemistry, which demanded attentive study. They wished to associate competent research workers with them.

Our work on radioactivity began in solitude [Marie was to write]. But before the breadth of the task it became more and more evident that collaboration would be useful. Already in 1898 one of the laboratory chiefs of the school, G. Bémont, had given us some passing help. Toward 1900 Pierre Curie entered into relations with a young chemist, André Debierne, assistant in the laboratory of Professor Friedel, who esteemed him highly. André Debierne willingly accepted work on radioactivity. He undertook especially the research of a new radio element, the existence of which was suspected in the group of iron and rare clays. He discovered this element, named "actinium." Even though he worked in the physico-chemical laboratory at the Sorbonne directed by Jean Perrin, he frequently came to see us in our shed and soon became a very close friend to us, to Dr. Curie and later on to our children.

Thus, even before radium and polonium were isolated, a French scientist, André Debierne, had discovered a "brother," *actinium*.

At about the same period [Marie tells us], a young physicist, Georges Sagnac, engaged in studying X rays, came frequently to talk to Pierre Curie about the analogies that might exist between these rays, their secondary rays, and the radiation of radioactive bodies. Together they performed a work on the electric charge carried by these secondary rays.

Marie continued to treat, kilogram by kilogram, the tons of pitchblende residue which were sent her on several occasions from St. Joachimsthal. With her terrible patience, she was able to be, every day for four years, a physicist, a chemist, a specialized worker, an engineer and a laboring man all at once. Thanks to her brain and muscle, the old tables in the shed held more and more concentrated products—products more and more rich in radium. Mme

Curie was approaching the end she no longer stood in the courtyard, enveloped in bitter smoke, to watch the heavy basins of material in fusion. She was now at the stage of purification and of the "fractional crystallization" of strongly radioactive solutions. But the poverty of her haphazard equipment hindered her work more than ever. It was now that she needed a spotlessly clean workroom and apparatus perfectly protected against cold, heat and dirt. In this shed, open to every wind, iron and coal dust was afloat which, to Marie's despair, mixed itself into the products purified with so much care. Her heart sometimes constricted before these little daily accidents, which took so much of her time and her strength.

Pierre was so tired of the interminable struggle that he would have been quite ready to abandon it. Of course, he did not dream of dropping the study of radium and of radioactivity. But he would willingly have renounced, for the time being, the special operation of preparing pure radium. The obstacles seemed insurmountable. Could they not resume this work later on, under better conditions? More attached to the meaning of natural phenomena than to their material reality, Pierre Curie was exasperated to see the paltry results to which Marie's exhausting effort had led. He advised an armistice.

He counted without his wife's character. Marie wanted to isolate radium and she would isolate it. She scorned fatigue and difficulties, and even the gaps in her own knowledge which complicated her task. After all, she was only a very young scientist: she still had not the certainty and great culture Pierre had acquired by twenty years' work, and sometimes she stumbled across phenomena or methods of calculation about which she knew very little, and for which she had to make hasty studies.

So much the worse! With stubborn eyes under her great brow, she clung to her apparatus and her test tubes.

In 1902, forty-five months after the day on which the Curies announced the probable existence of radium, Marie finally carried off the victory in this war of attrition: she succeeded in preparing a decigram of pure radium and made a first determination of the atomic weight of the new substance, which was 225.

The incredulous chemists—of whom there were still a few—could only bow before the facts, before the superhuman obstinacy of a woman.

Radium officially existed.

It was nine o'clock at night. Pierre and Marie Curie were in their little house at 108 Boulevard Kellermann, where they had been living since 1900. The house suited them well. From the boulevard, where three rows of trees half hid the fortifications, could be seen only a dull wall and a tiny door. But behind the one-story house, hidden from all eyes, there was a narrow provincial garden, rather pretty and very quiet. And from the "barrier" of Gentilly they could escape on their bicycles toward the suburbs and the woods.

Old Dr Curie, who lived with the couple, had retired to his room Marie had bathed her child and put it to bed, and had stayed for a long time beside the cot This was a rite When Irene did not feel her mother near her at night she would call out for her incessantly, with that "Me!" which was to be our substitute for "Mamma" always And Marie, yielding to the implacability of the four year old baby, climbed the stairs, seated herself beside the child and stayed there in the darkness until the young voice gave way to light, regular breathing Only then would she go down again to Pierre, who was growing impatient In spite of his kindness, he was the most possessive and jealous of husbands He was so used to the constant presence of his wife that her least eclipse kept him from thinking freely If Marie delayed too long near her daughter, he received her on her return with a reproach so unjust as to be comic

"You never think of anything but that child!"

Pierre walked slowly about the room Marie sat down and made some stitches on the hem of Irene's new apron One of her principles was never to buy ready-made clothes for the child she thought them too fancy and impractical In the days when Bronya was in Paris the two sisters cut out their children's dresses together, according to patterns of their own invention These patterns still served for Marie

But this evening she could not fix her attention Nervous, she got up, then, suddenly

"Suppose we go down there for a moment?"

There was a note of supplication in her voice—altogether superfluous, for Pierre, like herself, longed to go back to the shed they had left two hours before Radium, fanciful as a living creature, endearing as a love, called them back to its dwelling, to the wretched laboratory

The day's work had been hard, and it would have been more reasonable for the couple to rest But Pierre and Marie were not always reasonable As soon as they had put on their coats and told Dr Curie of their flight, they were in the street They went on foot, arm in arm, exchanging few words After the crowded streets of this queer district, with its factory buildings, wastelands and poor tenements, they arrived in the Rue Lhomond and crossed the little courtyard Pierre put the key in the lock The door squeaked, as it had squeaked thousands of times, and admitted them to their realm, to their dream

"Don't light the lamps!" Marie said in the darkness Then she added with a little laugh

"Do you remember the day when you said to me 'I should like radium to have a beautiful color'?"

The reality was more entrancing than the simple wish of long ago Radium had something better than "a beautiful color" it was spontaneously luminous And in the somber shed where, in the absence of cupboards, the

precious particles in their tiny glass receivers were placed on tables or on shelves nailed to the walls, their phosphorescent bluish outlines gleamed, suspended in the night

Look Look! the young woman murmured

She went forward cautiously looked for and found a straw bottomed chair She sat down in the darkness and silence Their two faces turned toward the pile glimmering, the mysterious sources of radiation toward radium—their radium Her body leaning forward, her head eager, Marie took up again the attitude which had been hers an hour earlier at the bedside of her sleeping child

GALILEO¹



I Bernard Cohen

PROBABLY NO SINGLE NAME in the annals of science is as well known as that of Galileo Yet so conflicting are the opinions in the literature on his work that it is difficult for the average scientist to find out exactly what Galileo did Some writers tell us that Galileo was an empiricist who inaugurated the 'scientific method' of learning general truths of nature," and they illustrate by citing his supposed discovery of the laws of falling bodies by patient observation of what happened when balls of unequal weight were dropped from the Leaning Tower of Pisa Others say that, on the contrary, Galileo never learned anything by making experiments, he used them only to check results which he had already obtained by mathematical reasoning and deductions from *a priori* assumptions Many writers hail Galileo as the father of modern science Others argue that almost everything Galileo did in science had been begun in the late Middle Ages Many commentators agree with Sir David Brewster, who wrote of Galileo as one of the "martyrs of science" Others accept A N Whitehead's remark that Galileo's punishment by the Roman Inquisition was only "an honorable detention and a mild reproof before dying peaceably in bed"

What shall a scientist do when he is faced with making a choice between diametrically opposed points of view held by such respected writers? The example of Galileo provides one of the best possible arguments for the need of a continuing and increasing scholarship in the history of science For if we are to understand the true significance of what Galileo did in physics and astronomy, obviously we must first have a clear picture of the scope and

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nature of the science that existed at the time he did his work, and next a knowledge of the history of physical science since his time, so that we may evaluate those elements which have proved most fruitful for the development of science

The difficulty in interpreting Galileo stems in large part from the nature of his own thought and writings. He lived in that fertile period which marks the end of the Middle Ages and Renaissance and the beginning of the era of modern science. Thus he was a transitional figure with one foot in the past and the other striking into the future. Considering this state of affairs, one would need an unwarranted vanity to attempt to patch up all the contradictions in the various interpretations that have been made during the last hundred years. Yet certain clearly marked aspects of Galileo's achievement do emerge.

Galileo was a physicist, an astronomer and a mathematician. The first significant contribution to astronomy by Galileo occurred in 1604 while he was a professor in Padua, a post he had received in 1592 at the age of 28. The occasion was a new star seen in the heavens, a nova, which had aroused great interest among scientists, students and laymen everywhere. In a public lecture Galileo demonstrated, on the basis of careful observation, that the new star was truly a star. It could not be a mere meteor in the Earth's atmosphere, for it had no parallax and must be very distant, among the fixed stars well beyond our solar system. Galileo predicted that the nova would be visible for a short while and then would vanish into obscurity.

The boldness of this assertion is difficult to realize today. The outlook on the external world then was largely Aristotelian, it was generally believed that the heavens were perfect and unchangeable and subject neither to growth nor to decay. Only the Earth, the center of the universe, could change. The laws of physics on Earth were essentially different from those in the celestial beyond.

Galileo's assertion that the perfect and unchangeable heavens might witness growth and decay brought him into immediate conflict with the Aristotelians. The latter, as one of Galileo's biographers, J. J. Fahie, puts it, were probably as much "annoyed at the appearance of the star" as at Galileo's "calling attention to it so publicly and forcibly." In any event, Galileo was a better target than the star. Galileo was never one to shrink from controversy and he seized the opportunity to repudiate the old physics of Aristotle, which he held to be inadequate, and with it the Ptolemaic, or geocentric system of the universe.

Galileo had already been a confirmed Copernican for some time, although he had not dared to publish his arguments, "fearing," as he said in a letter to Johann Kepler, "the fate of our master, Copernicus." Soon after his studies of the new star, however, Galileo was provided with an extraordinary opportunity to vindicate the Copernican idea. This occasion was the most important event in Galileo's career as an astronomer. He wrote

About ten months ago a rumor came to our ears that an optical instrument had been elaborated by a Dutchman by the aid of which visible objects, even though far distant from the eye of the observer were distinctly seen as if near at hand and some stories of this marvelous effect were bandied about to which some gave credence and which others denied. The same was confirmed to me a few days after by a letter sent from Paris by the noble Frenchman Jacob Badovere, which at length was the reason that I applied myself entirely to seeking out the theory and discovering the means by which I might arrive at the invention of a similar instrument and end which I attained a little later from considerations of the theory of refraction, and I first prepared a tube of lead, in the ends of which I fitted two glass lenses, both plane on one side, one being spherically convex, the other concave, on the other side.

Thus in his great book *The Sidereal Messenger*, which he published in Venice in 1610, did Galileo describe his introduction to the telescope. There are several independent claimants to the invention, but there is no doubt that Galileo was the first to turn the telescope to observation of the heavenly bodies. It was an experience unique in the history of man. For millennia the heavens had been viewed only by the naked eye, and no one knew what glories might exist beyond the range of man's unaided vision. Wherever Galileo pointed his telescope he found extraordinary and astonishing new facts.

Galileo first examined the Moon. His conclusion was "that the surface of the Moon is not perfectly smooth, free from inequalities and exactly spherical, as a large school of philosophers considers with regard to the Moon and the other heavenly bodies, but on the contrary, it is full of inequalities, uneven, full of hollows and protuberances, just like the surface of the Earth itself, which is varied everywhere by lofty mountains and deep valleys." Galileo even determined the height of the mountains on the Moon, and his results agree with modern determinations in order of magnitude. He believed at first that the dark and light areas on the Moon's surface represented land and water, but we must remember that even today beginning students of astronomy, on first looking at the Moon or at a photograph of it, have the same impression.

Next Galileo turned to the stars, and at once discovered a difference between the fixed stars and the planets, or wanderers. "The planets present their discs perfectly round, just as if described with a pair of compasses, and appear as so many little moons, completely illuminated and of a globular shape, but the fixed stars do not look to the naked eye [as if they were] bounded by a circular circumference, but rather like blazes of light shooting out beams on all sides and very sparkling, and with the telescope they appear of the same shape as when they were viewed by simply looking at them." Galileo also noted that the telescope brought within the range of vision "a host of other stars, which escape the unassisted sight, so numerous as to be almost beyond belief."

The next subject of his observation was the Milky Way, which, to his astonishment, he found to be nothing else but a mass of innumerable stars planted together in clusters." Furthermore, all of the "nebulosities," whose nature had long been a topic of dispute, also proved to be masses of stars

Galileo reserved for last in his account "the matter, which seems to me to deserve to be considered the most important in this work, namely, that I should disclose and publish to the world the occasion of discovering and observing four PLANETS, never seen from the very beginning of the world up to our own times"

He had been examining the planet Jupiter on the seventh day of January in 1610 when he noticed 'that three little stars, small but very bright, were near the planet, and although I believed them to belong to the number of the fixed stars, yet they made me somewhat wonder, because they seemed to be arranged exactly in a straight line, parallel to the ecliptic, and to be brighter than the rest of the stars, equal to them in magnitude On the east side [of Jupiter] there were two stars, and a single one towards the west

But when on January 8th, led by some fatality, I turned again to look at the same part of the heavens, I found a very different state of things, for there were three little stars all west of Jupiter, and nearer together than on the previous night and they were separated from one another by equal intervals, as the accompanying illustration shows"

Night after night Galileo continued to observe this group of stars,' and finally he "decided unhesitatingly, that there are three stars in the heavens moving about Jupiter, as Venus and Mercury round the Sun, which at length was established as clear as daylight by numerous other subsequent observations These observations also established that there are not only three, but four erratic sidereal bodies performing their revolutions round Jupiter'

Galileo wrote that the discovery of Jupiter's four moons, which he called "planets," provided "a notable and splendid argument to remove the scruples of those who can tolerate the revolution of the planets round the Sun in the Copernican system, yet are so disturbed by the motion of one Moon about the Earth for now we have not one planet only revolving about another

but four satellites circling about Jupiter, like the Moon about the Earth, while the whole system travels over a mighty orbit about the Sun in the space of twelve years" Galileo discovered another important fact that the planet Venus has phases like those of the Moon, it waxes and wanes from a full orb to a thin crescent "From the observation of these wonderful phenomena," wrote Galileo, "we are supplied with a determination most conclusive, and appealing to the evidence of our senses, of two very important problems, which up to this day were discussed by the greatest intellects with different conclusions One is that the planets are bodies not self luminous (if we may entertain the same views about Mercury as we do about Venus)

The second [is] that we are absolutely compelled to say that Venus (and Mercury also) revolves round the Sun, as do also all the rest of the planets

A truth believed indeed by the Pythagorean school, by Copernicus, and by Kepler, but never proved by the evidence of our senses, as it is now proved in the case of Venus and Mercury'

The discovery of the phases of Venus directly challenged the accepted Ptolemaic system. According to this system, Venus moved in an epicycle, a circular orbit whose center always lay between the Earth and the Sun. If this were true, then Venus, shining, as Galileo showed, by reflected light from the Sun, might be seen in some of its crescent phases, but we would never expect to see Venus as a half circle, a full circle, or any phases between. Yet Galileo observed all these phases.

Galileo's discoveries made the Copernican system 'philosophically reasonable' by showing that the Earth was like the other planets and the Moon. By observing the dark half of the quarter moon, faintly illuminated by earth shine, he demonstrated that the Earth shone just like the planets. If observed through a telescope located on the Moon or on Venus, the Earth would exhibit phases like theirs. As Galileo put it, "The Earth, with fair and grateful exchange, pays back to the Moon an illumination like that which it receives from the Moon nearly the whole time during the darkest gloom of night."

The Sun, by contrast, was self-luminous and thus set apart from the Earth, the Moon and the planets. If any single body was especially constituted to be at the center of the universe, surely it was the Sun and not the Earth! And as a model for this picture of the solar system, with the Sun at the center and its attendant planets circling it, there was Jupiter with its four satellites revolving about it in the same way.

Galileo's lifework shows a unity of purpose and achievement that is rare among men of science. His work in mechanics fitted in with his work in astronomy like an adjacent piece of a jigsaw puzzle. It is clear from his writings that Galileo was at heart a gadgeteer with true mechanical feeling and inventive genius. One of his earliest discoveries was that a pendulum always makes a complete swing in the same period of time, no matter what the length of the swing. He speedily applied this discovery to the invention of the "pulsilogium," a device for mechanically recording and comparing pulse rates. Aside from his natural bent for mechanics, however, Galileo was strongly attracted to this subject because, in part at least, he thought of it as a cosmological science, the link between earthly and celestial phenomena. If he could find the laws of motion on Earth, he could apply them to the motions of the planets and the stars. It was thus his ambition to show that if one adopted the Copernican system, the planets followed their patterns in the heavens by regular and simple laws, and not, as in the older theory, because each was guided by a "special intelligence."

In seeking a universal science of mechanics that would apply equally to the heavens and the Earth, Galileo was, of course, flying directly in the face of the contemporary point of view. The Aristotelian conception made a sharp

distinction between motion on the Earth and Moon and motion in the translunar, "celestial" universe. In the sublunar world, "natural motion" occurred in a straight line. An apple fell downward from the tree because it was 'heavy' and its natural place was 'down', to make it go in any other direction contrary to its nature required a "violent motion." In the translunar world, by contrast, the natural motion was circular, as befitted the perfect material out of which the celestial bodies were made.

By showing the similarity between the Earth, Moon and planets, which indicated that they must obey the same laws, Galileo brought terrestrial and celestial phenomena within one universal physics. The revolution in physical thinking effected by Galileo may be thought of as concentrating men's attention on change and on motion. He proved that even the Sun, that most "perfect" of all heavenly bodies, was subject to change, for when viewed by Galileo's telescope it showed changing spots! Anyhow, as Galileo put the matter, it was no "great honor" for bodies to be immutable and unalterable, nor was the Earth 'corrupt' because it changed.

It is my opinion," he asserted, "that the earth is very noble, and admirable, by reason of so many and so different alternations, mutations, generations, etc., which are incessantly made therein, and if without being subject to any alteration, it had been all one vast heap of sand, or a masse of Jasper, or that it had continued an immense globe of crystal, wherein nothing had ever grown, altered, or changed, I should have esteemed it a lump of no benefit to the world, full of idlenesses, and in a word superfluous. What greater folly can there be imagined, than to call jems, silver and gold pretious and earth and dirt vile? For do not these persons consider, that if there should be as great a scarcity of earth, as there is of jewels and pretious metals, there would be no prince but would gladly give a heap of diamonds and rubies, and many wedges of gold, to purchase only so much earth as should suffice to plant a Gessemine in a little pot, or to set therein a China Orange [tangerine], that he might see it sprout, grow up, and bring forth so goodly leaves, so odoriferous flowers, and so delicate fruit? It is therefore scarcity and plenty that makes things esteemed and contemned by the vulgar."

The net result of Galileo's lifework was to adduce new evidence for the Copernican theory of the solar system, and to provide the mechanical rationale of its operation. One evidence of the success of this activity was the hostility his work aroused. In the evening of his life he was brought into conflict with the Roman Inquisition. Galileo took the point of view, as expressed in his famous letter to the Grand Duchess Cristina, that the Holy Scriptures did not have the teaching of science as their ultimate aim. He argued that the language of the Bible was not to be taken literally. Thus when the Sun was described as moving around the Earth, this did not imply the truth of the geocentric system, but was merely an expression in everyday language. (In the same way we still speak of the Sun rising and setting.)

From this point of view, Galileo held that one could accept the Copernican system while remaining a good Catholic and without in any way impugning the Scriptures

Had Galileo remained at Padua under the rule of Venice, which held herself independent of papal jurisdiction, he would never have had to face the Inquisition. But with the fame attendant on his initial discoveries with the telescope, he chose to move to Florence. There is a vast and readily available literature on Galileo's trial and condemnation, which will not be discussed in this article confined to his scientific work. It is true that Galileo was never put to torture during his stay in the prison of the Inquisition. But the knowledge that others had been tortured there, and that not too long before Giordano Bruno had been burned alive, surely had their effects upon him. He was a man of 69 in poor health. Three physicians attempting to avert the trial had testified in 1633: 'All these symptoms are worthy of notice, as under the least aggravation they might become dangerous to his life.' The poor man, formerly eager for combat with those who would deny the new truths, was now crushed by the action of the Holy Office of the Church to which he had ever been faithful. Upon repeated examination, he 'confessed'

'I, Galileo Galilei, son of the late Vincenzio Galilei of Florence, aged seventy years, being brought personally to judgment, and kneeling before you, Most Eminent and Most Reverend Lords Cardinals, General Inquisitors of the Universal Christian Commonwealth against heretical depravity, having before my eyes the Holy Gospels which I touch with my own hands, swear that I have always believed, and with the help of God, will in future believe, every article which the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of Rome holds, teaches, and preaches. But because I have been enjoined by this Holy Office, altogether to abandon the false opinion which maintains that the Sun is the centre and immovable, and forbidden to hold, defend or teach, the said false doctrine in any manner. I am willing to remove from the minds of your Eminences and of every Catholic Christian, this vehement suspicion rightly entertained towards me, therefore, with a sincere heart and unfeigned faith, I abjure, curse, and detest the said errors and heresies, and generally every other error and sect contrary to the said Holy Church and I swear that I will never more in future say, or assert anything, verbally or in writing, which may give rise to a similar suspicion of me, but that if I shall know any heretic, or any one suspected of heresy, I will denounce him to this Holy Office, or to the Inquisitor and Ordinary of the place in which I may be. I swear, moreover, and promise that I will fulfil and observe fully all the penances which have been or shall be laid on me by this Holy Office. But if it shall happen that I violate any of my said promises, oaths, and protestations (which God avert!), I subject myself to all the pains and punishments which have been decreed and promulgated by the sacred canons and other general and particular constitutions against delinquents of this description

So, may God help me and His Holy Gospels, which I touch with my own hands, I, the above named Galileo Galilei, have abjured, sworn, promised, and bound myself as above, and, in witness thereof, with my own hand have subscribed this present writing of my abjuration, which I have recited word for word ' "

One can only wonder at the indomitable spirit that enabled Galileo—shamed, confined, ill, his major work placed on the Index of Prohibited Books—to complete his last major work, *The New Sciences*, the publication of which had to be arranged surreptitiously. And today we may also wonder whether the fight for freedom of belief has yet been truly won. For we can repeat Galileo's tragic declaration "Philosophy wants to be free!"

THE UNSINKABLE MRS BROWN¹



Gene Fowler

MRS MARGARET TOBIN BROWN encountered the hoots of her Western sisters. But she hoisted herself by the bootstraps of heroism into huge *Denver Post* headlines.

Molly Brown was as naively colorful as she was brave. She mistook her own enormous zest for a symptom of artistic ability, her ingenuous thirst for human relationship as evidence of social grace. She was received abroad by titled big wigs because of her lack of worm-eaten sophistication. That self-same lack barred her from the portals of a Denver society that was as hide-bound as it was provincial.

This vital Amazon lived a novel of Eulenspiegel dimensions. Her father was old Shaemus Tobin. Molly liked to fancy her sire an Irish peer, but he was in fact a tin-roof Celt of the Missouri River bottoms. Old Shaemus was a man more ready of song than of cash, red-haired and tempestuous.

A cyclone occasioned Molly's birth two months before the laws of nature warranted such an event. The mother, father and two sons had skurried into a cellar while the twister tucked their shanty under its arm and raced like a monstrous half-back over a gigantic field.

Old Shaemus fashioned a crude incubator for the seven-months baby, then collected a new supply of scantlings and tin cans for another shanty. The mother died and Shaemus borrowed a goat as Molly's wet nurse.

Molly's premature arrival on earth was in key with her aggressive temperament, but the frailty of the tiny infant in no way augured a maturity of power and red-headed vigor. She grew up in the river bottoms near Hannibal.

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Missouri, hated house work—particularly that of a shanty—and spent all her days hunting in winter and fishing in summer

When she was twelve years Molly became acquainted with Mark Twain Mr Clemens too, had been fishing He at once saw her for what she was, a female *Huckleberry Finn* He admired her flaming red pigtails, her almost fierce blue eyes, and invited her to fish from his rowboat She delightedly gave up her home made raft to angle from the bow of the author's punt

Mr Clemens found that Molly didn't have the most remote idea that she was a girl She could whistle like a calliope, and before Mr Clemens could gather his celebrated wits together, she had disrobed completely and dived overboard, with an absence of mock modesty that characterized her entire life She engaged in porpoise like maneuvers, laughing and shouting and blowing water but came to grief Her head got stuck in the mud, and Mr Clemens pulled her out, half drowned

She looked like some weird clay model as he began scraping mud from her eyes He helped her on with her garments, and from that day, Mark Twain was Molly's god

When Molly was fifteen, she concluded that the shanties of Hannibal held no promise of adventure She and her brothers packed a single carpet bag and ran away from home They traveled by stagecoach to Colorado, arriving in the gold camp of Leadville

She did not know how to cook—nor did she wish to learn that art—but went to work as a “pot walloper” in the cabins of miners She washed their dishes, rearranged the bedding on their bunks and sometimes acted as nurse for sour dough prospectors She and her brothers pitched a discarded tent at the end of State Street, a noisy avenue of honkeytonks, saloons with long bars and gambling halls

The rigors of the mining camp only strengthened the body and courage of this illiterate hoyden Three weeks after her arrival she met and married John J Brown, called ‘Leadville Johnny’ by intimates at the Saddle Rock Saloon in Harrison Street

Leadville Johnny was thirty seven years old, as homely as a hippopotamus—although not so fat—unlettered, open fisted, and had red hair He seldom was in funds, but when luck infrequently came his way was foremost among the belly up to the bar boys Homely or not, he had a way with the dance hall girls

In less than two months after his marriage to fifteen year old Molly, Leadville Johnny struck pay dirt He was offered three hundred thousand dollars cash for his claim He accepted, imposing but one condition

“Pay me off in thousand dollar bills,” he said “I want to take it home and toss it into the lap of the prettiest gal in this here camp”

He came bellowing into the cabin, did a bear dance with his young wife, then gave her the money, all of it He found it necessary to explain at length

just how much money three hundred thousand dollars was—a genuine fortune! Her mind did not go beyond a silver dollar at most

I wanted you to see it, to hold it,” he said “That’s why I didn’t put it in a safe But you got to hide it, even if it is all yours

“Where?” asked Molly

“You figure that out, honey It’s yours I’m goin’ down to celebrate at the Saddle Rock”

He kissed her and was gone to receive the back slappings of Saddle Rock pals In an hour he had forgotten he was a rich man, he was having such a good time of it He stayed at the saloon until early morning and was brought home by two of his intimates He was sober enough to make two requests One was that the “boys” would not disturb his pretty young wife, the other that they fetch some kindling and start a fire

I’m freezin’ plumb to death,” said Leadville Johnny

The boys put him on a bunk, then made a fire Molly, rousing from deep sleep, had an uneasy feeling She sniffed as the new fire sent wisps of smoke through crevices of the stove She felt the mounting heat Then she screamed She got up, while her husband’s pals retreated hastily from the cabin She scorched her fingers on the stove lids She couldn’t find a lifter and used a steel pronged fork instead She almost set herself and the cabin on fire She delved among the burning sticks, but it was too late Of all places, she had hidden the money in the stove, and now her fortune had gone up the flue, three hundred thousand dollars floating in the Leadville morning sky

Johnny rallied somewhat and announced that he was freezing to death Then he wanted to know if his wife was freezing, too If so, she should come sleep beside him For half an hour she wept, yammered and howled in his ear When it did penetrate his haze that the money had been burned, he sat up and said

“Don’t you worry a bit, honey, I’ll get more Lots more” Then he reiterated the fact—or fancy—that he was freezing plumb to death

Molly began to shower kisses on Leadville Johnny’s red head, his face and lips It appears that she had not been screaming and wailing because of the lost fortune, but from fear that her husband would be angry

When Johnny sobered up next morning, he actually *laughed* about the loss “It just goes to show how much I think of you,” he said “There’s plenty more”

“Lots of men would be mad,” she said

Leadville Johnny slapped his chest grandly “Mad? I’ll show you how mad I am As soon as I get a drink into me, I’ll go right out and get a bigger and better claim Where’d you put that bottle, honey?”

Fantastic as it may seem, Leadville Johnny went out that very afternoon and located “The Little Johnny,” one of the greatest producers of gold in Colorado history It is estimated that he took twenty million dollars from this bonanza

"Nope, he said to the men who had bought his other property, "I won't sell this one."

"There's another three hundred thousand if you do," his bidders said.

"Nope, let's have a drink instead."

"Why won't you sell?"

He slapped his chest. "I don't trust chimneys. It's safer in the ground."

The meaning of money began to dawn on Molly. It was the commencement, critics said, of her progress from Leadville to lognettes. The Browns moved "up the hill" where mine owners and bankers had mansions. Leadville Johnny went the limit in building a house for his bride. As a climactic touch, he laid concrete floors in every room of the house, and embedded silver dollars edge to edge, in the cement surfaces!

Leadville now was not big enough to hold Molly. She had heard of Denver society, of the gay balls and salons.

"Denver it is, then," said Johnny. "Just name the thing you want, and Big Johnny (slapping his chest) and Little Johnny (pointing in the direction of his claim) will get it for you."

The Browns built a mansion in Pennsylvania Avenue, Denver's Capitol Hill, where the *elite* resided. Leadville Johnny contemplated paving this place with *gold pieces*, but was dissuaded. He compromised by having two huge lions made by a cemetery sculptor. The lions were placed flanking the doorway.

The new mansion was a "show place," where rubberneck—"Seeing Denver"—buses paused and tourists stared while a spieler narrated the drama of the Little Johnny. Inside its stone halls, conniving spongers and fake grand dukes partook of the Brown bounty. But so inexhaustible were the Little Johnny's veins that the attacks of these leeches were hardly felt.

The town's preening dowagers would have none of this red-headed upstart from the hills. Not one of them—their own husbands but once removed from the pick handle and the stope—was kind enough to advise Molly in her social adolescence. Still in her teens, unschooled and impetuous, how was she to know the emptiness of display?

She hired the largest orchestras, gave the costliest balls, drove the finest horses, but met with snobbery. She often attended, uninvited, the social functions of her neighbors. Indeed, she became such a nuisance as a "gate crasher" that the ladies decided to crush her.

As part of a cat-like hoax, Molly was solicited to write a dissertation on Denver society. This she did, laboring at a desk inlaid with gold from the Little Johnny shaft. Her husband admitted his inability to judge literary works, but said he guessed she knew what she was doing.

"As for me," said Leadville Johnny, "I'd rather be back this minute at the Saddle Rock."

Molly's "article" appeared in a magazine owned and edited by Polly Pry.

The effort was published, word for word, as written by Mrs J J Brown. She was very proud of it until the whole of the city's upper crust began heaving with merriment. The new author's misspellings, fantastic verbiage and artless philosophies were there for all to see.

At last conscious of her ignorance, and shamed by her social shortcomings, Molly left town. Johnny said he guessed he'd stay home.

'I never knowed how to spell and never claimed to,' he said, "and as far as society is concerned, I ain't aimin' that low. Good bye, honey, and don't forget the name of our bank. It's all yours."

Denver saw nothing of Mrs Brown for nearly eight years, and heard little. It was something of a sensation, then, when she returned to the city, gowned in Parisian creations. More, the word spread that Molly had two French maids, with whom she conversed fluently in their native language. Indeed, during seven and a half years in European capitals, she had become proficient in five languages—she who had left town unable to spell in English!

There were other incredible surprises for the home towners. Molly had made friends with the Divine Sarah Bernhardt, had received stage lessons, and even contemplated playing the Bernhardt role in *L'Aiglon*. She had received instruction in painting and singing and had appeared with some success in a charity concert in London and had sung aboard an ocean liner on the voyage from Southampton to New York City.

The hardest blow to her critics, however, was the fact that celebrities and titled foreigners made the Brown home their headquarters while visiting Denver.

But despite her education in the polite arts, Molly Brown's real nature was manifest at all times. She permitted herself the luxury of forthright speech, and, if in the mood, used slang and cursed like a pit boss. Her detractors, still unable to stomach her social ambitions, described her as "eccentric."

Sure I'm eccentric,' she said. "But I have a heart as big as a ham."

When Leadville Johnny refused to 'gad about in Europe and elsewhere, they separated. But he never shut her off from his great purse. He still loved and wanted her to have a good time. All he desired for himself was privacy and the privilege of sitting with his shoes off in the parlor.

Mrs Brown acquired a seventy room house and estate near New York City. She entertained the Astors and other Eastern notables—all of which agorized her Denver scoffers.

In April of 1912, the home town which had refused flatly to receive Molly as a social equal, passionately acclaimed her as its very own celebrity. The *S S Titanic* had gone down, and Molly had been its heroine.

Suddenly her virtues were sung in nearly every paragraph of a front page layout in the *Post*. She became known as "The Unsinkable Mrs Brown." The New York press called her "The Lady Margaret of the *Titanic*."

Now that Mrs Brown had received the accolade in alien fields, her townsmen's praises resounded like songs in a beer stube.

The tardy cheers for Mrs Brown were in keeping with the psychology of the provinces Similarly, Eugene Field had been tolerated as an amiable prankster, a thistle-down jangler and something of a sot during his Denver interlude Then, his fame having been certified abroad, and death having corroborated his genius, Denver was the first of cities to rear a monument to his memory

Perhaps it was an instinctive feeling for another free and generous soul that led Mrs Brown to purchase Field's old Denver home and set it aside, a shrine for children

Mrs Brown was thirty-nine years old when she left Liverpool for New York on the *Titanic's* maiden voyage Instead of a girlish slimness, she now was ruggedly and generously fleshed Nevertheless, she still bubbled with a seldom-varying vitality

She sang in the ship's concert and was popular with the traveling notables despite her growing eccentricities She amused some and terrified others with pistol feats, one of which consisted of tossing five oranges or grapefruits over the rail and puncturing each one before it reached the surface of the sea

Although she spent great sums on clothes, she no longer paid attention to their detail or how she wore them And, when she traveled, comfort, and not a desire to appear *chic*, was her primary consideration

So, when Molly decided to take a few turns of the deck before retiring, she came from her cabin prepared for battle with the night sea air She had on extra heavy woolies, with bloomers bought in Switzerland (her favorite kind), two jersey petticoats, a plaid cashmere dress down to the heels of her English calfskin boots, a sportsman's cap, tied on with a woolen scarf, knotted in toothache style beneath her chin, golf stockings presented by a seventy-year-old admirer, the Duke Charlot of France, a muff of Russian sables, in which she absent-mindedly had left her Colt's automatic pistol—and over these frost-defying garments she wore a sixty-thousand-dollar chin-chilla opera cloak!

If anyone was prepared for Arctic gales, Mrs Brown was that person She was not, however, prepared for a collision with an iceberg

In fact, she was on the point of sending a deck steward below with her cumbersome pistol when the crash came

In the history of that tragedy, her name appears as one who knew no fear She did much to calm the women and children Perhaps she was over-zealous, for it is recorded that she refused to enter a lifeboat until all other women and their young ones had been cared for, and that crew members literally had to throw her into a boat

Once in the boat, however, she didn't wait for approval—she seized command There were only five men aboard, and about twenty women and children

"Start rowing" she told the men, "and head the bow into the sea"

Keeping an eye on the rowers, she began removing her clothes. Her chinilla coat she treated as though it were a blanket worth a few dollars. She used it to cover three small and shivering children. One by one she divested herself of heroic woolens. She "rationed" her garments to the women who were the oldest or most frail. It was said she presented a fantastic sight in the light of flares, half standing among the terrified passengers, stripped down to her corset, the beloved Swiss bloomers, the Duke of Charlot's golf stockings and her stout shoes.

One of the rowers seemed on the verge of collapse. "My heart," he said. "God damn your heart!" said The Unsinkable Mrs. Brown. "Work those oars."

She herself now took an oar and began to row. She chose a position in the bow, where she could watch her crew. Her pistol was lashed to her waist with a rope.

The heart-troubled rower now gasped and almost lost his oar. "My heart," he said. "It's getting worse!"

The Unsinkable one roared. "Keep rowing or I'll blow your guts out and throw you overboard! Take your choice."

The man—who really *did* have a fatty condition of the heart—kept rowing. Mrs. Brown sprouted big blisters on her hands. But she didn't quit. Then her palms began to bleed. She cut strips from her Swiss bloomers and taped her hands. She kept rowing. And swearing.

At times, when the morale of her passengers was at its lowest, she would sing.

"The God-damned critics say I can't sing," she howled. "Well, just listen to this."

And she sang from various operas.

"We'll have an Italian opera now," she said at one time. "Just let anyone say it's no good."

She kept rowing.

And so did the others. They knew she *would* throw anyone overboard who dared quit, exhaustion or no exhaustion.

She told stories. She gave a history of the Little Johnny. She told of the time she hid three hundred thousand dollars in a camp stove, and how it went up the flue.

"How much is three hundred thousand dollars?" she asked. "I'll tell you. It's nothing. Some of you people—the guy here with the heart trouble that I'm cunning with oars—are rich. I'm rich. What in hell of it? What are your riches or mine doing for us this minute? And you can't wear the Social Register for water wings, can you? Keep rowing, you sons of bitches, or I'll toss you all overboard!"

When they were picked up at sea, and everyone was praising Mrs. Brown, she was asked.

"How did you manage it?"

‘Just typical Brown luck,’ she replied ‘I’m unsinkable’
And ever afterward she was known as ‘The Unsinkable Mrs Brown’

Perhaps because it is the thing most lacking, heroism lifts anyone above caste. *Still*, the Denver social tabbies would not admit Mrs Brown to their select functions. But now she no longer cared. She went in for thrills.

She took world tours and explored far places, always meeting adventure half way. Once she almost perished in a monsoon in the China seas. At another time she was in a hotel fire in Florida. But the Unsinkable one was Unburnable as well. She rescued four women and three children from that fire.

In France she was given a Legion of Honor ribbon, with the rank of chevalier, in recognition of her charities in general and her work in establishing a museum for the relics of Sarah Bernhardt in particular.

She now was legally separated from old Leadville Johnny. But still he had not tied the purse strings. Molly could go where she wanted and do what she wanted. It was his way. As for him, he stayed in the parlor with his shoes off or bent the elbow a bit with old time pals. The Little Johnny continued to pour out gold as from a cornucopia.

Although her husband was a mine owner, Mrs Brown always took the side of labor, and sent food, clothing and money to the families of strikers.

During the World War she contributed heavily for the welfare of soldiers and for the hospitalization of wounded warriors of the Allied arms. If she had been hooted by a handful of social snobs in her home town, she now received the prayers of thousands of soldiers. The Allied nations awarded her all the medals it was possible for a civilian woman to receive. She was recipient of personal congratulations and the thanks of kings and princes.

After the war she took another of her world tours. When reporters met her in New York, she said:

‘I’m getting to be more of a lady every day. In Honolulu I learned to play the uke. In Siam I mastered the native dances. In Switzerland I learned how to yodel. Want to hear me?’

And she astonished the customs guards by breaking into Alpine melody.

Rumors were circulated that the aged Duke of Charlot was planning to marry her—old Leadville Johnny having died in his stocking feet—and Mrs Brown confirmed the report. Forty eight hours later she declared the romance ended.

“Me marry *that* old geezer?” she said. “Never! Give me every time the rugged men of the West. The men of Europe—why, in France they’re only perfumed and unbathed gallants, in England, only brandy-soaked British gents. Pooh! Pooh! Pooh! And a bottle of rum.”

In keeping with his character, Leadville Johnny, a multimillionaire, *left no will*. There was an unpretty fight now. The Unsinkable Mrs Brown was left

floating with little financial ballast Her eccentricities were cited, her charities construed as loose business affairs She was awarded the life income on one hundred thousand dollars annually

'Just to think," she said with a gay smile, "and I burned up three times that much in one bonfire"

Mrs Margaret Tobin Brown died in October, 1932 Apoplexy was the cause She had been singing in her town apartment at the Barbizon Club, in East Sixty third Street, New York City, then became dizzy and faint

She was buried at Hempstead, Long Island, in surroundings that she loved almost as well as she had loved her Colorado hills

AUTOBIOGRAPHIC CHAPTERS

LIFE WITH FATHER¹



Clarence Day

ONE LATE AFTERNOON when Father came up from downtown, he found his home much upset. Our cook had walked out and left us. I was a child of four, George was two, and there was a new baby besides. Mother was ill. She hadn't been able to leave us to go to an agency. And as she was no hand at cooking herself, the outlook for dinner was poor.

This state of affairs was unprecedented in all Father's experience. In his father's home, they never changed their servants suddenly, they seldom changed them at all, and as his mother was a past mistress of cooking, he had always been doubly protected. Since his marriage, he had had to live a much bumpier life. But this was the worst yet.

He asked Mother, who was lying in bed, what she was going to do about it. There were no telephones then, and she couldn't do anything at all, at the moment, but she said she would try to go to an agency in the morning and see what she could find. "In the morning? Good God!" Father said. "Where is the place, anyhow?" And he clapped on his hat and strode out again, over toward Sixth Avenue.

As I heard the story years afterward, it was late when he got there, and he bounded up the front stoop two or three steps at a time, and went quickly into the little office, where the gaslights were burning. He had never been in such a place before, and to his surprise it was empty, except for a severe looking woman who sat at a desk at one side. "Where do you keep 'em?" he urgently demanded, his mind on the question of dinner.

She looked at him, got out her pen, and opened a large book deliberately. "I will take your name and address," she informed him, "and then, if you please, you may give me the details as to what kind of person you require and when you would wish her to call."

But Father had no time, he told her, for any damned *fol de rol*. "Where do you keep 'em?" he said again. She was standing in the way of his dinner. I can imagine how his face must have reddened and how his eyes must have blazed at her. "I am asking you where you keep them!" he roared.

"Why, the girls are in there," the lady explained, to calm him, "but clients are not allowed in that room. If you will tell me the kind of position you wish me to fill for you, I will have one come out."

Before she'd half finished, Father had thrown open the door and gone in.

¹ Reprinted from *Life with Father* by Clarence Day by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Copyright 1933 by Clarence Day.

There sat a crowd of the girls, young and old, sickly and brawny, of all shapes and sizes, some ugly, some pretty and trim and stylish, some awkward, nurses, ladies maids, waitresses, washerwomen, and cooks

The manager was by now at Father's elbow, trying to make him get out, and insisting that he tell her the position he wished her to fill. But Father was swiftly glancing around at the crowd, and he paid no attention. He noticed a little woman in the corner, with honest gray eyes, who sat there, shrewd looking and quiet. He pointed his cane over at her and said, 'I'll take that one.'

The manager was flustered, but still she kept trying to enforce her authority. She protested she didn't yet know the position.

"Cook," Father said, "cook."

'But Margaret doesn't wish to be a cook, she wants—'

"You can cook, can't you?" Father demanded.

Margaret's plain little face was still pink with excitement and pleasure at being chosen above all that roomful by such a masterful gentleman. Father had probably smiled at her, too, for they liked each other at once. Well, she said, she had cooked for one family.

"Of course she can cook," Father said.

The manager didn't like this at all. The discipline of the office was spoiled. "If you are going to take her anyhow," she said acidly, "what day would you wish her to come, and will you please give me your name?"

"Yes, yes," Father said, without giving it. "Come on, Margaret." And he planked down the fee and walked out.

Margaret followed him through the door and trotted over to our home at his heels. He sent her down to the kitchen immediately, while he went up stairs to dress.

"I don't know why you make such a fuss about engaging new servants. It's simple enough," he said comfortably to Mother that evening, after Margaret's first dinner.

It was the first of a long series, for she stayed with us twenty six years.

Buttons were Father's worst trial, however, from his point of view. Ripped shirts and socks with holes in them could still be worn, but drawers with their buttons off couldn't. The speed with which he dressed seemed to discourage his buttons and make them desert Father's service. Furthermore, they always gave out suddenly and at the wrong moment.

He wanted help and he wanted it promptly at such times, of course. He would appear at Mother's door with a waistcoat in one hand and a disloyal button in the other, demanding that it be sewn on at once. If she said she couldn't just then, Father would get as indignant as though he had been drowning and a life guard had informed him he would save him to-morrow.

When his indignation mounted high enough to sweep aside his good judg-

ment, he would say in a stern voice, "Very well, I'll sew it on myself, and demand a needle and thread. Mother knew only too well what it meant. She would beg him to leave his waistcoat in her work basket and let her do it next day. Father was inflexible. Moreover, his decision would be strengthened if he happened to glance at her basket and see how many of his socks were dismally waiting there in that crowded exile.

"I've been looking for those blue polka dotted socks for a month," he said angrily one night before dinner. "Not a thing is done for a man in this house. I even have to sew on my own buttons. Where is your needle and thread?"

Mother reluctantly gave these implements to him. He marched off, sat on the edge of his sofa in the middle of his bedroom, and got ready to work. The gaslight was better by his bureau, but he couldn't sit on a chair when he sewed. It had no extra room on it. He laid his scissors, the spool of thread, and his waistcoat down on the sofa beside him, wet his fingers, held the needle high up and well out in front, and began poking the thread at the eye.

Like every commander, Father expected instant obedience, and he wished to deal with trained troops. The contrariness of the needle and the limp obstinacy of the thread made him swear. He stuck the needle in the sofa while he wet his fingers and stiffened the thread again. When he came to take up his needle, it had disappeared. He felt around everywhere for it. He got up, holding fast to his thread, and turned around, facing the sofa to see where it was hiding. This jerked the spool off onto the floor, where it rolled away and unwound.

The husbands of two of Mother's friends had had fits of apoplexy and died. It frightened her horribly when this seemed about to happen to Father. At the sound of his roars, she rushed in. There he was on the floor, as she had feared. He was trying to get his head under the sofa and he was yelling at something, and his face was such a dark red and his eyes so bloodshot that Mother was terrified. Pleading with him to stop only made him more apoplectic. He said he'd be damned if he'd stop. He stood up presently, tousled but triumphant, the spool in his hand. Mother ran to get a new needle. She threaded it for him and he at last started sewing.

Father sewed on the button in a violent manner, with vicious haulings and jabs. Mother said she couldn't bear to see him—but she couldn't bear to leave the room, either. She stood watching him, hypnotized and appalled, itching to sew it herself, and they talked at each other with vehemence. Then the inevitable accident happened, the needle came forcibly up through the waistcoat, it struck on the button, Father pushed at it harder, and it burst through the hole and stuck Father's finger.

He sprang up with a howl. To be impaled in this way was not only exasperating, it was an affront. He turned to me, as he strode about on the rug, holding onto his finger, and said wrathfully, "It was your mother."

"Why, Clare! ' Mother cried

"Talking every minute," Father shouted at her, "and distracting a man! How the devil can I sew on a button with this gibbering and buzz in my ears? Now see what you made me do!" he added suddenly "Blood on my good waistcoat! Here! Take the damned thing Give me a handkerchief to tie up my finger with Where's the witch hazel?"

EARLY IMPRESSIONS¹



Henry Adams

BOYS ARE WILD ANIMALS, rich in the treasures of sense, but the New England boy had a wider range of emotions than boys of more equable climates. He felt his nature crudely, as it was meant. To the boy Henry Adams, summer was drunken. Among senses, smell was the strongest—smell of hot pine woods and sweet fern in the scorching summer noon, of new mown hay, of ploughed earth, of box hedges, of peaches, lilacs, syringas, of stables, barns, cow yards, of salt water and low tide on the marshes, nothing came amiss. Next to smell came taste, and the children knew the taste of everything they saw or touched, from pennvroyal and flagroot to the shell of a pignut and the letters of a spelling book—the taste of A B, AB, suddenly revived on the boy's tongue sixty years afterwards. Light, line, and color as sensual pleasures, came later and were as crude as the rest. The New England light is glare, and the atmosphere harshens colors. The boy was a full man before he ever knew what was meant by atmosphere, his idea of pleasure in light was the blaze of a New England sun. His idea of color was a peony, with the dew of early morning on its petals. The intense blue of the sea, as he saw it a mile or two away, from the Quincy hills, the cumuli in a June afternoon sky, the strong reds and greens and purples of colored prints and children's picture books, as the American colors then ran, these were ideals. The opposites, or antipathies, were the cold grays of November evenings, and the thick, muddy thaws of Boston winter. With such standards, the Bostonian could not but develop a double nature. Life was a double thing. After a January blizzard, the boy who could look with pleasure into the violent snowglare of the cold white sunshine, with its intense light and shade, scarcely knew what was meant by tone. He could reach it only by education.

Winter and summer, then, were two hostile lives, and bred two separate natures. Winter was always the effort to live, summer was tropical license. Whether the children rolled in the grass, or waded in the brook, or swam

¹ From Henry Adams, *Education of Henry Adams* (1918). By permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

in the salt ocean, or sailed in the bay, or fished for smelts in the creeks, or netted minnows in the salt marshes, or took to the pine woods and the granite quarries or chased muskrats and hunted snapping turtles in the swamps, or mushrooms or nuts on the autumn hills, summer and country were always sensual living while winter was always compulsory learning. Summer was the multiplicity of nature, winter was school.

The bearing of the two seasons on the education of Henry Adams was no fancy, it was the most decisive force he ever knew, it ran through life and made the division between its perplexing, warring, irreconcilable problems irreducible opposites, with growing emphasis to the last year of study. From earliest childhood the boy was accustomed to feel that, for him, life was double. Winter and summer, town and country, law and liberty, were hostile, and the man who pretended they were not, was in his eyes a schoolmaster—that is, a man employed to tell lies to little boys. Though Quincy was but two hours' walk from Beacon Hill it belonged in a different world. For two hundred years, every Adams from father to son, had lived within sight of State Street, and sometimes had lived in it, yet none had ever taken kindly to the town, or been taken kindly by it. The boy inherited his double nature. He knew as yet nothing about his great grandfather, who had died a dozen years before his own birth; he took for granted that any great grandfather of his must have always been good, and his enemies wicked, but he divined his great grandfather's character from his own. Never for a moment did he connect the two ideas of Boston and John Adams, they were separate and antagonistic, the idea of John Adams went with Quincy. He knew his grandfather John Quincy Adams only as an old man of seventy-five or eighty who was friendly and gentle with him, but except that he heard his grandfather always called 'the President,' and his grandmother 'the Madam,' he had no reason to suppose that his Adams grandfather differed in character from his Brooks grandfather, who was equally kind and benevolent. He liked the Adams side best, but for no other reason than that it reminded him of the country, the summer, and the absence of restraint. Yet he felt also that Quincy was in a way inferior to Boston, and that socially Boston looked down on Quincy. The reason was clear enough even to a five-year-old child. Quincy had no Boston style. Little enough style had either, a simpler manner of life and thought could hardly exist, short of cave dwelling. The flint and steel with which his grandfather Adams used to light his own fires in the early morning was still on the mantel piece of his study. The idea of a livery or even a dress for servants, or of an evening toilette, was next to blasphemy. Bathrooms, water supplies, lighting, heating, and the whole array of domestic comforts, were unknown at Quincy. Boston had already a bathroom, a water supply, a furnace, and gas. The superiority of Boston was evident, but a child liked it no better for that.

The Madam was a little more remote than the President, but more decorative. She stayed much in her own room with the Dutch tiles looking out

on her garden with the box walks, and seemed a fragile creature to a boy who sometimes brought her a note or a message, and took distinct pleasure in looking at her delicate face under what seemed to him very becoming caps. He liked her refined figure, her gentle voice and manner, her vague effect of not belonging there, but to Washington or to Europe, like her furniture, and writing desk with little glass doors above and little eighteenth century volumes in old binding, labelled "Peregrine Pickle" or 'Tom Jones' or "Hannah More." Try as she might, the Madam could never be Bostonian, and it was her cross in life, but to the boy it was her charm. Even at that age, he felt drawn to it. The Madam's life had been in truth far from Boston. She was born in London in 1775, daughter of Joshua Johnson, an American merchant, brother of Governor Thomas Johnson of Maryland, and Catherine Nuth, of an English family in London. Driven from England by the Revolutionary War, Joshua Johnson took his family to Nantes, where they remained till the peace. The girl Louisa Catherine was nearly ten years old when brought back to London, and her sense of nationality must have been confused, but the influence of the Johnsons and the services of Joshua obtained for him from President Washington the appointment of Consul in London on the organization of the Government in 1790. In 1794 President Washington appointed John Quincy Adams Minister to The Hague. He was twenty seven years old when he returned to London, and found the Consul's house a very agreeable haunt. Louisa was then twenty.

At that time, and long afterwards, the Consul's house, far more than the Minister's, was the centre of contact for travelling Americans, either official or other. The Legation was a shifting point, between 1785 and 1815, but the Consulate, far down in the City, near the Tower, was convenient and inviting, so inviting that it proved fatal to young Adams. Louisa was charming, like a Romney portrait, but among her many charms that of being a New England woman was not one. The defect was serious. Her future mother in law, Abigail, a famous New England woman whose authority over her turbulent husband, the second President, was hardly so great as that which she exercised over her son, the sixth to be, was troubled by the fear that Louisa might not be made of stuff stern enough, or brought up in conditions severe enough, to suit a New England climate, or to make an efficient wife for her paragon son, and Abigail was right on that point, as on most others where sound judgment was involved, but sound judgment is sometimes a source of weakness rather than of force, and John Quincy already had reason to think that his mother held sound judgments on the subject of daughters in law. Being three thousand miles away from his mother, and equally far in love, he married Louisa in London, July 26, 1797, and took her to Berlin to be the head of the United States Legation. During three or four exciting years, the young bride lived in Berlin, whether she was happy or not, whether she was content or not, whether she was socially successful or not, her descendants did

not surely know, but in any case she could by no chance have become educated there for a life in Quincy or Boston. In 1801 the overthrow of the Federalist Party drove her and her husband to America, and she became at last a member of the Quincy household, but by that time her children needed all her attention, and she remained there with occasional winters in Boston and Washington, till 1809. Her husband was made Senator in 1803, and in 1809 was appointed Minister to Russia. The life at St. Petersburg was hardly gay for her, they were far too poor to shine in that extravagant society, but she survived it, though her little girl baby did not, and in the winter of 1814-15, alone with the boy of seven years old, crossed Europe from St. Petersburg to Paris, in her travelling carriage, passing through the armies and reaching Paris in the *Cent Jours* after Napoleon's return from Elba. Her husband next went to England as Minister, and she was for two years at the Court of the Regent. In 1817 her husband came home to be Secretary of State, and she lived for eight years in F Street, doing her work of entertainer for President Monroe's administration. Next she lived four miserable years in the White House. When that chapter was closed in 1829 she had earned the right to be tired and delicate, but she still had fifteen years to serve as wife of a Member of the House, after her husband went back to Congress in 1832. Then it was that little Henry, her grandson, first remembered her, from 1843 to 1848, sitting in her panelled room, at breakfast, with her heavy silver teapot and sugar bowl and cream jug, which still exist somewhere as an heirloom of the modern safety vault. By that time she was seventy years old or more, and thoroughly weary of being beaten about a stormy world. To the boy she seemed singularly peaceful, a vision of silver gray, presiding over her old President and her Queen Anne mahogany, an exotic, like her Sevres china, an object of deference to every one, and of great affection to her son Charles, but hardly more Bostonian than she had been fifty years before, on her wedding day, in the shadow of the Tower of London.

Such a figure was even less fitted than that of her old husband, the President, to impress on a boy's mind the standards of the coming century. She was Louis Seize, like the furniture. The boy knew nothing of her interior life, which had been, as the venerable Abigail, long since at peace, foresaw, one of severe stress and little pure satisfaction. He never dreamed that from her might come some of those doubts and self-questionings, those hesitations, those rebellions against law and discipline, which marked more than one of her descendants, but he might even then have felt some vague instinctive suspicion that he was to inherit from her the seeds of the primal sin, the fall from grace, the curse of Abel, that he was not of pure New England stock, but half exotic.

The boy naturally learned only one lesson from his saturation in such air. He took for granted that this sort of world, more or less the same that had always existed in Boston and Massachusetts Bay, was the world which he was to fit. Had he known Europe he would have learned no better. The Paris

of Louis Philippe, Guizot, and de Tocqueville, as well as the London of Robert Peel, Macaulay, and John Stuart Mill, were but varieties of the same upper class *bourgeoisie* that felt instinctive cousinship with the Boston of Ticknor, Prescott, and Motley. Even the typical grumbler Carlyle, who casts doubts on the real capacity of the middle class, and who at times thought himself eccentric, found friendship and alliances in Boston—still more in Concord. The system had proved so successful that even Germany wanted to try it, and Italy yearned for it. England's middle class government was the ideal of human progress.

Even the violent reaction after 1848, and the return of all Europe to military practices, never for a moment shook the true faith. No one, except Karl Marx, foresaw radical change. What announced it? The world was producing sixty or seventy million tons of coal, and might be using nearly a million steam horse power, just beginning to make itself felt. All experience since the creation of man, all divine revelation or human science, conspired to deceive and betray a twelve year old boy who took for granted that his ideas, which were alone respectable, would be alone respected.

Viewed from Mount Vernon Street, the problem of life was as simple as it was classic. Politics offered no difficulties, for there the moral law was a sure guide. Social perfection was also sure, because human nature worked for Good, and three instruments were all she asked—Suffrage, Common Schools, and Press. On these points doubt was forbidden. Education was divine, and man needed only a correct knowledge of facts to reach perfection.

“Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts.”

Nothing quieted doubt so completely as the mental calm of the Unitarian clergy. In uniform excellence of life and character, moral and intellectual, the score of Unitarian clergymen about Boston, who controlled society and Harvard College, were never excelled. They proclaimed as their merit that they insisted on no doctrine, but taught, or tried to teach, the means of leading a virtuous, useful, unselfish life, which they held to be sufficient for salvation. For them, difficulties might be ignored, doubts were waste of thought, nothing exacted solution. Boston had solved the universe, or had offered and realized the best solution yet tried. The problem was worked out.

Of all the conditions of his youth which afterwards puzzled the grown up man, this disappearance of religion puzzled him most. The boy went to church twice every Sunday, he was taught to read his Bible, and he learned religious poetry by heart, he believed in a mild deism, he prayed, he went through all the forms, but neither to him nor to his brothers or sisters was religion real. Even the mild discipline of the Unitarian Church was so irksome that they all threw it off at the first possible moment, and never afterwards

entered a church. The religious instinct had vanished, and could not be revived, although one made in later life many efforts to recover it. That the most powerful emotion of man next to the sexual should disappear, might be a personal defect of his own, but that the most intelligent society, led by the most intelligent clergy, in the most moral conditions he ever knew, should have solved all the problems of the universe so thoroughly as to have quite ceased making itself anxious about past or future, and should have persuaded itself that all the problems which had convulsed human thought from earliest recorded time, were not worth discussing, seemed to him the most curious social phenomenon he had to account for in a long life. The faculty of turning away one's eyes as one approaches a chasm is not unusual, and Boston showed, under the lead of Mr. Webster, how successfully it could be done in politics, but in politics a certain number of men did at least protest. In religion and philosophy no one protested.

ROWING¹



Oliver La Farge

NO WRITER has told the nature of rowing in an eight oared shell to landsmen, none who haven't rowed understand what it is: we remember, the crash of the oars in the locks, the shell leaping at the catch, the unity and rhythm and the desperate effort, so when we meet we babble with joy.

What is the nature of it? To begin with the setting—the greenbanked river of the Charles Basin, ringed by the city, both are beautiful. The shell swinging through open country on a fine spring day is hard to beat. Down on the Basin the water is oily, in the late afternoon it catches the deepening sunset, after dark the advertising signs over the factories are reflected on it, twisting as if the lights were darting snakes, and the swirl of one's oar is shot with colour. There is the slight excitement and the echoing change of sound in shooting under a bridge, there is the fresh day on the river as you carry your shell down to the float. Rural or urban water, rowing is set in beauty to begin with.

There is the nature of the stroke itself, the most perfect combination I have ever known of skill and the full release of one's power. It takes more than a dumb ox to make a fine oarsman, the traditional "weak brain and strong back" won't serve. To my mind it begins with the "recovery," the forward reach to get ready for a stroke. You are sitting on a slide, a seat on rollers, which runs on a track about two feet long, set variously according to the

¹ From *Oliver La Farge Raw Material* (1945). By permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

type of stroke your coach favours Your two hands are on the loom of your twelve foot oar, balancing it neatly If you lower them too far, you sky the blade of your oar and the shift of the centre of gravity will make the boat rock and cost you precious headway, if you raise them too high your oar will touch the waves and you may cause a jolt that will throw the whole boat out of time So your hands are balancing delicately—next time you see a good crew rowing, watch the oars moving together clear of the water on the recovery, see how narrow that long shell is and realize the miracle of balance that keeps it steady while those big men swing aft and the long sweeps reach forward Or watch a green crew, see the oars at eight different levels and the shell wallowing from side to side

You are moving your hands, your shoulders and your tail aft (you are facing aft) at three different rates, to bring each to its stopping point at the same time If you rush your slide to the end of its run, that sharp motion and possibly the abrupt stopping at the end will check the motion of the shell (you can see it happen) and you yourself will fall into the position of your maximum effort with a jerk which will put you out of balance Hands, shoulders, slide, must move in related time one to another, and in perfect time with the other seven men, so that at the right moment you are leaning forward just far enough for reach and not too far for power, your slide is all the way aft, your legs and knees are ready, your back is arched, not slumped, and your balancing hands are holding firmly to the oar In the very last part of your swing your outside hand—the one towards the blade—has turned the oar a quarter circle, so that the blade, which was parallel to the water, is perpendicular to it

CATCH! A slight raising of your hands and arms has dropped your blade into the water, and instantaneously your shoulders take hold That simple action is not quite so simple If you have not done it minutely right your oar may skitter out above the water, slice too deeply into the water to help the boat, or you may catch a crab—entangle your oar in water so that you can't get it out That last is virtual shipwreck, it may knock you out of the boat, and it will almost certainly lose a race Once you and seven other men are driving with all your forces it is too late to attempt to turn or guide your oar You must have dropped it into the water so accurately that it will stay with the blade just submerged all the way through your pull and come out willingly That is part of the turn of your outside hand and the act of slightly raising your arms This raising of your arms must be neat, you don't let your oar into the water on a diagonal after you have begun to pull (that is, you don't and stay on a good crew), nor do you succumb to the natural tendency which you will see in any fisherman's rowing, to let your hands dive slightly as you get ready to catch on hard, causing the blade first to rise slightly in the air and then to hit the water with a spanking motion

An immeasurably short time after your shoulders, your legs start to drive Now your arms are merely straps attaching your hands to your body, legs

and shoulders and back for all they are worth are pulling on the oar, every thing you've got is going into it, but you have taken care that your tail, driven by your legs, will not shoot on the slide ahead of your shoulders

You have driven through almost to the end of the catch, your slide is almost home, your shoulders are back. Now your arms come in, and just as your knees come down locked, your hands touch your stomach. Here is the prettiest part of the stroke, the shoot of the hands to start the recovery. Remember, your oar is still deep in the water rushing powerfully past your boat, if it becomes caught in that, it turns to a wild machine. As your hands touch your belly they drop, shoot out, in a motion 'as fast and smooth as a billiard ball caroming,' at the same time your inside wrist turns and the blade is once more parallel to the water—feathered. The shoot of your hands and arms brings your shoulders forward and you commence your recovery once more.

All of what I have described happens in a single stroke by a good oarsman. This stroke, its predecessors and successors, is performed in a unison with seven other men which is more perfect than merely being in time, with the balance of the body maintained also in relation to the keel so that the boat shall not roll. At a moderate racing rate it is performed thirty-two to thirty-six times to the minute, all of this, nothing omitted, and in a rhythm which keeps the time of the recovery not less than double that of the catch.

This is not the whole of rowing, but it is the basic part of the individual's job in it. Unite it to another fundamental and you have a crew.

The other fundamental is unison. I have said that a crew does not merely keep time, it does something subtler than that, it becomes one. This it can not do if there is bad feeling between any of the men in the boat, a single antagonistic personality can keep eight oarsmen accurately following stroke's oar and the coxswain's counting from becoming a crew rowing together. Crews are not made up on a basis of personalities, but according to the coach's estimates of individual capacities, it is after they are rowing together that they become friends. My crews at Harvard contained men with whom I had nothing in common, men by whom I should have been bored or antagonized, and who should have disliked me. As we rowed together we became fond of each other. It had no lasting value, but for the duration of our rowing, we esteemed each other dearly. As this feeling grew, so did our boat shake down and become one, and so did we increasingly care for the foul mouthed, brilliant little devil who was our cox and in a race the instrument, voice, and control of our unity.

Rowing at School was fun, but rowing at Harvard was magnificent. There was more of it, it was more intense, and it was better rowing. The hundred and fifty pound crews were step children, born of hesitant concessions by doubting authorities, at first they could hope for no insignia, they accepted cast off shells and unwanted, used oars and liked them. They were made up of boys who were perfectly willing to row in a soap box if necessary so long

as they could row and count from time to time on a full fledged race. We won recognition slowly, better boats, decent oars, a minor sports letter. Not until after my time did the lightweight get the same breaks in equipment and general treatment that less conservative colleges gave their rivals. We didn't care. For three years we rowed under the brothers, Bert and Bill Haynes, who themselves adored rowing and held it a prime part of their work to make us love them. We consciously rowed for them. We became a crew that could make the real varsity stretch over a short distance, we were made use of to pace the Varsity for starts and sprints, one splendid afternoon we beat the Junior Varsity handily in a regular, two mile race.

We loved it from the bitter, all but winter days when ice formed on the oars to the long, grass smelling spring afternoons when we went far upriver and then, before turning back, leaned on our oars and made the age old jokes about going a little farther and seeing if we could stroke the Wellesley crew. The rowing after dark I remember especially, I've tried to describe it a little, I never became entirely used to the beauty of city ringed water and the mystery of the bridges.

One night in the early spring there were a great many crews out on the Charles River Basin. We were heading upstream for home, taking it easy, and I remember how clearly the voices of coxswains and coaches, the sounds of the oars, came to us from many sides. Our cox was peering ahead a trifle nervously. Presently, to one side of us, we heard a practice race coming downstream, two class crews and the coaching launch behind them, with their coxswains making lots of noise and the coach calling from time to time. To play safe we lay on our oars. It was full dark, the water around us pearly in colour because of the city lights, the distance a very dark grey haze rather than black, the sky above having the tawny quality so common over cities. A big sign on the Cambridge bank blinked on and off, flashing a red and yellow reflection across the basin almost to the side of the boat. Against it we caught a glimpse of the racing crews, the two long, ruled ink lines of the shells and the figures in them black, small outlines in motion sliding across the flash of light in an instant. There was some other race going on some where, and at a safe distance behind the class crews several more were being given a workout.

It seemed to us that the sounds of boats and of racing were getting too close together in the darkness below us. Then we heard a coach boom out in a new kind of a voice, "Easy all, there! Easy all! Look out, Tech crew! Look out, you there!" And into this the coxswains' voices shouting, and other coaches, commands, "Hold her, Starboard! Hold her, Starboard! Hold her all! Look out, for Chrissakes, look out!" There was miscellaneous yelling and then a sound as if someone had jumped on an unusually large bass viol. It was a wonderful crash, and it was almost immediately followed by another.

Like reinforcements coming into battle the second set of Harvard racers swept past us, going full tilt. The shouting broke out again, more tumult

even than before, and there was a third crash. Then there were a lot of orders and questions being called in the night.

Someone said, "What the hell?"

"They ran into a bunch of Tech crews coming out from their boathouse."

"Let's go down and pitch in."

Ridiculous of course, but one halfway felt like that. A wind from distant, ancient seas seemed to blow across us, the sound of many oars in their locks, the shouting, the crash of galleys ramming.

Cox ordered, "Forward all!" We settled into position. It was time to row home, but the quiet paddle upstream seemed strangely tame.

In the due course of time it is given to you to row a race. Not a practice race against one of your own, but the real article, and the oars of the boat taking position on your port side are painted, not crimson, but a fine, shining blue. The feeling of it starts before then, when you take your shell down and toss her better than you ever did before, and you and the managers are in a different, special communion over the free running of your slide, the grease on your oar where it passes through the lock, the comfort of the stretcher into which your feet are laced. The love you bear each man in the boat is stronger, warmer, than it has ever been, it is positive, almost visible. Each man looks smilingly at his neighbour—a curious combination, already the tension and the earnestness is on their faces, but with it comes affection. You shove off and paddle along to the start taking it easily, perfecting your form, the cox saying just what he always says, everything ordinary, everything calming.

Starting an eight oared race is a frightful job. There is the current, and then there will be a slight cross wind, something you wouldn't notice if you weren't trying to hold two or more boats as light as cigar boxes in perfect line beside each other. You jockey and jockey, the good effect of the paddle wears off. You get into position, the starter has asked "Are you ready Harvard? Are you ready Yale?" and one of the shells swings, and it all has to be done over again.

At last you are set. A racing start is entirely different from the ordinary process of getting a shell under way. This time you want to make her fly at full speed from the first stroke, you want to develop speed just as fast as is humanly possible, and faster. You have practised many times the series of short, hard strokes and the lengthening to the full, rhythmical swing but it remains tricky, a complex set of motions to be done so rapidly and hard that it's unreasonable to think it can happen without something going wrong.

Beyond that lies the race, the test itself. You know what a gut-racking process it is, you are too tense about the outcome, you doubt if you can stand up to it. What's ahead of you is too much. There are many things that can postpone a start and several that can cause a race to be called back within the first ten strokes. You pray for them all to happen. You are so taut inside you twang. You are afraid, not of anything, just afraid.

The pistol cracks You carry out those first three, scrambling strokes neatly, you begin to form the full, balanced stroke as you go on to complete the ten fast ones All your fears and tremors are gone and you are racing Cox swain's voice comes, intentionally soothing, carrying you over into the regular swing and beat of the long term pace your crew must set, you are eight men and you are one, the boat is going with a sizzle, smoothly through the water, and out of the corner of your eye you can see the blue blades flashing alongside you

The effort settles down and mounts again There are races within the race, spurts when one crew tries to pull suddenly ahead, and the other answers, the sustained, increasing efforts, the raised beats of the crew behind, the somehow easier but intense drives of the leader Cox tells you you are past the halfway mark, he tells you you are near the end The start tests a good crew, the last stretch proves it You are tired now, everything is coming to a final settlement very soon, you must row harder, faster, and still row smoothly and well You have got your second wind and used it up, you are pooped out and you know you are at the end of your strength, you simply have nothing left in you The beat—the rate of the stroke—goes up Cox is yelling, pleading, advising, cursing And you are staying with it On the recovery the captain grunts out something unintelligible but urgent Near the end other men may wring out cries intended to be "Come on!" "Let's go!" hardly recognizable There's not much of that, it's against your training and besides wind is too precious, but the pent up feeling is so strong that some times it must have an outlet This is a good crew, a real one As the beat is raised, as the reserve behind the reserves of strength is poured in, each stroke taken as if it were the last you'd ever row on earth, the crew still swings together, it is still one, that awareness of each other and merging together is still present and still effective

Three quarters of the way through you could hear them on the referee's launch and whatever others are permitted to follow, shouting, "Come on Harvard!" "Come on Yale!" Now you vaguely know that they are still shouting, but you can't really hear them There is some sort of sound around the finish line, you do not know that a great many people must be making a lot of noise, but you don't hear either You are conscious of something arching up from the banks which, without looking at it, you see, and you know it's cheering Your eyes are fixed on the shoulder of the man in front of you and (I rowed starboard side) the blade of Number Seven's oar, but the one thing you do know is exactly where the other boat is Then here it comes, the final spurt, and you cease to hear or see anything outside your business Faint and hardly noticeable the pistol fires, then the cox says, "Easy all," and you loll forward

Done Like that, done, over, decided And now you are through you are truly empty now, you have poured yourself out and for a while you can hardly stand the effort of your own breathing but your tradition despises a

man who fails to sit up in the boat You have known complete exertion, you have answered every trouble of mind, spirit, and being with skilled violence and guided unrestraint, a complete happiness with eight other men over a short stretch of water has brought you catharsis

UNIVERSITY DAYS¹



James Thurber

I PASSED all the other courses that I took at my university, but I could never pass botany This was because all botany students had to spend several hours a week in a laboratory looking through a microscope at plant cells, and I could never see through a microscope I never once saw a cell through a microscope This used to enrage my instructor He would wander around the laboratory pleased with the progress all the students were making in drawing the involved and, so I am told, interesting structure of flower cells, until he came to me I would just be standing there "I can't see anything," I would say He would begin patiently enough, explaining how anybody can see through a microscope, but he would always end up in a fury, claiming that I could *too* see through a microscope but just pretended that I couldn't "It takes away from the beauty of flowers anyway," I used to tell him We are not concerned with beauty in this course," he would say 'We are concerned solely with what I may call the *mechanics* of flars' 'Well,' I'd say "I can't see anything" "Try it just once again," he'd say, and I would put my eye to the microscope and see nothing at all, except now and again, a nebulous milky substance—a phenomenon of maladjustment You were supposed to see a vivid, restless clockwork of sharply defined plant cells I see what looks like a lot of milk," I would tell him This, he claimed, was the result of my not having adjusted the microscope properly, so he would readjust it for me, or rather, for himself And I would look again and see milk

I finally took a deferred pass, as they called it, and waited a year and tried again (You had to pass one of the biological sciences or you couldn't graduate) The professor had come back from vacation brown as a berry, bright eyed, and eager to explain cell structure again to his classes 'Well,' he said to me, cheerily, when we met in the first laboratory hour of the semester, 'we're going to see cells this time, aren't we?' "Yes, sir," I said Students to right of me and to left of me and in front of me were seeing cells, what's more, they were quietly drawing pictures of them in their notebooks Of course, I didn't see anything

We'll try it," the professor said to me, grimly, "with every adjustment of

¹ From James Thurber *My Life and Hard Times* (1933) By permission of the author

the microscope known to man As God is my witness, I'll arrange this glass so that you see cells through it or I'll give up teaching In twenty two years of botany, I— He cut off abruptly for he was beginning to quiver all over, like Lionel Barrymore, and he genuinely wished to hold onto his temper, his scenes with me had taken a great deal out of him

So we tried it with every adjustment of the microscope known to man With only one of them did I see anything but blackness or the familiar lacteal opacity, and that time I saw, to my pleasure and amazement, a variegated constellation of flecks, specks, and dots These I hastily drew The instructor, noting my activity, came back from an adjoining desk, a smile on his lips and his eyebrows high in hope He looked at my cell drawing "What's that?" he demanded, with a hint of a squeal in his voice "That's what I saw," I said "You didn't, you didn't, you *didn't*!" he screamed, losing control of his temper instantly, and he bent over and squinted into the microscope His head snapped up "That's your eye!" he shouted "You've fixed the lens so that it reflects! You've drawn your eye!"

Another course that I didn't like, but somehow managed to pass, was economics I went to that class straight from the botany class, which didn't help me any in understanding either subject I used to get them mixed up But not as mixed up as another student in my economics class who came there direct from a physics laboratory He was a tackle on the football team, named Bolenciewicz At that time Ohio State University had one of the best football teams in the country, and Bolenciewicz was one of its outstanding stars In order to be eligible to play it was necessary for him to keep up in his studies, a very difficult matter, for while he was not dumber than an ox he was not any smarter Most of his professors were lenient and helped him along None gave him more hints, in answering questions, or asked him simpler ones than the economics professor, a thin, timid man named Bassum One day when we were on the subject of transportation and distribution, it came Bolenciewicz's turn to answer a question "Name one means of transportation," the professor said to him No light came into the big tackle's eyes "Just any means of transportation," said the professor Bolenciewicz sat staring at him "That is," pursued the professor, "any medium, agency, or method of going from one place to another" Bolenciewicz had the look of a man who is being led into a trap "You may choose among steam, horse drawn, or electrically propelled vehicles," said the instructor "I might suggest the one which we commonly take in making long journeys across land" There was a profound silence in which everybody stirred uneasily, including Bolenciewicz and Mr Bassum Mr Bassum abruptly broke this silence in an amazing manner "Choo choo choo," he said, in a low voice, and turned instantly scarlet He glanced appealingly around the room All of us, of course, shared Mr Bassum's desire that Bolenciewicz should stay abreast of the class in economics, for the Illinois game, one of the hardest and most important of the season, was only a week off "Toot toot, too tooooooot!" some student with a deep voice moaned,

and we all looked encouragingly at Bolenciewicz. Somebody else gave a fine imitation of a locomotive letting off steam. Mr. Bassum himself rounded off the little show. "Ding, dong, ding, dong," he said, hopefully. Bolenciewicz was staring at the floor now, trying to think, his great brow furrowed, his huge hands rubbing together, his face red.

"How did you come to college this year, Mr. Bolenciewicz?" asked the professor. "*Chuffa chuffa, chuffa chuffa*."

"My father sent me," said the football player.

"What on?" asked Bassum.

"I got an allowance," said the tackle, in a low, husky voice, obviously embarrassed.

No, no," said Bassum. "Name a means of transportation. What did you ride here on?"

"Train," said Bolenciewicz.

Quite right," said the professor. "Now, Mr. Nugent, will you tell us—"

If I went through anguish in botany and economics—for different reasons—gymnasium work was even worse. I don't even like to think about it. They wouldn't let you play games or join in the exercises with your glasses on and I couldn't see with mine off. I bumped into professors, horizontal bars, agricultural students, and swinging iron rings. Not being able to see, I could take it but I couldn't dish it out. Also, in order to pass gymnasium (and you had to pass it to graduate) you had to learn to swim if you didn't know how. I didn't like the swimming pool, I didn't like swimming, and I didn't like the swimming instructor, and after all these years I still don't. I never swam but I passed my gym work anyway, by having another student give my gymnasium number (978) and swim across the pool in my place. He was a quiet, amiable blond youth, number 473, and he would have seen through a microscope for me if we could have got away with it, but we couldn't get away with it. Another thing I didn't like about gymnasium work was that they made you strip the day you registered. It is impossible for me to be happy when I am stripped and being asked a lot of questions. Still, I did better than a lanky agricultural student who was cross-examined just before I was. They asked each student what college he was in—that is, whether Arts, Engineering, Commerce, or Agriculture. "What college are you in?" the instructor snapped at the youth in front of me. "Ohio State University," he said promptly.

It wasn't that agricultural student but it was another a whole lot like him who decided to take up journalism, possibly on the ground that when farming went to hell he could fall back on newspaper work. He didn't realize, of course, that that would be very much like falling back full length on a kit of carpenter's tools. Haskins didn't seem cut out for journalism, being too embarrassed to talk to anybody and unable to use a typewriter, but the editor of the college paper assigned him to the cow barns, the sheep house, the horse pavilion, and the animal husbandry department generally. This was a genuinely big "beat," for it took up five times as much ground and got ten times

as great a legislative appropriation as the College of Liberal Arts. The agricultural student knew animals, but nevertheless his stories were dull and colorlessly written. He took all afternoon on each of them, because he had to hunt for each letter on the typewriter. Once in a while he had to ask somebody to help him hunt 'C' and 'L,' in particular, were hard letters for him to find. His editor finally got pretty much annoyed at the farmer journalist because his pieces were so uninteresting. "See here, Haskins," he snapped at him one day, "why is it we never have anything hot from you on the horse pavilion? Here we have two hundred head of horses on this campus—more than any other university in the Western Conference except Purdue—and yet you never get any real low down on them. Now shoot over to the horse barns and dig up something lively." Haskins shambled out and came back in about an hour, he said he had something. "Well, start it off snappily," said the editor.

"Something people will read," Haskins set to work and in a couple of hours brought a sheet of typewritten paper to the desk, it was a two hundred word story about some disease that had broken out among the horses. Its opening sentence was simple but arresting. It read "Who has noticed the sores on the tops of the horses in the animal husbandry building?"

Ohio State was a land grant university and therefore two years of military drill was compulsory. We drilled with old Springfield rifles and studied the tactics of the Civil War even though the World War was going on at the time. At 11 o'clock each morning thousands of freshmen and sophomores used to deploy over the campus, moodily creeping up on the old chemistry building. It was good training for the kind of warfare that was waged at Shiloh but it had no connection with what was going on in Europe. Some people used to think there was German money behind it, but they didn't dare say so or they would have been thrown in jail as German spies. It was a period of muddled thought and marked, I believe, the decline of higher education in the Middle West.

As a soldier I was never any good at all. Most of the cadets were glumly in different soldiers, but I was no good at all. Once General Littlefield, who was commandant of the cadet corps, popped up in front of me during regimental drill and snapped, "You are the main trouble with this university!" I think he meant that my type was the main trouble with the university but he may have meant me individually. I was mediocre at drill, certainly—that is, until my senior year. By that time I had drilled longer than anybody else in the Western Conference, having failed at military at the end of each preceding year so that I had to do it all over again. I was the only senior still in uniform. The uniform which, when new, had made me look like an interurban railway conductor, now that it had become faded and too tight, made me look like Bert Williams in his bell boy act. This had a definitely bad effect on my morale. Even so, I had become by sheer practice little short of wonderful at squad manoeuvres.

One day General Littlefield picked our company out of the whole regi-

ment and tried to get it mixed up by putting it through one movement after another as fast as we could execute them squads right, squads left, squads on right into line, squads right about, squads left front into line, etc. In about three minutes one hundred and nine men were marching in one direction and I was marching away from them at an angle of forty five degrees, all alone "Company, halt!" shouted General Littlefield "That man is the only man who has it right!" I was made a corporal for my achievement

The next day General Littlefield summoned me to his office. He was swatting flies when I went in. I was silent and he was silent too, for a long time. I don't think he remembered me or why he had sent for me, but he didn't want to admit it. He swatted some more flies, keeping his eyes on them narrowly before he let go with the swatter. "Button up your coat!" he snapped. Looking back on it now I can see that he meant me although he was looking at a fly, but I just stood there. Another fly came to rest on a paper in front of the general and began rubbing its hind legs together. The general lifted the swatter cautiously. I moved restlessly and the fly flew away. "You startled him!" barked General Littlefield, looking at me severely. I said I was sorry. "That won't help the situation!" snapped the General, with cold military logic. I didn't see what I could do except offer to chase some more flies toward his desk, but I didn't say anything. He stared out the window at the faraway figures of coeds crossing the campus toward the library. Finally, he told me I could go. So I went. He either didn't know which cadet I was or else he forgot what he wanted to see me about. It may have been that he wished to apologize for having called me the main trouble with the university, or maybe he had decided to compliment me on my brilliant drilling of the day before and then at the last minute decided not to. I don't know. I don't think about it much any more.

CAMPUS LIFE¹



Eric Sevareid

THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA sprawls over its many acres between the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul. It is an excellent center of learning, as mass production institutions go, and has produced in profusion football players and poets, scientists and embalmers, vast numbers of politicians, businessmen, farmers, dentists, and writers of advertising copy. It is a miniature of American life, faithfully accommodating the taxpayers of the state in all their ideas of what their children and their civilization should grow up to be. With a flick

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of the wrist you can turn the index of its catalogues and locate Plato or the latest manual on disassembling the Garand rifle. It is a city in itself, which like most American cities has grown by accretion without symmetry or plan, so that the visitor wanders in a kind of architectural Wonderland, passing in a few steps from a red brick Victorian monstrosity to a functionally sleek structure of glass and steel. Some time back it became evident that the University would continue to grow, and some kind of pattern was required. The decision was obviously in favor of a compromise between factory and academic cloister, for the dominant theme is now that of massive, warehouselike buildings with Greek pillars attached to the front.

Students came from all the northwest states, and some came from distant nations seeking to profit by our excellence in special matters like dentistry or journalism. Regularly, once a week—on Thursday, as I remember—a noted speaker addressed thousands of students who sat with their books in their laps within the softly lighted Northrop Auditorium. Local political candidates stirred us up, and there were frequent academic or scientific conventions, but the highest pitch of general passion was generated by the Saturday afternoon football games. In my period at the school, our brawny Swedes and Poles and Germans developed a habit of winning every game, and our fame spread far and wide. These behemoths of the gridiron became national figures, and it was an honor to sit beside one of them in a class and to awaken him when the class was ended. This matter of sporting fame eventually began to get out of hand—the “downtown” sports writers seemed to have acquired as much authority over the university’s policies as the regents—and I well remember the university president confessing that he prayed secretly for a football defeat.

There were a few pleasant knolls and bowers for the summertime, but the odor of automobile exhaust was likely to have predominance over that of lilacs, and in the winter students and professors alike were obliged to fortify themselves against the blasts that blew across the adjacent Mississippi by resorting to long underwear, stocking caps, mackinaws, and ski pants. One’s eyes streamed with the cold, and the powder on the faces of the girls crystallized into ragged patches in a way that the editors of *Mademoiselle* would have to politely ignore. A railroad ran along the river’s edge, and the tramps who established their “jungle” there used frequently to lie in the bushes for hours, peering toward the established nooks in the hope of observing a physical manifestation of undergraduate romance.

It was, all in all, an excellent school for those who were not wealthy, and most of us certainly were not—the records then showed that two thirds of the men were obliged to work part time in order to pay the very reasonable charges. Most of us came with firm and serious intent, and those who did not usually drifted out after a few terms. I came, like others, in the quest for first principles. Like most, I did not possess the exceptional intuitive powers by which some men can grasp the interrelation of contemporary phenomena.

and thus construct an ordered view of society without the discipline of organized study. Like all average brains, mine required the impulse that cannot be planned—a stray book, a disturbing remark, or the challenge of a great teacher who deliberately kicks at the self-starter with which every mental engine is presumably equipped.

I was twenty and, like most of my classmates of twenty, knew nothing. I strayed one day into a class on political first principles conducted by a young man named Benjamin Lippincott, disciple of the Greeks and of another, more articulate disciple, Harold Laski of London. Lippincott would survey us with darting eyes, a tinge of sardonic humor in his soft, mobile face. His method was new to most of us. He would throw an idea into our midst and watch us struggle with it. In the Socratic manner he would challenge and play one of us off against the other.

“What is the State?”

Somebody would grope for a definition.

“All right—if that’s the State, then what is the Government?”

“What is Freedom? Do you consider yourself a free man, Mr. Smith? Suppose you are very tired and lie down on the sidewalk in Nicollet avenue. A policeman makes you get up. Has he interfered with your freedom? All right, the law does say so, but you didn’t have a thing to do with making that law, did you? But you obey the law anyway—a law somebody made without asking whether you would agree. Does that make you a slave? And if not, why not?”

“Ah, Mr. Jones, if the government can’t tell a man where and how he has to work, that’s freedom, is it? But suppose the man has to work in Mr. Ford’s factory because there’s no other job to be found and he doesn’t want to starve. Is he still a free man?”

“What is Equality? When everybody has an equal vote, you say? Well, now, Mr. Adams, why *should* everybody have an equal vote? Why should Mr. Ford, who employs thousands of people, who has properties all over America, have no more vote than a tramp, who has no responsibilities except to his own stomach?”

“What is Anarchy? Is it the same thing as Socialism, or as Communism? Your answer, Mr. Smith, sounds as if Anarchy were more like Capitalism. Would you say this is a country of Anarchy?”

“What is democracy? A republican form of government. But England does not have a republican form of government. Would you say then that England is not a democracy?”

So he would begin. At first, most of us were not only confused, but angry and resentful. Some did not come back to his classes. For those of us who stayed it was not an easy time, but it was wonderful. We were just discovering the exciting world of Ideas, the world of Theory and of Principle. Not having the capacity to work backward from phenomena and discover first principles, the only way I could ever understand my times was by going back to the political Genesis, the Greeks and working my passage home. It was a long

trip We sailed and tacked through the Romans, the Churchmen of the Middle Ages, through Locke, Hume, Roger Williams, Jefferson, Tom Paine Adam Smith, Rousseau, Voltaire, Burke, Hegel, Marx, Spencer, Marshall Lenin, and Trotsky The wide channel dividing Washington from Lincoln became understandable, we were able to pin Woodrow Wilson and Herbert Hoover to their proper points on the chart, we knew where Norman Thomas was and how he got there, and it became no trouble at all to distinguish between a Roosevelt and a Churchill or a Chamberlain (The last two are so much alike at bottom!) Five thousand miles removed from it in space, we lived in angry intimacy with Fascism because it is a thing, first of all, of the mind To change the metaphor, it was like learning a foreign language with out effect upon the brain—then suddenly one day they all drop into place, one can understand and he can speak

But he continues to make mistakes, sometimes very grave mistakes We did, my very articulate college generation of political liberals We made some frightful mistakes, and the story of that is an integral part of the story of those last, dwindling years in America between the two great wars The new war, when it came, was for us not merely a crisis in our physical lives but an intellectual and moral purgatory

Now, when I read a novel of American campus life, or see a Hollywood version with its fair maidens in lovers' lane, dreamy eyed youths in white flannels lolling under leafy boughs or lustily singing, arms about one another's shoulders, of their school's immortal glories and their own undying loyalty—when I come across all this I am astonished and unbelieving, or I have a faint twinge of nostalgia for a beautiful something I never knew I remember only struggle, not so much the struggle of "working my way through" as the battle, in deadly earnest, with other students of different persuasion or of no persuasion, with the university authorities, with the American society of that time I remember emotional exhaustion, not from singing about the "dear old college" but from public debate I remember exhilarating triumphs and the most acute bitterness of my life A class reunion is something I have never experienced I would know few of the members of my class Our loyalties were not defined by such simple categories I remember only a small group of all the classes, of various ages, some from the college of liberal arts, others from law or medicine or agriculture—the small, intense group of my friends, cohesive by political conviction and solidified by struggle

It would be possible, no doubt, and in an accepted tradition, to write of this university period with the humorous superiority of tolerant adulthood, to regard it as a natural manifestation of the naive idealism of youth It would be easier, but it would be an error of judgment in considering the recent history of America, for with my college generation a new thing developed the "student movement," long a serious political factor in China and many European countries, became for the first time a reality in American affairs We had a definite effect upon our times

We were in revolt. Not in the manner of many preceding academic generations, not in any bohemian, individualistic sense of hating the smugness of middle class life and mores. We sought no escape for our personal souls in new art forms or in any new concepts of emotional or sexual freedom. Those were minor matters to us. We believed passionately in freedom for men and in the integrity of the human personality, but we sought these ends, not by changing the individual, but by changing his environment, the way society—meaning chiefly economic society—was organized. For us there was no question of seeking new geographical frontiers, as our struggling forebears had done in their revolt. Even were that physically possible, to us it would have been mere escapism. We sought neither wealth nor fame, nor did we expect security and serenity in the end. The key to life in our times, we thought, was the relationship of a man to society in general and what a man did about it. To be otherwise was to be only half alive. We reasoned in reverse, compared with our fathers—not from ourselves to society, but from society to ourselves. We had to help change society and let private life take care of itself, and we knew that what we sought, the “good life” of the philosophers, would hardly be found in our lifetime. Nevertheless, viewing our fellows who concentrated solely on the narrow technique of their chosen professions, we had no neurotic sense of martyrdom. We did not feel sorry for ourselves, we felt sorry for the others.

If we were reformers, it was not in the old fashioned, Lincoln Steffens sense. The reformation of local government, the putting of “honesty” into public affairs, seemed an outdated, fruitless, and inconsequential matter to us. We were concerned with the whole underlying motivation of public affairs, on national and world scales, with the forces that produced the phenomena we observed. The methods would have to be the methods of election and legislation, of large scale organization, of mass meeting and strike and protest parade. The methods of the Christian Church in worldly matters we wrote off very early as ineffectual, and we had nothing but contempt for approaches such as that of the Oxford Movement, which would deal with dictatorship by improving the dictators and with capitalism by making capitalists better men. No one ever got our vote for a public office holder by proving the man’s personal sincerity. Hitler was sincere enough. What mattered was the force, the movement, the set of ideas the man represented.

To a degree, no doubt, we were sentimentalists, as so many liberals are. The man who labored with his hands became in our minds a more precious human entity, endowed—by us—with greater personal virtues. Had we ourselves been born among industrial workers we would have escaped this illusion. Still, this sensation showed that we had bridged a psychological gulf which the great majority of people never cross, for it is generally true, in all countries, that members of one social class are quite unable to feel personal sympathy for the pains of members of another class. This is true of capitalists toward workmen and vice versa. As our small group began to have obvious

effect on the life of this enormous university, we were explained, our behavior was rationalized in various ways. To the psychologist it was a simple pattern—we suffered from hidden inferiority complexes and were trying to compensate by taking it out on a society that frightened us. This would not serve, since nearly all of us, certainly all the members of our exclusive ‘Jacobin Club,’ had won high academic laurels in the competition of our classrooms, we had athletic heroes among us, and we knew perfectly well that we could compete successfully in the professional worlds most of us were preparing to enter. If anything, we suffered from a superiority complex. To a tolerant businessman like my own father it was a simple phenomenon of growth. “If a man isn’t a socialist at twenty and a conservative at forty, there’s something wrong with him”—a phrase that particularly maddened me. To the conservative students of law who dabbled in politics for reasons of professional advancement, we were simply fellow travelers of the university and downtown Communists and were really dancing on the end of their invisible wires. But we knew the Communists well enough—much better than our critics did—and understood their methods clearly, and, while we frequently worked with them, we never worked under them. We disbelieved their methods and program because we understood far more about the peculiar nature of American society than they did. It just would not work in this country. Furthermore, with two or three exceptions it was hard to like them personally. They were—most of them—obvious examples of the inferiority complex. Either by nature or as a fetish, they were uncleanly. They were definitely antisocial in a personal sense, quite humorless, and complete bores. We did not adhere to the strict line of any party allegiance. Philosophically and in our contemplation of the economic riddle, we were socialists, in state politics, we would vote Farmer Labor, and nationally we supported Roosevelt. We were opportunists in the sense that we would use any lawful means, however diverse, to achieve a cohesive end.

It was true that Minnesota, politically speaking, was an exceptional state. It had a long third party tradition, antedating most of the Progressive movement next door in Wisconsin, beginning far back in Civil War times with that truly remarkable agrarian revolter and scholar, Ignatius Donnelly, who organized farmers’ revolts against the railroad and milling trusts one year and lectured at Oxford and Cambridge on Shakespeare the next. One of the great personalities of American history, now buried in oblivion. In the tradition was the elder Lindbergh, who was hated by “the interests,” persecuted by the St. Paul and Minneapolis press, and stoned by mobs when he attempted to speak against American entry into the First World War. The contemporary successor of these men, the inheritor of the mantle, was Floyd B. Olson, three times governor of the state, a towering, fearless, extraordinarily able man with a hard eye, a tough manner, and traces of bitterness remaining from an impoverished childhood, but a man who loved people and devoted his life to the defense of the poor. He was almost certainly America’s greatest political orator of that time, not excepting Franklin Roosevelt. To his office we as

students always had access. He hated the stuffed shirts of the university as much as he hated them anywhere, and he gave us public as well as private support. His conservative opponents, incapable of understanding that ideals are a reality with some men, accused him of lining his own pockets as governor. He died very young of cancer, quite penniless just as he was about to go to the United States Senate. He was our particular hero.

Doubtless we had absorbed by propinquity some of this purely local non-conformism, but state affairs were really a secondary matter for us, merely an accessible theater in which to perform the roles we had learned in the great books and by our own analysis of economic society, then so clearly in a state of collapse all around us. We were part of a nationwide student revolt.

These were the years of the tragic Depression, produced in part by the first war and removed, as it was to happen, only by the imperatives of the next. We observed bread lines from the street car as we went to school carrying the books that described the good society. We duly listened to lectures on orthodox economics, which explained the "natural laws" of capitalist competition, which would, if not interfered with, ultimately produce the general good by permitting everyone to pursue his selfish ends unhindered. And every day the headlines spoke of riots, of millions thrown out of work, of mass migrations by the desperate. All this was happening in the richest country on earth, a country that possessed all the political rights and instruments by which free men could change their condition—and still they could not prevent this. Meanwhile the experts on orthodoxy droned away: "The mobility and immobility of labor"—"The price of labor." Labor, under the competitive conception, was merely a budgetary item, to be added and subtracted, moved around like machine tools or money capital. The whole fabrication had a dreamlike quality about it, it had no connection with the painful reality we could see out of the classroom windows.

Fellow Jacobin Sherman Dryer would raise an indignant finger: "But, sir, it wouldn't work, to do it that way. There would be revolution."

Professor Garver (co author of *The Principles of Economics*, studied in all languages including the Scandinavian) would peer over his glasses: "We are not concerned with other forces, including the political, Mr. Dryer. We are concerned only with the basic laws of economics."

It simply made no sense to us. There were no immutable "laws"—or damned few—about it. Economics was not a "science" at all, it was fruitless to treat it as such, and to study it as a special, exclusive field. It was all mixed up with politics, with sociology, with geography and a good many other things. Clearly the "economic laws" of competition were a fantastic delusion, merely an elaborate effort to justify things as they were by the invention of supposedly unchangeable forces which men mustn't attempt to interfere with. It seemed to us as much of a hoax as the medieval scholars' explanation of kingly authority as something derived from God. The system did not work, and if it did not work in America it certainly would not work anywhere.

We knew from the history books that even in the famously "prosperous" times of the Victorian era, millions in England and elsewhere labored under insecurity and the most abject conditions of life. We believed the system had worked with passable success in the United States partly because the frontiers were constantly expanding, but even in those days it had frequently collapsed, and once had been rescued by the invention of the automobile which made a basic change in our pattern of living. But the frontiers were gone, and it was senseless to rely on mere chance.

When a Republican candidate for governor spoke to the Student Forum and declared with pride "Why, the United States has gone through *fifty two* economic depressions!" we screamed with delight at his unintentional indictment of the system.

No, it was clear that the system contained a basic flaw which invalidated the whole thing. The matter of production, we could see, was solved. Capitalism could produce overwhelmingly, but periodically, at the height of its production it collapsed because it provided no certain, continuing method for getting the product into the hands of the mass of people. It could not *direct* its efforts to any channel, nor switch its accumulation of capital investment toward anything except that which happened at the moment to be profitable. That might be the manufacture of "Rendezvous" perfume instead of shoes, regardless of the fact that millions needed shoes and didn't care how they smelled. And thus came periodically the drive for export markets, the sending of machinery and whole factories after consumer goods, the political control necessary to safeguard the capital investments—in other words, Imperialism as an escape from domestic crisis that the system could not solve. Then the collision of expanding and competing empires, and thus war—all wars, we thought.

At the moment crops were being plowed under, and millions suffered from malnutrition. Doctors were impoverished, and hundreds of thousands lacked proper medical care. Teachers were on the breadlines, and vast sections of the country were populated by illiterates. To us, it was all a mess. We refused to accept it as inevitable, untouchable. Men were *not*, regardless of all the determinists, the helpless victims of uncontrollable forces. We did not live in an age of superstition, worshipping the mysteries. Men could take hold of the system and direct it. But they had to be taught to understand it, encouraged to organize, and they had to be led. We didn't like the leaders we observed in political life, and we didn't like the university authorities, who we thought were merely serving the system and not the cause of truth. (I fear we did them a little less than justice.)

The university was in a state of intellectual ferment, and we were fortunate to be students at this particular moment. The gaunt brick structures with their fake Grecian façades did not even look like ivory towers on the outside. The place was a kind of fortress for us, and periodically we sallied forth to do battle with evil. We enjoyed the privilege of having little to lose. Before we

had even studied much about the function of the American labor movement, many of us had trudged around factories bearing strike placards to the mystified annoyance of the employers who couldn't see what the hell we had to do with it. In the summer of 1934 the two cities were thrown into uproar by the famous truck drivers' strike led by the Dunne brothers, Trotskyists who organized the strike as none had been organized before in American labor history. They had patrol cars of their own, stopping trucks entering or leaving the city, a daily strike newspaper, loud speaker broadcasts, a commissary, and medical and ambulance services for their wounded. When they put on a funeral procession for one of their fallen, the life of the business district came to a stop on the streets.

I went to work as reporter for the Minneapolis *Star* to cover the strike. Some of the boys from the Greek fraternities on the campus joined the police and Citizens' Alliance forces with baseball bats on their shoulders, in defense of what they regarded as law and order. Some of my little crowd joined the strikers, in noncombative functions. Most of us, be it confessed, were not of the type that is willing to fight for its beliefs with brickbat or club. Fellow Jacobin Dick Scammon, son of the medical dean, was different, he was of the stuff from which true leaders are made. He was six feet four, weighed two hundred and sixty pounds, ate, drank, and sang with rabelaisian gusto and belonged to thirteen political organizations before he could vote, he had a prodigious memory and thought so much faster and more incisively than his classmates that he could sleep through most of his courses. (Harold Laski told me in London during the blitz that he regarded Scammon as the ablest American student he ever had.) Dick could swing a club, if he were convinced there was no other resort. We were all morally courageous, but he had physical courage.

The whole city divided in its sympathies. The *Star* was reasonably fair in its running account of what became a minor civil war, but the other news papers were not. The police chief also worked on behalf of the employers, believing with them that "order" meant tranquillity no matter what kind of order it was. So the police took measures more lawless than those of the strikers to enforce their conception of order. There were fights every day and mostly the victims were strikers. When a prominent businessman, who had gone into the streets with a club, was himself struck down by a picketer's club, the conservative newspapers went wild. Strikers could get hurt, and so could policemen, but *this* could not happen. This extraordinary reaction disturbed me very much. Why was this man with his white collar a human reality to a big section of the community while the truck drivers in blue shirts were not? Had class allegiance got so deeply into the blood of democratic America?

The police set a deliberate trap one day. The truck drivers walked squarely into it, and fifty or more of them were shot down with buckshot. According to the *Journal* the police had been "literally fighting for their lives." The

results showed that one policeman had been hurt, while the nurses at the city hospital that night demonstrated to me that nearly all the injured strikers had wounds in the backs of their heads, arms, legs, and shoulders—they had been shot while trying to run out of the ambush. Suddenly I knew, I understood deep in my bones and blood what Fascism was. I had learned the lesson in such a way that I could never forget it, and I had learned it in the precise area which is psychologically the most removed from the troubles of Europe—in the heart of the Middle West. I went home, as close to becoming a practising revolutionary as one of my noncombative instincts could ever get.

My father sat on the screened porch, staring at the newspaper headline. His face was pale. "This—this—is *revolution*!" he said to me.

"Well," I flung out recklessly, "if it is, maybe we'd better make the most of it."

To my consternation, he let the paper slip from his fingers, put his leonine head in his hands, and in a husky, uncertain voice said, "I did not ever think that one of my sons would become a revolutionary." I had never seen him so deeply shaken since the day, years before, when Duff Aaker died. I had not understood that to some people like my father, the institutions of public order—no matter what kind of social system they reinforced, were endowed with a religious sanctity.

GILROY WAS HERE¹



E J Kahn, Jr

MY GRANDFATHER, who is now going on eighty nine, was just about my present age in 1888, so I was eager to get together with him after the recent meteorological do to match my experiences in the storm against his recollections of his earlier experiences. It wasn't until a week after the start of the New Year that I had a chance to drop in on Grandpa at his Manhattan apartment. He said right off the bat that he hadn't paid too much attention to the great snow of '47, having spent December 26th and 27th happily and comfortably absorbed in his fourteenth reading of "Nicholas Nickleby," but—and here he seemed to be following the line that most old timers, according to the newspapers, hastily adopted when they woke up on the 27th—it was altogether meaningless and misleading to make comparisons in terms of official estimates of totals of snow inches, and we youngsters couldn't possibly begin to imagine the cutting wind and the biting cold of '88, not to mention the drifts. Ah, those drifts! Why, he said, half closing his eyes, he could remember a ten foot mountain at the corner of Broad and Beaver—or was it Maiden Lane?—that

¹ Copyright 1948 by E J Kahn Jr. Originally published in the *New Yorker*

was so formidable that when a man with a pair of brewery horses tried to

I brashly started to relate my own adventures in Westchester County, where my wife and I and our infant son have been living in a two story cottage since July but Grandpa quickly interrupted me "How come you didn't spend the night of the twenty sixth on one of those stalled commuters' trains as every body else in Westchester did?" he asked sternly I replied that I hadn't gone to my New York office the day after Christmas, having made plans to do some skung with my wife "Didn't go to work!" said Grandpa triumphantly "When I was your age, I worked twelve hours a day six days a week, and a man who didn't even try to get to his office during the Blizzard wouldn't have dared admit it to a stranger, much less to a member of his own family" To change the subject, I asked Grandpa to tell me what he considered the biggest difference—aside, of course, from wind velocity and temperature—between the two storms "Machines," he said firmly "In my day, we didn't have Sno Gos or any mechanical plows, and we didn't have subways, or trucks, or automobiles You should have seen those brewery horses at Broad and Beaver The driver was a big, beefy chap in a fur hat that covered his whole face except for his eyes, and there were icicles hanging from his eyebrows that must have reached nearly to his nose, and those horses were snorting like dragons when they breathed, and while I was standing there, next to that twelve foot drift, the fellow with the icicles down to his chin and I suddenly heard this faint little baby cry come from somewhere, and

Grandpa was certainly right about the machines But for the gasoline engine, my experiences in the great snow of 1947 would have been so embarrassingly trivial that I could hardly have counted on them to lure my own grandchildren to my knee and hold them there, wide eyed, while, between chuckles, I reminisce As it is, because of machines, I have some hope of being able to keep the little beggars' mouths agape December 26th began quietly enough in Scarborough When my alarm clock went off at eight thirty and I reluctantly got up (my grandfather has never stayed abed later than seven fifteen in his life, he often tells me), it was snowing hard, and there were three or four inches of the stuff on the ground, according to an unofficial estimate I made from the bathroom window I was so little impressed, however, that when I drove to the railroad station at nine to pick up the morning papers, I didn't even stop at the local gas station to have my chains put on Traffic was flowing smoothly on the old Albany Post Road, which is only twenty feet from our house, and, besides, I had always figured I could put the chains on myself if I needed them, a theory that had never, incidentally, been confirmed We really do live only twenty feet from the Post Road A spry crow would hardly have to take to wing to leap from our bedroom, upstairs, to the Post Road On many nights in the past, in fair weather, when the upstate trucks came thundering down the road on their way to New York, our beds had actually quivered

Anyway, as the snow piled up that White Friday, we dropped the notion of

going sking, and I kept myself occupied by shovelling a footpath from our front door to our garage a hundred feet away. Every couple of hours, I went outside and worked on my path, and as the walls of snow flanking it increased in height, I became aware of the seriousness of the situation. On one of my trips to the garage, I tried to put my chains on. No luck. By then, it didn't matter much, because our driveway was already impassable, but I wanted to keep a path clear from the house to the garage, living in a motorized age, I had, I suppose, a blind faith in my machine, and even if the machine couldn't perform its customary services for me, I was determined not to be out of touch with it. So I shovelled diligently through the afternoon and early evening.

My wife fed the baby and put him to bed, and then she cooked dinner. The groceries we had ordered over the telephone that morning hadn't been delivered, but we had enough canned food, we figured, to last us for three or four days. We finished dinner at about nine o'clock, and my wife said she thought she'd wash her hair, and went upstairs. A few minutes later, she called to me to come up, and when I did, she pointed out the bathroom window to the Post Road, where, through the still falling snow, we could dimly make out a half dozen motionless vehicles. "Some people are walking around out there," she said, "and it seems to me that I haven't felt any traffic moving for quite a while. Maybe the road's blocked." We put on ski boots and tramped out to the highway. Traffic had stopped, all right, some of it in the middle of the road, trucks and cars were stalled all over the place. As we approached one giant truck trailer with "Ruppert's Beer" prominently inscribed on it, a fellow got out of the truck cab and shuffled toward us, blowing on his hands. We asked him what was up. Well, he said, he'd been stuck there for a couple of hours. Some other drivers and passengers had taken refuge in a nearby church, he told us, but he had decided to wait around, in the hope that a snowplow would come along and open up the road. While we were talking to him, four other men climbed out of three other trucks, stalled not far away, and walked over. We invited them all in to have a cup of coffee, assuring them that if a plow came by, they'd be able to hear it from our house. They waded back home with us. There were, in addition to the Ruppert man, a man driving a moving van to its base in New Jersey and his helper, a boy of around eighteen, the driver of a tobacconist's truck heading south from Peekskill, and an old man. During the night, which the inadequacies of the machine age were to permit us to spend together, the old man never said anything, so I have no idea who he was or where he was going, all I know about him is that he was, when my wife and I first saw him, entirely blue. He was wearing dark blue clothes, he had a heavy beard of dark blue, and the unshaven portion of his face was light blue.

When the five men got inside our house, we noticed that the Ruppert man was shivering and that his clothes were wet. He had been fussing with his chains, he said. My wife told him to go up and take a shower and, while his

pants were drying, to put on some gray flannel slacks of mine. He didn't want to at first, but she was insistent. I took him upstairs, gave him the pants, and remarked that I'd been having some trouble with my chains, too. Meanwhile, downstairs in the kitchen, my wife had started making coffee and sandwiches. By the time they were ready, the Ruppert man had bathed, changed, and joined the rest of us. After a while, the tobacco man reported that from the bathroom window he'd seen somebody else walking on the Post Road. I went out to investigate and ran into another beer driver—a Schaefer man. I told him he might as well come in and get warm. He seemed reluctant, but when I said that we already had a Ruppert man in the house, he brightened and said that in that case he'd be glad to. Then we saw, staggering toward us through the snow, a woman, two little boys, and a man carrying something wrapped in a blanket—a baby boy, it turned out. The father was a used car dealer from Schenectady. They didn't have to be urged to join us. As I was leading this squad past our garage, I saw a flickering light inside it. I went in. The moving van driver was holding a flashlight, and the Ruppert man, back in his own pants and down on his knees, was putting my chains on my car.

Back in the house, my wife, who had seen us coming, was heating a big caldron of soup. Assorted soup, I guess you could call it, since the ingredients consisted of all the cans we had on hand—one cream of asparagus, two split peas, a vegetable with beef, a black bean, two pepper pots, and a consomme. When I told her we had another beer truck man, she reflected for a moment and then insisted that he go upstairs, take a shower, and put on my gray flannel pants. He didn't particularly want to take a shower, and his pants were reasonably dry, but he didn't argue.

The tobacco man soon went to sleep on a living room sofa, with his hat on. The rest of the group began feeding the three little boys. I went outside to see how everything was going in the garage and, having got that far, decided to make one more survey of the highway. I came back with an Army officer from Virginia, his wife, and their daughter, aged five. By the time we got inside the house, my wife had inserted all the leaves in our dining room table, put chairs around it, lighted some candles, and turned on the lights on our Christmas tree, and was presiding over a lively supper party, the menu of which included the assorted soup, canned compote of fruit, and some mince pie left over from Christmas. Since there were truck drivers present, the meal began, of course, as well as ended, with coffee.

It was midnight when our group finished drying the dishes. The radio had been announcing repeatedly that driving conditions were terrible, but we all still felt that the road was bound to be opened up soon. A couple of the truck drivers telephoned their dispatchers and said they expected to be rolling again shortly. The Ruppert man put the dishes away. The Schaefer man and the mother of the three boys got into an earnest chat about progressive education. The Army officer revealed that he was in the Signal Corps, and I sug-

gested that he might be able to do something about a defective string of lights on our Christmas tree. He replied, apologetically, that he was a cryptographer. The wife of the Schenectady man told us that her name was Gloria, that her husband's name was George, and that their sons also had six letter names beginning with "G"—Gerald, Gordon, and Gilroy. My wife seized an opening to tell about how the speeding trucks on the Post Road made our beds rattle at night. The drivers listened thoughtfully, and the moving van man said, 'You know, once a cop stopped one of our boys and dragged him off his seat and into a house along a dip on the Post Road, a house even closer to the highway than yours. The cop didn't say anything to the driver, just shoved him inside the front door, and the driver looked around, and it was awful what he saw—cracked mirrors, and broken cups and plates, and goodness knows what all else—and he thought to himself, 'My God, this might be *my* home,' and he got back on his seat and drove away, and pretty soon the word got around, and not any of us have gone by that house ever since at more than twenty miles per hour."

At twelve thirty, I called the police and told the sergeant on duty that if he wanted to move any of the nearby vehicles abandoned on the Post Road and couldn't find the drivers, our house would be a likely place to make inquiry. I asked the sergeant when he thought traffic would get going. "Not before morning," he said. I asked him what I should advise the drivers to do. "Tell 'em to stay put," he said. We didn't have quite enough beds, couches, and cots in the house, so three men had to sleep on the floor. My wife got everybody billeted, and at one thirty she and I decided to go to bed ourselves. Fifteen minutes later, we heard the roar of a motor outside and rushed to a window. A snowplow was lumbering south on the Post Road, weaving in and out among the stalled vehicles. It got abreast of our house, stopped, turned around, and headed back north. I went downstairs, with the idea of reporting that the road was now partly open in one direction. Everybody was asleep except the Ruppert man, who was fixing the lights on our Christmas tree. I didn't disturb anyone.

My wife and I were awakened by our baby at six forty five. I dressed and went downstairs. The Ruppert man and the blue man weren't in sight, but our party was otherwise intact. The tobacco man was still asleep on the sofa, his hat had fallen off, or someone had taken it off. The Schaefer man had two pots of coffee percolating on the kitchen stove, and Gloria was cooking oatmeal. A moment later, the Ruppert man came in from outside. He had been shovelling snow off my footpath. The blue man never did turn up again, he had presumably walked to Ossining. I went out to the Post Road. No cars were moving, but a pedestrian said that he thought it was passable as far as Ossining. I reported this intelligence to our truck drivers, and they called their dispatchers and passed the word along, as if transmitting a frontline message to headquarters. My wife said that we were practically out of food. I made an announcement to this effect, whereupon the truckmen went outside

and, with what looked like almost no effort, dug out my driveway. Then they piled into my car and we drove, quite easily, to Ossining where we picked up a batch of supplies. On the way back, we slithered around a stalled Ruppert truck with a driver sitting in it. My Ruppert man requested me to stop, got out, chatted briefly with the other driver and then asked me if it would be all right if the fellow came along with us. Ruppert No. 1 explained that Ruppert No. 2 was supposed to be following him into New York and that it wouldn't look good if No. 2 got in ahead of him. When we reached home I found that my wife had collected two more truck drivers, sporting the colors of the A & P, who had spent the night on the road, in their cab. One of them was eating breakfast, and the other soon joined him. He had been upstairs taking a shower, and was wearing my gray flannel pants.

We had lunch at eleven thirty, and then sat around listening to weather reports on the radio until two o'clock, when the road magically opened up. My wife and I went out to the highway with our guests and waved goodbye to them as they drove off. They all promised to stop in and say hello when they next came by.

By now, everything is almost back to normal at Scarborough. The Post Road has been cleared, and traffic is moving along it at a brisk rate. One odd thing that both my wife and I have noticed, however, is that after dark the trucks don't seem to roar by as fast as they used to, our furniture hasn't trembled since the night of the storm. I'd like to tell my grandfather about this, but I can't get him out of his damned old snowdrift.

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THE PERSONAL ESSAY

THOUGH THE PERSONAL ESSAY has its roots far back in the immemorial past—as does, in fact every form of writing—it was the genius of Lamb and of Hazlitt in the 1820's which created a vogue lasting for a century. The personal essay no longer enjoys its favored position in the 'quality magazines,' for it tended toward an artificial archness and a cultivated triviality. But it is far from defunct. Without the label and the Lamb-like archaism, it may still be found very much alive in the *New Yorker*, on certain editorial pages, and in certain columns of lighter vein. And there will always be those who chat entertainingly and those who will pause from more serious affairs to listen.

There are often elements of biography in the personal essay, as in 'Farewell, My Lovely' and "From Spargo to Carver to Speaker," but neither of these essays would belong in a biography. Both White and Brown are less concerned with biographic fidelity to fact than with telling a good story. 'April—The Day of the Peepers' contains scraps of personal experience, but the experience is subordinated to the meaning of the experience, the fully developed emotions and reflections engendered by it. The essay is under no obligation to stick close to reality, one may touch up, rearrange, exaggerate the facts, the better to entertain.

But the personal essay must be personal. More than any other form, it invites you to be yourself, to reveal yourself. None of the essayists represented here is afraid to take us into his confidence. There is no taboo on the pronoun "I" or its inflected forms. Even though Lamb talks of "you" and "your" relations, we know he means "me" and "my." And even such a seemingly objective treatment as "Comfort" reveals much of the wit and intelligence of the author.

What are the difficulties of the informal essayist? He cannot attract and hold his readers by the thrill of plot or dramatic situation or by the importance of the subject discussed, and yet he must make his personality and his opinions interesting. Humor, of course, helps—when it does not hinder. Nothing is more rasping than feeble jokes, hoary anecdotes, strained efforts to raise a laugh. Far better to be serious, as Krutch is serious throughout and as Stevenson is for the most part. But if there is not the piquancy of humor, there should at least be the charm of novelty. Stale platitudes and commonplace observation will not do. Study in the essays which follow the elements of originality in the topic itself, in the introduction and presentation, and in the observation of men and things.

One more essential—style. Few immature writers can achieve the rich sophistication of Stevenson, and should not attempt it. But read him aloud and watch the effect of his rhythms. Try changing the wording in Beerbohm's "How Shall I Word It?" and relish the perfect choice of phrase. The style of the personal essay may vary with mood and purpose and preference, but it is never ponderous and never flat.

POOR RELATIONS¹



Charles Lamb

A POOR RELATION—is the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondency,—an odious approximation,—a haunting conscience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of our prosperity,—an unwelcome remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—a drain on your purse,—a more intolerable dun upon your pride,—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—a blot on your 'scutcheon,—a rent in your garment,—a death's head at your banquet,—Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet

He is known by his knock Your heart telleth you 'That is Mr ——' A rap, between familiarity and respect, that demands, and, at the same time, seems to despair of, entertainment He entereth smiling and—embarrassed He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again He casually looketh in about dinner time—when the table is full He offereth to go away, seeing you have company, but is induced to stay He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side table He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr —— will drop in to day" He remembereth birthdays—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him The guests think "they have seen him before" Everyone speculateth upon his condition, and the most part take him to be—a tide waiter He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence With half the familiarity he might pass for a casual dependent, with more boldness he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your guests take him for one He is asked to make one at the whist table, refuseth

¹ First published in *The Last Essays of Elia* (1833)

on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out When the company break up he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go He recollects your grandfather, and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote of—the family He knew it when it was not quite so flounshing as “he is blest in seeing it now” He reviveth past situations to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture and insults you with a special commendation of your window curtains He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea kettle—which you must remember He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet, and did not know, till lately, that such and such had been the crest of the family His memory is unseasonable, his compliments perverse, his talk a trouble, his stay pertinacious and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is—a female Poor Relation You may do something with the other, you may pass him off tolerably well, but your indigent she relative is hopeless “He is an old humourist,” you may say, “and affects to go threadbare His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be You are fond of having a Character at your table, and truly he is one” But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise No woman dresses below herself from caprice The truth must out without shuffling, “She is plainly related to the L——s, or what does she at their house?” She is, in all probability, your wife’s cousin Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflammandus erat*—but there is no raising her You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the gentlemen Mr —— requests the honour of taking wine with her, she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former—because he does She calls the servant *Sir*, and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate The housekeeper patronises her The children’s governess takes upon her to correct her, when she has mistaken the piano for harpsichord

Richard Amllet, Esq, in the play, is a noticeable instance of the disadvantages, to which this chimerical notion of *affinity constituting a claim to an acquaintance*, may subject the spirit of a gentleman A little foolish blood is all that is betwixt him and a lady with a great estate His stars are perpetually crossed by the malignant maternity of an old woman, who persists in calling him “her son Dick” But she has wherewithal in the end to recompense his indignities, and float him again upon the brilliant surface, under which it had been her seeming business and pleasure all along to sink him All men, besides are not of Dick’s temperament I knew an Amllet in real life, who

wanting Dick's buoyancy, sank indeed Poor W—— was of my own standing at Christ's, a fine classic, and a youth of promise. If he had a blemish, it was too much pride, but its quality was inoffensive, it was not of that sort which hardens the heart, and serves to keep inferiors at a distance, it only sought to ward off derogation from itself. It was the principle of self respect carried as far as it could go, without infringing upon that respect, which he would have everyone else equally maintain for himself. He would have you to think alike with him on this topic. Many a quarrel have I had with him, when we were rather older boys, and our tallness made us more obnoxious to observation in the blue clothes, because I would not thread the alleys and blind ways of the town with him to elude notice, when we have been out together on a holiday in the streets of this sneering and prying metropolis. W—— went, sore with these notions, to Oxford, where the dignity and sweetness of a scholar's life, meeting with the alloy of a humble introduction, wrought in him a passionate devotion to the place, with a profound aversion to the society. The servitor's gown (worse than his school array) clung to him with Nessian venom. He thought himself ridiculous in a garb, under which Latimer must have walked erect, and in which Hooker, in his young days, possibly flaunted in a vein of no discommendable vanity. In the depths of college shades, or in his lonely chamber, the poor student shrunk from observation. He found shelter among books, which insult not, and studies, that ask no questions of a youth's finances. He was lord of his library, and seldom cared for looking out beyond his domains. The healing influence of studious pursuits was upon him, to soothe and to abstract. He was almost a healthy man when the waywardness of his fate broke out against him with a second and worse malignity. The father of W—— had hitherto exercised the humble profession of house painter at N——, near Oxford. A supposed interest with some of the heads of colleges had now induced him to take up his abode in that city, with the hope of being employed upon some public works which were talked of. From that moment I read in the countenance of the young man, the determination which at length tore him from academical pursuits for ever. To a person unacquainted with our Universities, the distance between the gownsmen and the townsmen, as they are called—the trading part of the latter especially—is carried to an excess that would appear harsh and incredible. The temperament of W——'s father was diametrically the reverse of his own. Old W—— was a little, busy, cringing tradesman, who, with his son upon his arm, would stand bowing and scraping, cap in hand, to anything that wore the semblance of a gown—insensible to the winks and opener remonstrances of the young man, to whose chamber fellow, or equal in standing, perhaps, he was thus obsequiously and gratuitously ducking. Such a state of things could not last. W—— must change the air of Oxford or be suffocated. He chose the former, and let the sturdy moralist, who strains the point of the filial duties as high as they can bear, censure the dereliction, he cannot estimate the struggle. I stood with W—— the last afternoon I ever

saw him, under the eaves of his paternal dwelling. It was in the fine lane leading from the High Street to the back of —— college, where W—— kept his rooms. He seemed thoughtful, and more reconciled. I ventured to rally him—finding him in a better mood—upon a representation of the Artist Evangelist, which the old man, whose affairs were beginning to flourish, had caused to be set up in a splendid sort of frame over his really handsome shop, either as a token of prosperity, or badge of gratitude to his saint. W—— looked up at the Luke, and, like Satan, “knew his mounted sign—and fled.” A letter on his father’s table the next morning, announced that he had accepted a commission in a regiment about to embark for Portugal. He was among the first who perished before the walls of St. Sebastian.

I do not know how, upon a subject which I began with treating half seriously, I should have fallen upon a recital so eminently painful, but this theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic associations, that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter, are certainly not attended with anything painful, or very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father’s table (no very splendid one) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity, his words few or none, and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so—for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I used to think him a prodigiously rich man. All I could make out of him was, that he and my father had been schoolfellows a world ago at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was coined—and I thought he was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning, a captive—a stately being, let out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of an habitual general respect which we all in common manifested towards him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument, touching their youthful days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of my readers know) between the dwellers on the hill, and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school) and the boys whose paternal residence was on the plain, a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses. My father had been a leading Mountaineer, and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the *Above Boys* (his own faction) over the *Below Boys* (so were they called), of which party his

contemporary had been a chieftain. Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topic—the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out—and bad blood bred, even sometimes almost to the recommencement (so I expected) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by commendation of the old Minster, in the general preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill, and the plain born, could meet on a conciliating level, and lay down their less important differences. Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remembered with anguish the thought that came over me. “Perhaps he will never come here again.” He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand, which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused with a resistance amounting to rigour—when my aunt, an old Lincolnian, but who had something of this in common with my cousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press civility out of season—uttered the following memorable application—“Do take another slice, Mr. Billet, for you do not get pudding every day.” The old gentleman said nothing at the time—but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it—“Woman, you are superannuated.” John Billet did not survive long, after the digesting of this affront, but he survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored! and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offence. He died at the Mint (anno 1781) where he had long held, what he accounted, a comfortable independence, and with five pounds, fourteen shillings, and a penny, which were found in his escritoire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was—a Poor Relation.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH¹

Robert Louis Stevenson

You know my mother now and then argues very notably, always very warmly at least I happen often to differ from her and we both think so well of our own arguments that we very seldom are so happy as to convince one another A pretty common case, I believe in all *vehement* debates She says I am *too witty* Anglice *too pert*, I, that she is *too wise* that is to say, being likewise put into English, *not so young as she has been* ' —MISS HOWE TO MISS HARLOWE *Clarissa*, vol 11 Letter xiii

THERE IS A STRONG FEELING in favour of cowardly and prudential proverbs The sentiments of a man while he is full of ardour and hope are to be received, it is supposed, with some qualification But when the same person has ignominiously failed and begins to eat up his words, he should be listened to like an oracle Most of our pocket wisdom is conceived for the use of mediocre people, to discourage them from ambitious attempts, and generally console them in their mediocrity And since mediocre people constitute the bulk of humanity, this is no doubt very properly so But it does not follow that the one sort of proposition is any less true than the other, or that Icarus is not to be more praised, and perhaps more envied, than Mr Samuel Budgett the Successful Merchant The one is dead, to be sure, while the other is still in his counting house counting out his money, and doubtless this is a consideration But we have, on the other hand, some bold and magnanimous sayings common to high races and natures, which set forth the advantage of the losing side, and proclaim it better to be a dead lion than a living dog It is difficult to fancy how the mediocrities reconcile such sayings with their proverbs According to the latter, every lad who goes to sea is an egregious ass, never to forget your umbrella through a long life would seem a higher and wiser flight of achievement than to go smiling to the stake, and so long as you are a bit of a coward and inflexible in money matters, you fulfil the whole duty of man

It is a still more difficult consideration for our average men, that while all their teachers, from Solomon down to Benjamin Franklin and the ungodly Binney, have inculcated the same ideal of manners, caution, and respectability, those characters in history who have most notoriously flown in the face of such precepts are spoken of in hyperbolical terms of praise, and honoured with public monuments in the streets of our commercial centres This is very bewildering to the moral sense You have Joan of Arc, who left a humble but honest and reputable livelihood under the eyes of her parents, to go a colonelling, in the company of rowdy soldiers, against the enemies of

¹ From *Virginibus Puerisque* (1878)

France, surely a melancholy example for one's daughters! And then you have Columbus, who may have pioneered America, but, when all is said, was a most imprudent navigator. His Life is not the kind of thing one would like to put into the hands of young people, rather, one would do one's utmost to keep it from their knowledge, as a red flag of adventure and disintegrating influence in life. The time would fail me if I were to recite all the big names in history whose exploits are perfectly irrational and even shocking to the business mind. The incongruity is speaking, and I imagine it must engender among the mediocrities a very peculiar attitude towards the nobler and showier sides of national life. They will read of the Charge of Balaclava in much the same spirit as they assist at a performance of the *Lyons Mail*. Persons of substance take in the *Times* and sit composedly in pit or boxes according to the degree of their prosperity in business. As for the generals who go galloping up and down among bomb shells in absurd cocked hats—as for the actors who rattle their faces and demean themselves for hire upon the stage—they must belong, thank God! to a different order of beings, whom we watch as we watch the clouds careering in the windy, bottomless mane, or read about like characters in ancient and rather fabulous annals. Our offspring would no more think of copying their behavior, let us hope, than of doffing their clothes and painting themselves blue in consequence of certain admissions in the first chapter of their school history of England.

Discredited as they are in practice, the cowardly proverbs hold their own in theory, and it is another instance of the same spirit, that the opinions of old men about life have been accepted as final. All sorts of allowances are made for the illusions of youth, and none, or almost none, for the disenchantments of age. It is held to be a good taunt, and somehow or other to clinch the question logically, when an old gentleman waggles his head and says "Ah, so I thought when I was your age." It is not thought an answer at all, if the young man retorts "My venerable sir, so I shall most probably think when I am yours." And yet the one is as good as the other: pass for pass, tit for tat, a Roland for an Oliver.

"Opinion in good men," says Milton, "is but knowledge in the making." All opinions, properly so called, are stages on the road to truth. It does not follow that a man will travel any farther, but if he has really considered the world and drawn a conclusion, he has travelled as far. This does not apply to formulæ got by rote, which are stages on the road to nowhere but second childhood and the grave. To have a catchword in your mouth is not the same thing as to hold an opinion, still less is it the same thing to have made one for yourself. There are too many of these catchwords in the world for people to rap out upon you like an oath and by way of an argument. They have a currency as intellectual counters, and many respectable persons pay their way with nothing else. They seem to stand for vague bodies of theory in the background. The imputed virtue of folios full of knockdown arguments is supposed to reside in them, just as some of the majesty of the British

Empire dwells in the constable's truncheon They are used in pure superstition, as old clodhoppers spoil Latin by way of an exorcism And yet they are vastly serviceable for checking unprofitable discussion and stopping the mouths of babes and sucklings And when a young man comes to a certain stage of intellectual growth, the examination of these counters forms a gymnastic at once amusing and fortifying to the mind

Because I have reached Paris, I am not ashamed of having passed through Newhaven and Dieppe They were very good places to pass through, and I am none the less at my destination All my old opinions were only stages on the way to the one I now hold, as itself is only a stage on the way to something else I am no more abashed at having been a red hot Socialist with a panacea of my own than at having been a suckling infant Doubtless the world is quite right in a million ways, but you have to be kicked about a little to convince you of the fact And in the meanwhile you must do something, be something, believe something It is not possible to keep the mind in a state of accurate balance and blank, and even if you could do so, instead of coming ultimately to the right conclusion, you would be very apt to remain in a state of balance and blank to perpetuity Even in quite intermediate stages, a dash of enthusiasm is not a thing to be ashamed of in the retrospect, if St Paul had not been a very zealous Pharisee, he would have been a colder Christian For my part, I look back to the time when I was a Socialist with something like regret I have convinced myself (for the moment) that we had better leave these great changes to what we call great blind forces their blindness being so much more perspicacious than the little, peering, partial eyesight of men I seem to see that my own scheme would not answer, and all the other schemes I ever heard propounded would depress some elements of goodness just as much as they encouraged others Now I know that in thus turning Conservative with years, I am going through the normal cycle of change and travelling in the common orbit of men's opinions I submit to this, as I would submit to gout or grey hair, as a concomitant of growing age or else of failing animal heat, but I do not acknowledge that it is necessarily a change for the better—I daresay it is deplorably for the worse I have no choice in the business, and can no more resist this tendency of my mind than I could prevent my body from beginning to totter and decay If I am spared (as the phrase runs) I shall doubtless outlive some troublesome desires, but I am in no hurry about that! nor, when the time comes, shall I plume myself on the immunity Just in the same way, I do not greatly pride myself on having outlived my belief in the fairy tales of Socialism Old people have faults of their own, they tend to become cowardly, niggardly, and suspicious Whether from the growth of experience or the decline of animal heat, I see that age leads to these and certain other faults, and it follows, of course, that while in one sense I hope I am journeying towards the truth, in another I am indubitably posting towards these forms and sources of error

As we go catching and catching at this or that corner of knowledge, now getting a foresight of generous possibilities, now chilled with a glimpse of prudence, we may compare the headlong course of our years to a swift torrent in which a man is carried away, now he is dashed against a boulder, now he grapples for a moment to a trailing spray, at the end, he is hurled out and overwhelmed in a dark and bottomless ocean. We have no more than glimpses and touches, we are torn away from our theories, we are spun round and round and shown this or the other view of life, until only fools or knaves can hold to their opinions. We take a sight at a condition in life, and say we have studied it, our most elaborate view is no more than an impression. If we had breathing space, we should take the occasion to modify and adjust, but at this breakneck hurry, we are no sooner boys than we are adult, no sooner in love than married or jilted, no sooner one age than we begin to be another, and no sooner in the fulness of our manhood than we begin to decline towards the grave. It is in vain to seek for consistency or expect clear and stable views in a medium so perturbed and fleeting. This is no cabinet science, in which things are tested to a scruple, we theorise with a pistol to our head, we are confronted with a new set of conditions on which we have not only to pass a judgment, but to take action, before the hour is at an end. And we cannot even regard ourselves as a constant, in this flux of things, our identity itself seems in a perpetual variation, and not infrequently we find our own disguise the strangest in the masquerade. In the course of time, we grow to love things we hated and hate things we loved. Milton is not so dull as he once was, nor perhaps Ainsworth so amusing. It is decidedly harder to climb trees, and not nearly so hard to sit still. There is no use pretending, even the thrice royal game of hide and seek has somehow lost in zest. All our attributes are modified or changed, and it will be a poor account of us if our views do not modify and change in proportion. To hold the same views at forty as we held at twenty is to have been stupefied for a score of years, and take rank, not as a prophet, but as an unteachable brat, well birched and none the wiser. It is as if a ship captain should sail to India from the Port of London, and having brought a chart of the Thames on deck at his first setting out should obstinately use no other for the whole voyage.

And mark you, it would be no less foolish to begin at Gravesend with a chart of the Red Sea. *Si Jeunesse savait, si Vieillesse pouvait*,² is a very pretty sentiment, but not necessarily right. In five cases out of ten, it is not so much that the young people do not know, as that they do not choose. There is something irreverent in the speculation, but perhaps the want of power has more to do with the wise resolutions of age than we are always willing to admit. It would be an instructive experiment to make an old man young again and leave him all his *savoir*. I scarcely think he would put his money in the Savings Bank after all, I doubt if he would be such an admirable

² If Youth but knew if Old Age but could

son as we are led to expect, and as for his conduct in love, I believe firmly he would out Herod Herod, and put the whole of his new compeers to the blush. Prudence is a wooden Juggernaut, before whom Benjamin Franklin walks with the portly air of a high priest, and after whom dances many a successful merchant in the character of Atys. But it is not a deity to cultivate in youth. If a man lives to any considerable age, it cannot be denied that he laments his imprudences, but I notice he often laments his youth a deal more bitterly and with a more genuine intonation.

It is customary to say that age should be considered, because it comes last. It seems just as much to the point, that youth comes first. And the scale fairly kicks the beam, if you go on to add that age, in a majority of cases, never comes at all. Disease and accident make short work of even the most prosperous persons, death costs nothing, and the expense of a headstone is an inconsiderable trifle to the happy heir. To be suddenly snuffed out in the middle of ambitious schemes is tragical enough at best, but when a man has been grudging himself his own life in the meanwhile, and saving up every thing for the festival that was never to be, it becomes that hysterically moving sort of tragedy which lies on the confines of farce. The victim is dead—and he has cunningly overreached himself, a combination of calamities none the less absurd for being grim. To husband a favourite claret until the batch turns sour, is not at all an artful stroke of policy, and how much more with a whole cellar—a whole bodily existence! People may lay down their lives with cheerfulness in the sure expectation of a blessed immortality, but that is a different affair from giving up youth with all its admirable pleasures, in the hope of a better quality of gruel in a more than problematical, nay, more than improbable, old age. We should not compliment a hungry man, who should refuse a whole dinner and reserve all his appetite for the dessert, before he knew whether there was to be any dessert or not. If there be such a thing as imprudence in the world, we surely have it here. We sail in leaky bottoms and on great and perilous waters, and to take a cue from the dolorous old naval ballad, we have heard the mermaidens singing, and know that we shall never see dry land any more. Old and young, we are all on our last cruise. If there is a fill of tobacco among the crew, for God's sake pass it round, and let us have a pipe before we go!

Indeed, by the report of our elders, this nervous preparation for old age is only trouble thrown away. We fall on guard, and after all it is a friend who comes to meet us. After the sun is down and the west faded, the heavens begin to fill with shining stars. So, as we grow old, a sort of equable jog trot of feeling is substituted for the violent ups and downs of passion and disgust, the same influence that restrains our hopes, quiets our apprehensions, if the pleasures are less intense, the troubles are milder and more tolerable, and in a word, this period for which we are asked to hoard up everything as for a time of famine is, in its own right, the richest, easiest, and happiest of life. Nay, by managing its own work and following its own happy inspiration,

youth is doing the best it can to endow the leisure of age. A full busy youth is your only prelude to a self-contained and independent age, and the muff inevitably develops into the bore. There are not many Doctor Johnsons, to set forth upon their first romantic voyage at sixty-four. If we wish to scale Mont Blanc or visit a thieves' kitchen in the East End, to go down in a diving dress or up in a balloon, we must be about it while we are still young. It will not do to delay until we are clogged with prudence and limping with rheumatism, and people begin to ask us "What does Gravity out of bed?" Youth is the time to go flashing from one end of the world to the other both in mind and body, to try the manners of different nations, to hear the chimes at midnight, to see sunrise in town and country, to be converted at a revival, to circumnavigate the metaphysics, write halting verses, run a mile to see a fire, and wait all day long in the theatre to applaud *Hernani*. There is some meaning in the old theory about wild oats, and a man who has not had his green sickness and got done with it for good, is as little to be depended on as an unvaccinated infant. "It is extraordinary," said Lord Beaconsfield, one of the brightest and best preserved of youths up to the date of his last novel,³ 'it is extraordinary how hourly and how violently change the feelings of an inexperienced young man.' And this mobility is a special talent entrusted to his care, a sort of indestructible virginity, a magic armour, with which he can pass unhurt through great dangers and come unbedaubed out of the miriest passages. Let him voyage, speculate, see all that he can, do all that he may: his soul has as many lives as a cat, he will live in all weathers, and never be a halfpenny the worse. Those who go to the devil in youth, with anything like a fair chance, were probably little worth saving from the first, they must have been feeble fellows—creatures made of putty and packthread, without steel or fire, anger or true joyfulness, in their composition, we may sympathise with their parents, but there is not much cause to go into mourning for themselves, for, to be quite honest, the weak brother is the worst of mankind.

When the old man waggles his head and says, "Ah, so I thought when I was your age," he has proved the youth's case. Doubtless, whether from growth of experience or decline of animal heat, he thinks so no longer, but he thought so while he was young, and all men have thought so while they were young, since there was dew in the morning or hawthorn in May, and here is another young man adding his vote to those of previous generations and riveting another link to the chain of testimony. It is as natural and as right for a young man to be imprudent and exaggerated, to live in swoops and circles, and beat about his cage like any other wild thing newly captured as it is for old men to turn grey, or mothers to love their offspring, or heroes to die for something worthier than their lives.

By way of an apologue for the aged, when they feel more than usually tempted to offer their advice, let me recommend the following little tale

³ *Lothar*

A child who had been remarkably fond of toys (and in particular of lead soldiers) found himself growing to the level of acknowledged boyhood with out any abatement of this childish taste. He was thirteen, already he had been taunted for dallying overlong about the playbox, he had to blush if he was found among his lead soldiers, the shades of the prison house were closing about him with a vengeance. There is nothing more difficult than to put the thoughts of children into the language of their elders, but this is the effect of his meditations at this juncture. Plainly," he said, "I must give up my playthings in the meanwhile, since I am not in a position to secure myself against idle jeers. At the same time, I am sure that playthings are the very pick of life, all people give them up out of the same pusillanimous respect for those who are a little older, and if they do not return to them as soon as they can, it is only because they grow stupid and forget. I shall be wiser, I shall conform for a little to the ways of their foolish world, but so soon as I have made enough money, I shall retire and shut myself up among my playthings until the day I die." Nay, as he was passing in the train along the Esterel mountains between Cannes and Frejus, he remarked a pretty house in an orange garden at the angle of a bay, and decided that this should be his Happy Valley. Astrea Redux, childhood was to come again! The idea has an air of simple nobility to me, not unworthy of Cincinnatus. And yet, as the reader has probably anticipated, it is never likely to be carried into effect. There was a worm in the bud, a fatal error in the premises. Childhood must pass away, and then youth, as surely as age approaches. The true wisdom is to be always seasonable, and to change with a good grace in changing circumstances. To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honourable youth, and to settle, when the time arrives, into a green and smiling age, is to be a good artist in life and deserve well of yourself and your neighbour.

You need repent none of your youthful vagaries. They may have been over the score on one side, just as those of age are probably over the score on the other. But they had a point, they not only befitted your age and expressed its attitude and passions, but they had a relation to what was outside of you and implied criticisms on the existing state of things, which you need not allow to have been undeserved, because you now see that they were partial. All error, not merely verbal, is a strong way of stating that the current truth is incomplete. The follies of youth have a basis in sound reason, just as much as the embarrassing questions put by babes and sucklings. Their most anti-social acts indicate the defects of our society. When the torrent sweeps the man against a boulder, you must expect him to scream, and you need not be surprised if the scream is sometimes a theory. Shelley, chafing at the Church of England, discovered the cure of all evils in universal atheism. Generous lads, irritated at the injustices of society, see nothing for it but the abolishment of everything and Kingdom Come of anarchy. Shelley was a young fool, so are these cock sparrow revolutionaries. But it is better to be

a fool than to be dead. It is better to emit a scream in the shape of a theory than to be entirely insensible to the jars and incongruities of life and take everything as it comes in a forlorn stupidity. Some people swallow the universe like a pill, they travel on through the world, like smiling images pushed from behind. For God's sake give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself! As for the others, the irony of facts shall take it out of their hands, and make fools of them in downright earnest, ere the farce be over. There shall be such a mopping and a mowing at the last day, and such blushing and confusion of countenance for all those who have been wise in their own esteem, and have not learnt the rough lessons that youth hands on to age. If we are indeed to perfect and complete our own natures, and grow larger, stronger, and more sympathetic against some nobler career in the future, we had all best bestir ourselves to the utmost while we have the time. To equip a dull, respectable person with wings would be but to make a parody of an angel.

In short, if youth is not quite right in its opinions, there is a strong probability that age is not much more so. Undying hope is co-ruler of the human bosom with infallible credulity. A man finds he has been wrong at every preceding stage of his career, only to deduce the astonishing conclusion that he is at last entirely right. Mankind, after centuries of failure, are still upon the eve of a thoroughly constitutional millennium. Since we have explored the maze so long without result, it follows, for poor human reason, that we cannot have to explore much longer, close by must be the centre, with a champagne luncheon and a piece of ornamental water. How if there were no centre at all, but just one alley after another, and the whole world a labyrinth without end or issue?

I overheard the other day a scrap of conversation, which I take the liberty to reproduce. "What I advance is true," said one. "But not the whole truth," answered the other. "Sir," returned the first (and it seemed to me there was a smack of Dr. Johnson in the speech), "Sir, there is no such thing as the whole truth!" Indeed, there is nothing so evident in life as that there are two sides to a question. History is one long illustration. The forces of nature are engaged day by day, cudgelling it into our backward intelligences. We never pause for a moment's consideration, but we admit it as an axiom. An enthusiast sways humanity exactly by disregarding this great truth, and dinning it into our ears that this or that question has only one possible solution, and your enthusiast is a fine florid fellow, dominates things for a while and shakes the world out of a doze, but when once he is gone, an army of quiet and uninfluential people set to work to remind us of the other side and demolish the generous imposture. While Calvin is putting everybody exactly right in his *Institutes*, and hot-headed Knox is thundering in the pulpit, Montaigne is already looking at the other side in his library in Perigord, and predicting that they will find as much to quarrel about in the Bible as they had found already in the Church. Age may have one side,

but assuredly Youth has the other There is nothing more certain than that both are right, except perhaps that both are wrong Let them agree to differ, for who knows but what agreeing to differ may not be a form of agreement rather than a form of difference?

I suppose it is written that anyone who sets up for a bit of a philosopher must contradict himself to his very face For he have I fairly talked myself into thinking that we have the whole thing before us at last, that there is no answer to the mystery, except that there are as many as you please, that there is no centre to the maze because, like the famous sphere, its centre is everywhere, and that agreeing to differ with every ceremony of politeness, is the only "one undisturbed song of pure concent" to which we are ever likely to lend our musical voices

HOW SHALL I WORD IT?¹



Max Beerbohm

IT WOULD SEEM that I am one of those travellers for whom the railway book stall does not cater Whenever I start on a journey, I find that my choice lies between well printed books which I have no wish to read, and well written books which I could not read without permanent injury to my eye sight The keeper of the bookstall, seeing me gaze vaguely along his shelves, suggests that I should take 'Fen Country Fanny' or else 'The Track of Blood' and have done with it Not wishing to hurt his feelings, I refuse these works on the plea that I have read them Whereon he, divining despite me that I am a superior person, says, 'Here is a nice little handy edition of More's "Utopia"' or 'Carlyle's "French Revolution"' and again I make some excuse What pleasure could I get from trying to cope with a masterpiece printed in diminutive grey ish type on a semi transparent little grey ish page? I relieve the bookstall of nothing but a newspaper or two

The other day, however, my eye and fancy were caught by a book entitled 'How Shall I Word It?' and sub entitled 'A Complete Letter Writer for Men and Women' I had never read one of these manuals, but had often heard that there was a great and constant 'demand' for them So I demanded this one It is no great fun in itself The writer is no fool He has evidently a natural talent for writing letters His style is, for the most part, discreet and easy If you were a young man writing 'to Father of Girl he wishes to Marry' or 'thanking Fiancee for Present' or 'reproaching Fiancee for being a Flirt,' or if you were a mother 'asking Governess her Qualifications' or 'replying to

¹ From the book *And Even Now* by Max Beerbohm Copyright 1921 by E P Dutton & Co Inc Renewal 1948 by Max Beerbohm Reprinted by permission of the publisher

Undesirable Invitation for her Child,' or indeed if you were in any other one of the crises which this book is designed to alleviate, you might copy out and post the specially provided letter without making yourself ridiculous in the eyes of its receiver—unless, of course, he or she also possessed a copy of the book. But—well, can you conceive any one copying out and posting one of these letters, or even taking it as the basis for composition? You cannot. That shows how little you know of your fellow creatures. Not you nor I can plumb the abyss at the bottom of which such humility is possible. Nevertheless, as we know by that great and constant 'demand,' there the abyss is, and there multitudes are at the bottom of it. Let's peer down. No, all is darkness. But faintly, if we listen hard, is borne up to us a sound of the scratching of innumerable pens—pens whose wielders are all trying, as the author of this handbook urges them, to 'be original, fresh, and interesting' by dint of more or less strict adherence to sample.

Giddily you draw back from the edge of the abyss. Come!—here is a thought to steady you. The mysterious great masses of helpless folk for whom 'How Shall I Word It' is written are sound at heart, delicate in feeling, anxious to please, most loth to wound. For it must be presumed that the author's style of letter writing is informed as much by a desire to give his public what it needs, and will pay for, as by his own beautiful nature, and in the course of all the letters that he dictates you will find not one harsh word, not one ignoble thought or unkind insinuation. In all of them, though so many are for the use of persons placed in the most trying circumstances, and some of them are for persons writhing under a sense of intolerable injury, sweetness and light do ever reign. Even 'yours truly, Jacob Langton,' in his 'letter to his Daughter's Mercenary Fiance,' mitigates the sternness of his tone by the remark that his 'task is inexpressibly painful.' And he, Mr. Langton, is the one writer who lets the post go out on his wrath. When Horace Masterton, of Thorpe Road, Putney, receives from Miss Jessica Weir, of Fir Villa, Blackheath, a letter 'declaring her Change of Feelings,' does he upbraid her? No, "it was honest and brave of you to write to me so straightforwardly and at the back of my mind I know you have done what is best."

I give you back your freedom only at your desire. God bless you, dear! Not less admirable is the behaviour, in similar case, of Cecil Grant (14, Glover Street, Streatham). Suddenly, as a bolt from the blue, comes a letter from Miss Louie Hawke (Elm View, Deerpark), breaking off her betrothal to him. Haggard, he sits down to his desk, his pen traverses the note paper—calling down curses on Louie and on all her sex? No, 'one cannot say good bye for ever without deep regret to days that have been so full of happiness. I must thank you sincerely for all your great kindness to me.'

With every sincere wish for your future happiness,' he bestows complete freedom on Miss Hawke. And do not imagine that in the matter of self control and sympathy, of power to understand all and pardon all, the men are lagged behind by the women. Miss Leila Johnson (The Manse,

Carlyle) has observed in Leonard Wace (Dover Street, Saltburn) a certain coldness of demeanour, yet 'I do not blame you, it is probably your nature', and Leila in her sweet forbearance is typical of all the other pained women in these pages she is but one of a crowd of heroines

Face to face with all this perfection, the not perfect reader begins to crave some little outburst of wrath, of hatred or malice, from one of these imaginary ladies and gentlemen He longs for—how shall he word it?—a glimpse of some bad motive, of some little lapse from dignity Often, passing by a pillar box, I have wished I could unlock it and carry away its contents, to be studied at my leisure I have always thought such a haul would abound in things fascinating to a student of human nature One night, not long ago, I took a waxen impression of the lock of the pillar box nearest to my house, and had a key made This implement I have as yet lacked either the courage or the opportunity to use And now I think I shall throw it away No, I shan't I refuse, after all, to draw my inference that the bulk of the British public writes always in the manner of this handbook Even if they all have beautiful natures they must sometimes be sent slightly astray by inferior impulses, just as are you and I

And, if err they must, surely it were well they should know how to do it correctly and forcibly I suggest to our author that he should sprinkle his next edition with a few less righteous examples, thereby both purging his book of its monotony and somewhat justifying its sub title Like most people who are in the habit of writing things to be printed, I have not the knack of writing really good letters But let me crudely indicate the sort of thing that our manual needs

LETTER FROM POOR MAN TO OBTAIN MONEY FROM RICH ONE

(The English law is particularly hard on what is called blackmail It is therefore essential that the applicant should write nothing that might afterwards be twisted to incriminate him —Ed)

Dear Sir,

To day, as I was turning out a drawer in my attic, I came across a letter which by a curious chance fell into my hands some years ago, and which, in the stress of grave pecuniary embarrassment, had escaped my memory It is a letter written by yourself to a lady, and the date shows it to have been written shortly after your marriage It is of a confidential nature, and might, I fear, if it fell into the wrong hands, be cruelly misconstrued I would wish you to have the satisfaction of destroying it in person At first I thought of sending it on to you by post But I know how happy you are in your domestic life, and probably your wife and you, in your perfect mutual trust, are in the habit of opening each other's letters Therefore, to avoid risk, I would prefer to hand the document to you personally I will not ask you to come to my attic, where I could not offer you such hospitality as is due to a man

of your wealth and position You will be so good as to meet me at 3 o A M (sharp) to morrow (Thursday) beside the tenth lamp post to the left on the Surrey side of Waterloo Bridge, at which hour and place we shall not be disturbed

I am, dear Sir,

Yours respectfully

JAMES GRIDGE

LETTER FROM YOUNG MAN REFUSING TO PAY HIS TAILOR'S BILL

Mr Eustace Davenant has received the half servile, half insolent screed which Mr Yardley has addressed to him Let Mr Yardley cease from crawling on his knees and shaking his fist Neither this posture nor this gesture can wring one bent farthing from the pockets of Mr Davenant, who was a minor at the time when that series of ill made suits was supplied to him and will hereafter, as in the past, shout (without prejudice) from the housetops that of all the tailors in London Mr Yardley is at once the most grasping and the least competent

LETTER TO THANK AUTHOR FOR INSCRIBED COPY OF BOOK

Dear Mr Emanuel Flower,

It was kind of you to think of sending me a copy of your new book It would have been kinder still to think again and abandon that project I am a man of gentle instincts, and do not like to tell you that 'A Flight into Arcady' (of which I have skimmed a few pages, thus wasting two or three minutes of my not altogether worthless time) is trash On the other hand, I am determined that you shall not be able to go around boasting to your friends, if you have any, that this work was not condemned, dented, and dismissed by your sincere well wisher, WREXFORD CRIPPS

LETTER TO MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT UNSEATED AT GENERAL ELECTION

Dear Mr Pobsby Burford,

Though I am myself an ardent Tory, I cannot but rejoice in the crushing defeat you have just suffered in West Odgetown There are moments when political conviction is overborne by personal sentiment, and this is one of them Your loss of the seat that you held is the more striking by reason of the splendid manner in which the northern and eastern divisions of Odgetown have been wrested from the Liberal Party The great bulk of the newspaper reading public will be puzzled by your extinction in the midst of our party's triumph But then, the great mass of the newspaper reading public has not met you I have You will probably not remember me You are the sort of man who would not remember anybody who might not be of some definite use to him Such, at least, was one of the impressions you made on me when I met you last summer at a dinner given by our friends the Pelhams Among the other things in you that struck me were the blatant

pomposity of your manner, your appalling flow of cheap platitudes, and your hoggish lack of ideas. It is such men as you that lower the tone of public life. And I am sure that in writing to you thus I am but expressing what is felt, without distinction of party, by all who sat with you in the late Parliament.

The one person in whose behalf I regret your withdrawal into private life is your wife, whom I had the pleasure of taking in to the aforesaid dinner. It was evident to me that she was a woman whose spirit was well nigh broken by her conjunction with you. Such remnants of cheerfulness as were in her I attributed to the Parliamentary duties which kept you out of her sight for so very many hours daily. I do not like to think of the fate to which the free and independent electors of West Odgetown have just condemned her. Only, remember this: chattel of yours though she is, and timid and humble, she despises you in her heart.

I am, dear Mr. Pobsby Burford,

Yours very truly,

HAROLD THISTLAKE

LETTER FROM YOUNG LADY IN ANSWER TO INVITATION
FROM OLD SCHOOLMISTRESS

My dear Miss Price,

How awfully sweet of you to ask me to stay with you for a few days but how *can* you think I may have forgotten you for of course I think of you so very often and of the three years I spent at your school because it is such a joy not to be there any longer and if one is at all down it bucks one up directly to remember that *thats* all over atanyrate and that one has enough food to nurrish one and not that awful monottany of life and not the petty fogging daily ttrany you went in for and I can imagin no greater thrill and luxury in a way than to come and see the whole dismal grind still going on but without me being in it but this would be rather beastly of me wouldnt it so please dear Miss Price dont expect me and do excuse mistakes of English Composition and Spelling and etcetra in your affectionate old pupil,

EMILY THERESE LYNN ROYSTON

ps, I often rite to people telling them where I was eddicated and highly reckomending you

LETTER IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF WEDDING PRESENT

Dear Lady Amblesham,

Who gives quickly, says the old proverb, gives twice. For this reason I have purposely delayed writing to you, lest I should appear to thank you more than once for the small, cheap, hideous present you sent me on the occasion of my recent wedding. Were you a poor woman, that little bowl

of ill imitated Dresden china would convict you of tastelessness merely, were you a blind woman, of nothing but an odious parsimony As you have normal eyesight and more than normal wealth, your gift to me proclaims you at once a Philistine and a miser (or rather did so proclaim you until, less than ten seconds after I had unpacked it from its wrappings of tissue paper, I took it to the open window and had the satisfaction of seeing it shattered to atoms on the pavement) But stay! I perceive a possible flaw in my argument Perhaps you were guided in your choice by a definite wish to insult me I am sure, on reflection, that this was so I *shall not forget*

Yours, etc ,

CYNTHIA BEAUMARSH

PS My husband asked me to tell you to warn Lord Amblesham to keep out of his way or to assume some disguise so complete that he will not be recognized by him and horsewhipped

PPS I am sending copies of this letter to the principal London and provincial newspapers

LETTER FROM

But enough! I never thought I should be so strong in this line I had not foreseen such copiousness and fatal fluency Never again will I tap these deep dark reservoirs in a character that had always seemed to me, on the whole, so amiable

COMFORT¹



Aldous Huxley

FRENCH HOTEL KEEPERS call it *le confort moderne*, and they are right For comfort is a thing of recent growth, younger than steam, a child when telegraphy was born, only a generation older than radio The invention of the means of being comfortable and the pursuit of comfort as a desirable end—one of the most desirable that human beings can propose to themselves—are modern phenomena, unparalleled in history since the time of the Romans Like all phenomena with which we are extremely familiar, we take them for granted, as a fish takes the water in which it lives, not realizing the oddity and novelty of them, not bothering to consider their significance The padded chair, the well sprung bed, the sofa, central heating, and the regular hot bath—these and a host of other comforts enter into the daily lives

¹From *Proper Studies* Copyright 1927 by George H Doran, copynght, 1927, 1955 by Aldous Huxlev Reprinted by perm ss on of Harper & Brothers publishers

of even the most moderately prosperous of the Anglo Saxon bourgeoisie Three hundred years ago they were unknown to the greatest kings This is a curious fact which deserves to be examined and analysed

The first thing that strikes one about the discomfort in which our ancestors lived is that it was mainly voluntary Some of the apparatus of modern comfort is of purely modern invention, people could not put rubber tyres on their carriages before the discovery of South America and the rubber plant But for the most part there is nothing new about the material basis of our comfort Men could have made sofas and smoking room chairs, could have installed bathrooms and central heating and sanitary plumbing any time during the last three or four thousand years And as a matter of fact, at certain periods they did indulge themselves in these comforts Two thousand years before Christ, the inhabitants of Cnossos were familiar with sanitary plumbing The Romans had invented an elaborate system of hot air heating, and the bathing facilities in a smart Roman villa were luxurious and complete beyond the dreams of the modern man There were sweating rooms, massage rooms, cold plunges, tepid drying rooms with (if we may believe Sidonius Apollinaris) improper frescoes on the walls and comfortable couches where you could lie and get dry and talk to your friends As for the public baths they were almost inconceivably luxurious "To such a height of luxury have we reached," said Seneca, 'that we are dissatisfied if, in our baths, we do not tread on gems' The size and completeness of the *thermae* was proportionable to their splendour A single room of the baths of Diocletian has been transformed into a large church

It would be possible to adduce many other examples showing what could be done with the limited means at our ancestors' disposal in the way of making life comfortable They show sufficiently clearly that if the men of the Middle Ages and early modern epoch lived in filth and discomfort, it was not for any lack or ability to change their mode of life, it was because they chose to live in this way, because filth and discomfort fitted in with their principles and prejudices, political, moral, and religious

What have comfort and cleanliness to do with politics, morals, and religion? At a first glance one would say that there was and could be no causal connection between armchairs and democracies, sofas and the relaxation of the family system, hot baths and the decay of Christian orthodoxy But look more closely and you will discover that there exists the closest connection between the recent growth of comfort and the recent history of ideas I hope in this essay to make that connection manifest, to show why it was not possible (not materially, but psychologically impossible) for the Italian princes of the quattrocento, for the Elizabethan, even for Louis XIV to live in what the Romans would have called common cleanliness and decency, or enjoy what would be to us indispensable comforts

Let us begin with the consideration of armchairs and central heating

These, I propose to show, only became possible with the breakdown of monarchical and feudal power and the decay of the old family and social hierarchies. Smoking room chairs and sofas exist to be lolled in. In a well made modern armchair you cannot do anything but loll. Now, lolling is neither dignified nor respectful. When we wish to appear impressive, when we have to administer a rebuke to an inferior, we do not lie in a deep chair with our feet on the mantelpiece, we sit up and try to look majestic. Similarly, when we wish to be polite to a lady or show respect to the old or eminent, we cease to loll, we stand, or at least we straighten ourselves up. Now, in the past human society was a hierarchy in which every man was always engaged in being impressive towards his inferiors or respectful to those above him. Lolling in such societies was utterly impossible. It was as much out of the question for Louis XIV to loll in the presence of his courtiers as it was for them to loll in the presence of their king. It was only when he attended a session of the Parlement that the King of France ever lolled in public. On these occasions he reclined in the Bed of Justice, while princes sat, the great officers of the crown stood, and the smaller fry knelt. Comfort was proclaimed as the appanage of royalty. Only the king might stretch his legs. We may feel sure, however, that he stretched them in a very majestic manner. The lolling was purely ceremonial and accompanied by no loss of dignity. At ordinary times the king was seated, it is true, but seated in a dignified and upright position, the appearance of majesty had to be kept up. (For, after all, majesty is mainly a question of majestic appearance.) The courtiers, meanwhile, kept up the appearances of deference, either standing, or else, if their rank was very high and their blood peculiarly blue, sitting, even in the royal presence, on stools. What was true of the king's court was true of the nobleman's household, and the squire was to his dependants the merchant was to his apprentices and servants, what the monarch was to his courtiers. In all cases the superior had to express his superiority by being dignified, the inferior his inferiority by being deferential, there could be no lolling. Even in the intimacies of family life it was the same: the parents ruled like popes and princes, by divine right, the children were their subjects. Our fathers took the fifth commandment very seriously—how seriously may be judged from the fact that during the great Calvin's theocratic rule of Geneva a child was publicly decapitated for having ventured to strike its parents. Lolling on the part of children, though not perhaps a capital offence, would have been regarded as an act of the grossest disrespect, punishable by much flagellation, starving, and confinement. For a slighter insult—neglect to touch his cap—Vespasiano Gonzaga kicked his only son to death, one shudders to think what he might have been provoked to do if the boy had lolled. If the children might not loll in the presence of their parents, neither might the parents loll in the presence of their children, for fear of demeaning themselves in the eyes of those whose duty it was to honour them. Thus we see that in the European society of two or three hundred years ago it was

impossible for any one—from the Holy Roman Emperor and the King of France down to the poorest beggar, from the bearded patriarch to the baby—to loll in the presence of any one else. Old furniture reflects the physical habits of the hierarchical society for which it was made. It was in the power of mediaeval and Renaissance craftsmen to create armchairs and sofas that might have rivalled in comfort those of to-day. But society being what, in fact, it was, they did nothing of the kind. It was not, indeed, until the sixteenth century that chairs became at all common. Before that time a chair was a symbol of authority. Committee men now loll, Members of Parliament are comfortably seated, but authority still belongs to a Chairman, still issues from a symbolical Chair. In the Middle Ages only the great had chairs. When a great man travelled, he took his chair with him, so that he might never be seen detached from the outward and visible sign of his authority. To this day the Throne no less than the Crown is the symbol of royalty. In mediaeval times the vulgar sat, whenever it was permissible for them to sit, on benches, stools, and settles. With the rise, during the Renaissance period, of a rich and independent bourgeoisie, chairs began to be more freely used. Those who could afford chairs sat in them, but sat with dignity and discomfort, for the chairs of the sixteenth century were still very throne like, and imposed upon those who sat in them a painfully majestic attitude. It was only in the eighteenth century, when the old hierarchies were seriously breaking up, that furniture began to be comfortable. And even then there was no real lolling. Armchairs and sofas on which men (and, later, women) might indecorously sprawl, were not made until democracy was firmly established, the middle classes enlarged to gigantic proportions, good manners lost from out of the world, women emancipated, and family restraints dissolved.

Another essential component of modern comfort—the adequate heating of houses—was made impossible, at least for the great ones of the earth, by the political structure of ancient societies. Plebeians were more fortunate in this respect than nobles. Living in small houses, they were able to keep warm. But the nobleman, the prince, the king, and the cardinal inhabited palaces of a grandeur corresponding with their social position. In order to prove that they were greater than other men, they had to live in surroundings considerably more than life size. They received their guests in vast halls like roller skating rinks, they marched in solemn processions along galleries as long and as draughty as Alpine tunnels, up and down triumphal staircases that looked like the cataracts of the Nile frozen into marble. Being what he was, a great man in those days had to spend a great deal of his time in performing solemn symbolical charades and pompous ballets—performances which required a lot of room to accommodate the numerous actors and spectators. This explains the enormous dimensions of royal and princely palaces, even of the houses of ordinary landed gentlemen. They owed it to

their position to live, as though they were giants, in rooms a hundred feet long and thirty high. How splendid, how magnificent! But oh, how bleak! In our days the self-made great are not expected to keep up their position in the splendid style of those who were great by divine right. Sacrificing grandiosity to comfort, they live in rooms small enough to be heated. (And so, when they were off duty, did the great in the past, most old palaces contain a series of tiny apartments to which their owners retired when the charades of state were over. But the charades were long drawn affairs, and the unhappy princes of old days had to spend a great deal of time being magnificent in icy audience chambers and among the whistling draughts of interminable galleries.) Driving in the environs of Chicago, I was shown the house of a man who was reputed to be one of the richest and most influential of the city. It was a medium sized house of perhaps fifteen or twenty smallish rooms. I looked at it in astonishment, thinking of the vast palaces in which I myself have lived in Italy (for considerably less rent than one would have to pay for garaging a Ford in Chicago). I remembered the rows of bedrooms as big as ordinary ballrooms, the drawing rooms like railway stations, the staircase on which you could drive a couple of limousines abreast. Noble *palazzi*, where one has room to feel oneself a superman! But remembering also those terrible winds that blow in February from the Apennines, I was inclined to think that the rich man of Chicago has done well in sacrificing the magnificences on which his counterpart in another age and country would have spent his riches.

It is to the decay of monarchy, aristocracy, and ancient social hierarchy that we owe the two components of modern comfort hitherto discussed, the third great component—the bath—must, I think, be attributed, at any rate in part, to the decay of Christian morals. There are still on the continent of Europe, and for all I know, elsewhere, convent schools in which young ladies are brought up to believe that human bodies are objects of so impure and obscene a character that it is sinful for them to see, not merely other people's nakedness, but even their own. Baths, when they are permitted to take them (every alternate Saturday) must be taken in a chemise descending well below the knees. And they are even taught a special technique of dressing which guarantees them from catching so much as a glimpse of their own skin. These schools are now, happily, exceptional, but there was a time, not so long ago, when they were the rule. There is the great Christian ascetic tradition which has flowed on in majestic continuity from the time of St. Anthony and the unwashed, underfed, sex-starved monks of the Thebaid, through the centuries, almost to the present day. It is to the weakening of that tradition that women at any rate owe the luxury of frequent bathing.

The early Christians were by no means enthusiastic bathers, but it is fair to point out that Christian ascetic tradition has not at all times been hostile to baths as such. That the Early Fathers should have found the promis-

culty of Roman bathing shocking is only natural. But the more moderate of them were prepared to allow a limited amount of washing, provided that the business was done with decency. The final decay of the great Roman baths was as much due to the destructiveness of the Barbarians as to Christian ascetic objections. During the Ages of Faith there was actually a revival of bathing. The Crusaders came back from the East, bringing with them the oriental vapour bath, which seems to have had a considerable popularity all over Europe. For reasons which it is difficult to understand, its popularity gradually waned, and the men and women of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries seem to have been almost as dirty as their barbarous ancestors. Medical theory and court fashions may have had something to do with these fluctuations.

The ascetic tradition was always strongest where women were concerned. The Goncourts record in their diary the opinion, which seems to have been current in respectable circles during the Second Empire, that female immodesty and immorality had increased with the growth of the bath habit. "Girls should wash less" was the obvious corollary. Young ladies who enjoy their bath owe a debt of gratitude to Voltaire for his mockeries, to the nineteenth century scientists for their materialism. If these men had never lived to undermine the convent school tradition, our girls might still be as modest and as dirty as their ancestresses.

It is, however, to the doctors that bath lovers owe their greatest debt. The discovery of microbic infection has put a premium on cleanliness. We wash now with religious fervour, like the Hindus. Our baths have become something like magic rites to protect us from the powers of evil, embodied in the dirt loving germ. We may venture to prophesy that this medical religion will go still further in undermining the Christian ascetic tradition. Since the discovery of the beneficial effects of sunlight, too much clothing has become, medically speaking, a sin. Immodesty is now a virtue. It is quite likely that the doctors, whose prestige among us is almost equal to that of the medicine men among the savages, will have us stark naked before very long. That will be the last stage in the process of making clothes more comfortable. It is a process which has been going on for some time—first among men, later among women—and among its determining causes are the decay of hierarchic formalism and of Christian morality. In his lively little pamphlet describing Gladstone's visit to Oxford shortly before his death, Mr Fletcher has recorded the Grand Old Man's comments on the dress of the undergraduates. Mr Gladstone, it appears, was distressed by the informality and the cheapness of the students' clothes. In his day, he said, young men went about with a hundred pounds worth of clothes and jewellery on their persons, and every self respecting youth had at least one pair of trousers in which he never sat down for fear of spoiling its shape. Mr Gladstone visited Oxford at a time when undergraduates still wore very high starched collars and

bowler hats One wonders what he would have said of the open shirts, the gaudily coloured sweaters, the loose flannel trousers of the present generation Dignified appearances have never been less assiduously kept up than they are at present, informality has reached an unprecedented pitch On all but the most solemn occasions a man, whatever his rank or position, may wear what he finds comfortable

The obstacles in the way of women's comforts were moral as well as political Women were compelled not merely to keep up social appearances, but also to conform to a tradition of Christian ascetic morality Long after men had abandoned their uncomfortable formal clothes, women were still submitting to extraordinary inconveniences in the name of modesty It was the war which liberated them from their bondage When women began to do war work, they found that the traditional modesty in dress was not compatible with efficiency They preferred to be efficient Having discovered the advantages of immodesty, they have remained immodest ever since, to the great improvement of their health and increase of their personal comfort Modern fashions are the most comfortable that women have ever worn Even the ancient Greeks were probably less comfortable Their under tunic, it is true was as rational a garment as you could wish for, but their outer robe was simply a piece of stuff wound round the body like an Indian *sari*, and fastened with safety pins No woman whose appearance depended on safety pins can ever have felt really comfortable

Made possible by changes in the traditional philosophy of life, comfort is now one of the causes of its own further spread For comfort has now become a physical habit, a fashion, an ideal to be pursued for its own sake The more comfort is brought into the world, the more it is likely to be valued To those who have known comfort, discomfort is a real torture And the fashion which now decrees the worship of comfort is quite as imperious as any other fashion Moreover, enormous material interests are bound up with the supply of the means of comfort The manufacturers of furniture, of heating apparatus, of plumbing fixtures, cannot afford to let the love of comfort die In modern advertisement they have means for compelling it to live and grow

Having now briefly traced the spiritual origins of modern comfort, I must say a few words about its effects One can never have something for nothing, and the achievement of comfort has been accompanied by a compensating loss of other equally, or perhaps more, valuable things A man of means who builds a house to day is in general concerned primarily with the comfort of his future residence He will spend a great deal of money (for comfort is very expensive in America they talk of giving away the house with the plumbing) on bathrooms, heating apparatus, padded furnishings, and the like, and having spent it, he will regard his house as perfect His counterpart in an earlier age would have been primarily concerned with the im

pressiveness and magnificence of his dwelling—with beauty, in a word, rather than comfort. The money our contemporary would spend on baths and central heating would have been spent in the past on marble staircases, a grand façade, frescoes, huge suites of gilded rooms, pictures, statues. Sixteenth century popes lived in a discomfort that a modern bank manager would consider unbearable, but they had Raphael's frescoes, they had the Sistine chapel, they had their galleries of ancient sculpture. Must we pity them for the absence from the Vatican of bathrooms, central heating, and smoking room chairs? I am inclined to think that our present passion for comfort is a little exaggerated. Though I personally enjoy comfort, I have lived very happily in houses devoid of almost everything that Anglo Saxons deem indispensable. Orientals and even South Europeans, who know not comfort and live very much as our ancestors lived centuries ago, seem to get on very well without our elaborate and costly apparatus of padded luxury. I am old fashioned enough to believe in higher and lower things, and can see no point in material progress except in so far as it subserves thought. I like labour saving devices, because they economize time and energy which may be devoted to mental labour. (But then I enjoy mental labour, there are plenty of people who detest it, and who feel as much enthusiasm for thought saving devices as for automatic dishwashers and sewing machines.) I like rapid and easy transport, because by enlarging the world in which men can live it enlarges their minds. Comfort for me has a similar justification: it facilitates mental life. Discomfort handicaps thought, it is difficult when the body is cold and aching to use the mind. Comfort is a means to an end. The modern world seems to regard it as an end in itself, an absolute good. One day, perhaps, the earth will have been turned into one vast feather bed, with man's body dozing on top of it and his mind underneath, like Desdemona, smothered.

FAREWELL, MY LOVELY¹



Lee Strout White

I SEE BY THE NEW Sears Roebuck catalogue that it is still possible to buy an axle for a 1909 Model T Ford, but I am not deceived. The great days have faded, the end is in sight. Only one page in the current catalogue is devoted to parts and accessories for the Model T, yet everyone remembers springtimes when the Ford gadget section was larger than men's clothing, almost as large as household furnishings. The last Model T was built in 1927, and the car is fading from what scholars call the American scene—which is an understatement.

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ment, because to a few million people who grew up with it the old Ford practically *was* the American scene

It was the miracle God had wrought And it was patently the sort of thing that could only happen once Mechanically uncanny, it was like nothing that had ever come to the world before Flourishing industries rose and fell with it As a vehicle, it was hard working, commonplace, heroic, and it often seemed to transmit those qualities to the persons who rode in it My own generation identifies it with Youth, with its gaudy, ir retrievable excitements, before it fades into the mist, I would like to pay it the tribute of the sigh that is not a sob, and set down random entries in a shape somewhat less cumbersome than a Sears Roebuck catalogue

The Model T was distinguished from all other makes of cars by the fact that its transmission was of a type known as planetary—which was half metaphysics, half sheer friction Engineers accepted the word “planetary” in its epicyclic sense, but I was always conscious that it also meant “wandering,” “erratic” Because of the peculiar nature of this planetary element, there was always, in Model T, a certain dull rapport between engine and wheels, and, even when the car was in a state known as neutral, it trembled with a deep imperative and tended to inch forward There was never a moment when the bands were not faintly egging the machine on In this respect, it was like a horse, rolling the bit on its tongue, and country people brought to it the same technique they used with draft animals

Its most remarkable quality was its rate of acceleration In its palmy days the Model T could take off faster than anything on the road The reason was simple To get under way, you simply hooked the third finger of the right hand around a lever on the steering column, pulled down hard, and shoved your left foot forcibly against the low speed pedal These were simple, positive motions, the car responded by lunging forward with a roar After a few seconds of this turmoil, you took your toe off the pedal, eased up a mite on the throttle, and the car, possessed of only two forward speeds, catapulted directly into high with a series of ugly jerks and was off on its glorious errand The abruptness of this departure was never equaled in other cars of the period The human leg was (and still is) incapable of letting in a clutch with anything like the forthright abandon that used to send Model T on its way Letting in a clutch is a negative, hesitant motion, depending on delicate nervous control, pushing down the Ford pedal was a simple, country motion—an expansive act, which came as natural as kicking an old door to make it budge

The driver of the old Model T was a man enthroned The car, with top up, stood seven feet high The driver sat on top of the gas tank, brooding it with his own body When he wanted gasoline, he alighted, along with everything else in the front seat, the seat was pulled off, the metal cap unscrewed, and a wooden stick thrust down to sound the liquid in the well There were always a couple of these sounding sticks kicking around in the ratty subcushion regions of a flivver Refueling was more of a social function then, be-

cause the driver had to unbend, whether he wanted to or not. Directly in front of the driver was the windshield—high, uncompromisingly erect. Nobody talked about air resistance, and the four cylinders pushed the car through the atmosphere with a simple disregard of physical law.

There was this about a Model T: the purchaser never regarded his purchase as a complete, finished product. When you bought a Ford, you figured you had a start—a vibrant, spirited framework to which could be screwed an almost limitless assortment of decorative and functional hardware. Driving away from the agency, hugging the new wheel between your knees, you were already full of creative worry. A Ford was born naked as a baby, and a flourishing industry grew up out of correcting its rare deficiencies and combating its fascinating diseases. Those were the great days of lily painting. I have been looking at some old Sears Roebuck catalogues, and they bring everything back so clear.

First you bought a Ruby Reflector for the rear, so that your posterior would glow in another car's brilliance. Then you invested thirty-nine cents in some radiator Moto Wings, a popular ornament which gave the Pegasus touch to the machine and did something godlike to the owner. For nine cents you bought a fan belt guide to keep the belt from slipping off the pulley.

You bought a radiator compound to stop leaks. This was as much a part of everybody's equipment as aspirin tablets are of a medicine cabinet. You bought special oil to prevent chattering, a clamp-on dash light, a patching outfit, a tool box which you bolted to the running board, a sun visor, a steering column brace to keep the column rigid, and a set of emergency containers for gas, oil, and water—three thin, disklike cans which reposed in a case on the running board during long, important journeys—red for gas, gray for water, green for oil. It was only a beginning. After the car was about a year old, steps were taken to check the alarming disintegration. (Model T was full of tumors, but they were benign.) A set of antirattlers (98¢) was a popular panacea. You hooked them on to the gas and spark rods, to the brake pull rod, and to the steering rod connections. Hood silencers, of black rubber, were applied to the fluttering hood. Shock absorbers and snubbers gave "complete relaxation." Some people bought rubber pedal pads, to fit over the standard metal pedals. (I didn't like these, I remember.) Persons of a suspicious or pugnacious turn of mind bought a rear view mirror, but most Model T owners weren't worried by what was coming from behind because they would soon enough see it out front. They rode in a state of cheerful catalepsy. Quite a large mutinous clique among Ford owners went over to a foot accelerator (you could buy one and screw it to the floor board), but there was a certain madness in these people, because the Model T, just as she stood, had a choice of three foot pedals to push, and there were plenty of moments when both feet were occupied in the routine performance of duty and when the only way to speed up the engine was with the hand throttle.

Gadget bred gadget. Owners not only bought ready-made gadgets, they in

vented gadgets to meet special needs I myself drove my car directly from the agency to the blacksmith's, and had the smith affix two enormous iron brackets to the port running board to support an army trunk

People who owned closed models built along different lines they bought ball grip handles for opening doors, window antirattles, and de luxe flower vases of the cut glass antispash type People with delicate sensibilities garnished their car with a device called the Donna Lee Automobile Disseminator—a porous vase guaranteed, according to Sears, to fill the car with a “faint clear odor of lavender” The gap between open cars and closed cars was not as great then as it is now for \$11 95, Sears Roebuck converted your touring car into a sedan, and you went forth renewed One agreeable quality of the old Fords was that they had no bumpers, and their fenders softened and wilted with the years and permitted the driver to squeeze in and out of tight places

Tires were 30 x 3½, cost about twelve dollars, and punctured readily Everybody carried a Jiffy patching set, with a nutmeg grater to roughen the tube before the goo was spread on Everybody was capable of putting on a patch, expected to have to, and did have to

During my association with Model T's, self starters were not a prevalent accessory They were expensive and under suspicion Your car came equipped with a serviceable crank, and the first thing you learned was how to Get Results It was a special trick, and, until you learned it (usually from another Ford owner, but sometimes by a period of appalling experimentation), you might as well have been winding up an awning The trick was to leave the ignition switch off, proceed to the animals's head, pull the choke (which was a little wire protruding through the radiator), and give the crank two or three nonchalant upward lifts Then, whistling as though thinking about something else, you would saunter back to the driver's cabin, turn the ignition on, return to the crank, and this time, catching it on the down stroke, give it a quick spin and plenty of That If this procedure was followed, the engine almost always responded—first with a few scattered explosions, then with a tumultuous gun fire, which you checked by racing around to the driver's seat and retarding the throttle Often, if the emergency brake hadn't been pulled all the way back, the car advanced on you the instant the first explosion occurred, and you would hold it back by leaning your weight against it I can still feel my old Ford nuzzling me at the curb, as though looking for an apple in my pocket

The lore and legend that governed the Ford were boundless Owners had their own theories about everything, they discussed mutual problems in that wise, infinitely resourceful way old women discuss rheumatism Exact knowledge was pretty scarce, and often proved less effective than superstition Dropping a camphor ball into the gas tank was a popular expedient, it seemed to have a tonic effect on both man and machine There wasn't much to base exact knowledge on The Ford driver flew blind He didn't know the temperature of his engine, the speed of his car, the amount of his fuel, or the pressure of his oil (the old Ford lubricated itself by what was amiably described as the

"splash system") A speedometer cost money and was an extra, like a wind shield wiper The dashboard of the early models was bare save for the ignition key, later models, grown effete, boasted an ammeter which pulsed alarmingly with the throbbing of the car Under the dash was a box of coils, with vibrators which you adjusted, or thought you adjusted Whatever the driver learned of his motor, he learned not through instruments but through sudden developments I remember that the timer was one of the vital organs about which there was ample doctrine When everything else had been checked, you "had a look" at the timer It was an extravagantly odd little device, simple in construction, mysterious in function It contained a roller, held by a spring, and there were four contact points on the inside of the case against which, many people believed, the roller rolled I have had a timer apart on a sick Ford many times, but I never really knew what I was up to—I was just showing off before God There were almost as many schools of thought as there were timers Some people, when things went wrong, just clenched their teeth and gave the timer a smart crack with a wrench Other people opened it up and blew on it There was a school that held that the timer needed large amounts of oil, they fixed it by frequent baptism And there was a school that was positive it was meant to run dry as a bone, these people were continually taking it off and wiping it I remember once spitting into a timer, not in anger, but in a spirit of research You see, the Model T driver moved in the realm of metaphysics He believed his car could be hexed

One reason the Ford anatomy was never reduced to an exact science was that, having "fixed" it, the owner couldn't honestly claim that the treatment had brought about the cure There were too many authenticated cases of Fords fixing themselves—restored naturally to health after a short rest Farmers soon discovered this, and it fitted nicely with the draft horse philosophy "Let 'er cool off and she'll snap into it again"

A Ford owner had Number One Bearing constantly in mind This bearing, being at the front end of the motor, was the one that always burned out, because the oil didn't reach it when the car was climbing hills (That's what I was always told, anyway) The oil used to recede and leave Number One dry as a clam flat, you had to watch that bearing like a hawk It was like a weak heart—you could hear it start knocking, and that was when you stopped and let her cool off Try as you would to keep the oil supply right, in the end Number One always went out "Number One Bearing burned out on me and I had to have her replaced," you would say, wisely, and your companions always had a lot to tell about how to protect and pamper Number One to keep her alive

Sprinkled not too liberally among the millions of amateur witch doctors who drove Fords and applied their own abominable cures were the heaven sent mechanics who could really make the car talk These professionals turned up in undreamed of spots One time, on the banks of the Columbia River in Washington, I heard the rear end go out of my Model T when I was trying to

whip it up a steep incline onto the deck of a ferry. Something snapped, the car slid backward into the mud. It seemed to me like the end of the trail. But the captain of the ferry, observing the withered remnant, spoke up

"What's got her?" he asked

"I guess it's the rear end," I replied, listlessly. The captain leaned over the rail and stared. Then I saw there was a hunger in his eyes that set him off from other men.

"Tell you what," he said, carelessly, trying to cover up his eagerness, "let's pull her up onto the boat, and I'll help you fix her while we're going back and forth on the river."

We did just this. All that day I plied between the towns of Pasco and Kennewick, while the skipper (who had once worked in a Ford garage) directed the amazing work of resetting the bones of my car.

Springtime in the heyday of the Model T was a delirious season. Owning a car was still a major excitement, roads were still wonderful and bad. The Fords were obviously conceived in madness: any car which was capable of going from forward into reverse without any perceptible mechanical hiatus was bound to be a mighty challenging thing to the human imagination. Boys used to veer them off the highway into a level pasture and run wild with them, as though they were cutting up with a girl. Most everybody used the reverse pedal quite as much as the regular foot brake—it distributed the wear over the bands and wore them all down evenly. That was the big trick, to wear all the bands down evenly, so that the final chattering would be total and the whole unit scream for renewal.

The days were golden, the nights were dim and strange. I still recall with trembling those loud, nocturnal crises when you drew up to a signpost and raced the engine so the lights would be bright enough to read destinations by. I have never been really planetary since. I suppose it's time to say good by. Farewell, my lovely!

FROM SPARGO TO CARVER TO SPEAKER¹



Heywood Broun

"TELL ME, MR. BROUN," said the young lady to my right, "how did you happen to become a Red?"

Assuming that her question was sincere, I proceeded to tell her in my own words, which, by a fortunate coincidence, happened to be just sufficient to fill one page of *The New Republic* when printed in this type.

¹ From the *New Republic* Nov. 17, 1937, p. 41. By permission of the editor and the author.

The first person to tempt me to the left was a Vermont Republican named John Spargo, who wrote mildly Marxian tracts years ago when I was very young. Had there been more violence in his views or in his presentation, I might have scurried home, but he was as soft spoken as any curate and he succeeded in sneaking up on me. Later, in college, Lippmann asked me to join the Socialist Club, and as I had failed to make either Gas House or Fly, I yielded to his blandishments.

But commitment was not yet complete. The way of retreat still lay open. It was Professor Carver of the Harvard faculty and Tris Speaker, center fielder of the Boston Red Sox, who closed the door and left me locked in the hall of heresy. Possibly an assist should be scored for a particularly salubrious spring which came to New England in 1908. The good bald economist gave a course which might be roughly described as 'radical panaceas and their underlying fallacies.' Professor Carver introduced these crack-brained notions in the fall and winter semesters and then proceeded to demolish them in the spring and early summer.

Faithful to the Harvard tradition of fair play, the Professor gave the revolutionaries an ample amount of rope. Indeed, he did not undertake to state the case himself for the various aberrant philosophies, but invited a leader of each school of thought to tell all from his particular point of view. The soap boxes were carried openly into the class room and mounted by the orators. Men with burning causes are generally more eloquent than cloistered dons and there was not a single visitor who could not talk rings around Professor Carver.

We had an anarchist, a socialist, a syndicalist, a single taxer and a few other theorists whose special lines escape me now with the passing of the years. The single taxer was a little on the dull side, but all the others sparkled. It may be that I was more susceptible than my fellow students, for I must report that I hit the sawdust trail at each and every lecture in the creation of a united front against the capitalist system.

In other courses it was my custom to draw starfish in my notebook and jot down reminders such as "Be sure and get Osmond Fraenkel for the poker game tonight." But under Carver I took notes as long as the cavalcade of visiting firemen was on. Later I would peruse the book and find entries such as "Born 1839—died 1897," "unearned increase in land values," "P. J. Proud hon." "Five dollars (\$5) with Horseface McCarthy. Dartmouth doesn't beat us by two touchdowns." And I used to wonder what some of the notations could possibly mean. But I paid closer attention than ever until the last galoot had reached the shore and Carver went up into the pilot house.

At this point spring broke through. It had been a tough winter. Dartmouth did beat us by two touchdowns and Osmond Fraenkel, who was a mathematical shark, had just become wise to the fact that it doesn't pay to draw to inside straights. I had failed to make *The Harvard Crimson* after my third try. But gone was the winter of our discontent and now it was Professor Carver's

turn to haul us back from the pie counter of the sky and put our feet upon the good earth and the law of supply and demand

Carver was at bat, but, as luck would have it, so was Tris Speaker. Spring can come up like thunder in Massachusetts. One day all the elms of the yard may be cased in ice and the next you read that the Boston Red Sox are opening the season against the Athletics. Tris Speaker, just up from the Texas League, was the particular star of the greatest outfield trio that has ever been gathered together. Speaker and Duffy Lewis and Harry Hooper—that was a united front. For a little while I tried to give Professor Carver an even break. Naturally I missed his first blast for the cause of conservatism because that particular lecture conflicted with the opening game. Still I did ask a fellow scholar what went on and he lent me his notebook. He seemed to have boiled the discourse down to the bone because all he had written was, ‘Adam Smith was Scotch and died before the industrial revolution—look this up in the library. He approached economics from the side of ethics and believed in laissez faire, which means anything goes.’ ‘Has anybody here seen Kelly?’ ”

I decided that in all fairness to my parents, who were paying for my education, I should attend some of the lectures myself, and so in the beginning I made it a rigorous rule to give only three afternoons a week to the Red Sox and the other three to Professor Carver. But on a certain Wednesday, which was a baseball afternoon, Tris Speaker made a home run, two triples, and a double. In addition he went all the way back to the flagpole in center field and speared a drive with his gloved hand while still on the dead run. Two innings later he charged in for a low liner and made the catch by sliding the last twenty feet on his stomach. Professor Carver couldn’t do that. I had seen him stand on his head in the class room but never did he slide on his stomach. Even at such times as he got to base it was my impression that he had profited by an error or made a lucky-handle hit. Tris Speaker was batting .348 and Carver wasn’t hitting the size of his hat. At times he did dig his toes in and take his full cut at the ball, but never when I was around did he succeed in knocking socialism over the fence.

Adam Smith had died in 1790 and Professor Carver wasn’t getting any younger. I got hold of *The Wealth of Nations* and learned that to Smith laissez faire meant “the obvious and simple system of natural liberty.” And so in the books I read no more then, and not very much later.

I just went completely laissez faire and never missed any of the remaining games. The arguments for the radical theories I had heard, but I never got around to hearing the answers. Tris Speaker had thrown Carver out at the plate because the Professor forgot to slide. And I went out into the world the fervent follower of all things red, including the Boston Red Sox.

SPRING COMES TO THE FARM¹

Betty Fible Martin

Vienna, Virginia

OURS IS A BACK ROAD spilling off U S Highway No 50—one small farm after another We do not need to be told what is happening We know We hear the “peepers” chorusing their high overture to spring from every marsh and pond We see the cows and horses shedding their heavy winter coats We find the broody hens clucking over a nest of eggs We smell the earth again after weeks of odorless snow and ice In the quiet of the night we hear the rabbits drumming on the ground, calling to their mates

Our world is being born anew Out of the darkness of winter has emerged a fresh, bright land of opportunity returned, ours to do with as we will Last year’s failures and mistakes are somehow wiped away, gone with the winter’s snow, and here we have a whole new season inviting new adventure It has been thus since time began, but there is always a wonder, a happy mystery, about the land when spring returns The land endures, year after turning year, yet it is ever changing, and spring itself is the very epitome of change

It is time to prune the grapevines, cut out the dead apple wood, clean the fence rows, and burn over the fields of weeds and broom sedge Columns of smoke dot the horizon—bonfires here, grass fires there “a poppin an’ a hissinn’ ”—spreading in the wind until the rolling countryside is enveloped in a dense screen of peaceful smoke

We turn out the restless stock, anxious to graze on the green fuzz of pasture grass, to roam free from confining stanchions and stalls We hitch up the horses, lazy after the long idle winter, and devote hours to the heavy task of hauling manure piles from barnyards out into the fields We watch the warm winds dry the mud in which man, beast, and machine have mired after each successive thaw and rain

Rusty plows cut through the sod of old fields and garden patches, followed by streams of chickens gorging on grubs and “fishin’ worms,” and come up glistening at the end of the first long furrow The air is pungent with the cleanliness of turned earth

Lights shine early from kitchen windows There is no “lyin’ in the bed” of a morning Men, women, and children breakfast before dawn in order to get on with the work clamoring for attention after the paralyzing months of winter inactivity Trucks of the hay, grain, and fertilizer store rumble down the road piled high with sacks Everyone wants his order of lime and fertilizer at one and the same moment The drivers work early and late Each sack of fertilizer

¹ From the *New York Times Magazine* for April 21 1940 By permission of the author

weighs 160 pounds Each bag of ground limestone is just so much concentrated dead weight, the moving of each bag of hydrated lime a choking operation The boys puff and blow and declare quite cheerfully they will be ready to eat their beans "come supper time"

Plans frozen in each mind during the winter thaw into action One field must be made ready for early oats, grass, and clover, a patch near the house for potatoes, peas, onions, and all the rest of the spring vegetables This field must be plowed for corn, the next for soy beans

And there is the livestock Every creature has babies, from horses to hogs, ducks to barn cats—to the wonder and delight of the children, the satisfaction or sometimes consternation of the grown ups

If we want eggs in the fall, we must raise chickens in the spring Our women start the fires in the brooder houses, tend them, watch thermometers and thermostats preparatory to the arrival of the mail carrier's car noisily filled with boxes of from twenty five to one hundred day old chickens, peeping like mad for a warm hover, a drink, and something to eat

Leggy colts appear in pastures, nuzzling their mothers hungrily, frisking with sheer delight over being here and then lying out flat in the good warm sun to sleep off food and play Wabby calves butt at the cows, gambol about after feeding, and inadvertently bring milk, butter, and cheese to larders lean after the long winter

As the fresh spring weather settles into a steadier warmth, we travel the five miles to the freight station The freight room, ordinarily housing a scanty array of milk cans, gates, and an occasional piece of farm machinery, is a jam of orders—great bundles of fruit trees, small bundles of cane fruits and grapevines, sack after sack of seed oats, grass, clover, potatoes, vegetable, soy bean, and corn We help the bewildered agent search for our order, note his sigh of relief to be rid of a few sacks of responsibility

We go from there to the post office, alive with peeping chickens, a motley assortment of strawberry plants, perennial flowers and small fruits peeking out from bundles and baskets, even orders of swarms of bees done up neatly in screened packages

In the village, drug, feed, grocery, and hardware establishment—all save the filling station—display packets of seed, bags of seed, a wealth of rose bushes and mountains of bug and fungus poisons and repellents

All our ready cash is consumed in futures—the future of the seeds, baby chickens, turkeys, and ducks we have purchased—the future of the colts, calves, and satiny little pigs newly arrived after a long investment in feed and housing for their parent stock The net gain—if any—will not be reckoned until harvest and market time

These are our problems, and, if we are less intent on the affairs of Europe and the troubles of a distant world than on them, it is perhaps understandable We harvested our soy beans and cut our corn in the torrid September days with an ear cocked toward Poland We roamed up knoll and down bot-

tom under the sparkling fall skies, half a mind on the beadies jumping the rabbits, the other half on Finland. But now we are knee deep in spring, and the echoes from each new danger zone come more faintly over the hills.

It must be so on every farm lying in a nation at peace, this time of year, when soil is turned for other crops than forts and bomb shelters, and fence posts are set for peaceful fences, not barbed wire entanglements. Ours is a peaceful scene, and our minds are filled with affairs of peace, which somehow fit the season.

Our harrows go up and down the plowed fields, breaking and combing the clods into smooth beauty, clean soil from fence to fence, a virgin bed for our livelihood during the year to come. Fields are small along our road, horse drawn seeders scarce. So, up and down, across and back, the farmer marches, bucket of seed under his left arm, his right a piston of driving regularity, tossing seed up and out. He watches it fly and settle on the loamy soil, then harrows it in.

On porches and in the lee of sheds, wherever the sun is warm, the women pass the time of day. Their hands have not been idle, cutting potatoes into seed. The small children too young for school twittering about their feet. The following morning they were out in the garden with their menfolk, dropping seed potatoes into the straight deep furrows.

Day by day, brown fields green under the tender warmth of spring rain and sun. Hard by the farmhouses—the freshly painted and gray tumbledown shack alike—the bloom comes on the fruit: plums, cherries, peaches, pears, and apples burst forth in all their white and pink glory.

And after the preventive spraying, there is a lull in the work, the breather between seeding and cultivating. We walk over our acres more leisurely. We see the potatoes, up hand high, alive with potato bugs feeding like gourmands on the young leaves. We linger outside at dusk long enough to hear the whip poorwills calling in the woods and the first bass duets of the bullfrogs in the pond. Bugs, whip poorwills, and bullfrogs—then we know spring has been “tippin’ out” and summer “creepin’ in.”

A GARLAND OF IBIDS¹

Frank Sullivan

I HAVE JUST FINISHED reading a book² which struck me as being one of the finest books I have read since I read 'The Flowering of New England,' by the same author.³ But there is a fly in the ointment. I have been rendered cock-eyed by the footnotes. There seem to be too many of them, even for a book largely about Boston.⁴ I do not know why the author had to have so many footnotes. Maybe he had a reason for each one, but I suspect the footnote habit has crept up on him, for I got out his book on Emerson,⁵ published in 1932, and he used practically no footnotes in it.

You read along in "New England Indian Summer," interested to the hilt in what Van Wyck Brooks is telling you about Longfellow,⁶ Thoreau,⁷ Phillips,⁸

¹ From the *New Yorker* April 19 1941 By permission of the author

² New England Indian Summer

³ Van Wyck Brooks author of New England Indian Summer The Flowering of New England The Life of Emerson The Ordeal of Mark Twain and other books

⁴ Sometimes referred to as The Hub Capital and chief city of Massachusetts Scene of the Boston Tea Party and the arrest of Henry L. Mencken Bostonians are traditionally noted for their civic pride or as an envious New York critic once termed it their parochial outlook. It is related that on an occasion when Saltonstall Boylston learned that his friend L. Cabot Lowell was leaving for a trip around the world he inquired of Lowell Which route shall you take L. C.? Oh I shall go by way of Dedham of course replied Mr Lowell. On another occasion the old Back Bay aristocrat Ralph Waldo Mulcahy said to Oliver Wendell Rooney By the way Rooney did your ancestors come over on the Mayflower? Oh no replied Mr Rooney They arrived on the next boat They sent the servants over on the Mayflower.

⁵ Ralph Waldo Emerson Sage of Concord and famous transcendentalist philosopher not to be confused with Ralph McAllister Ingersoll editor of P. M.

⁶ Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Good Gray Poet Longfellow was no footnote addict. He preferred footprints. Cf. his Psalm of Life

And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time

⁷ Henry David Thoreau philosopher who lived at Walden Pond for two years on carrots, twigs, nuts, minnows, creek water, and as Margaret Fuller suspected (booming it out at Brook Farm in that full rich voice of hers to the dismay of William Ellery Channing, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Edward Everett Hale, John Lothrop Motley, Charles Eliot Norton, and William Lloyd Garrison) sirloin steaks and creamery butter smuggled to him by Emerson. Suffering as he did from a vitamin deficiency, the result of too much moss in his diet, Thoreau became somewhat of a misanthrope and would often creep up behind members of the Saturday Club and shout 'Boo!' or as some authorities maintain 'Pooh'. The matter is not clarified very much, one must admit by a letter Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote to her son Harriet Beecher Stowe Jr. (not to be confused with Herbert Bayard Swope) on June 7 1854 in which she states 'Not much to write home about as the saying goes. Dave Thoreau here for supper last night [sic]. He got into an argument with John Greenleaf Whittier the Good Gray Poet as to whether snow is really ermine too dear for an earl and Greenleaf called him a Communist. Dave then crept up behind Greenleaf and shouted either 'Boo!' [sic] or 'Pooh!' [sic]. I couldn't make out which [sic]. All well here ex-

James,⁹ Alcott,¹⁰ Lowell,¹¹ Adams,¹² and other great figures of the Periclean Age of the Hub,¹³ when suddenly there is a footnote

The text is in fine, clear type. The footnotes are in small type. So it is quite a chore to keep focussing up and down the page, especially if you have old eyes or a touch of astigmatism.¹⁴ By and by you say to yourself, "I be damn if I look down at any more footnotes!" but you do, because the book is so interesting you don't want to miss even the footnotes.¹⁵

When you get to the footnote at the bottom of the page, like as not all you find is *ibid*. *Ibid* is a great favorite of footnote mad authors.¹⁶ It was a great favorite with Gibbon.¹⁷ How come writers of fiction do not need footnotes?

cept F. Marion Crawford, Sarah Orne Jewett, Charles Dudley Warner, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and William Dean Howells, who complain of feeling sic [sic]. Your aff. mother H. B. Stowe, Sr.

⁸ Wendell Phillips. He was about the only Bostonian of his time who wore no middle name and he was therefore considered half naked. Even Mark Twain, when he went to visit Howells in Boston, registered as Samuel Langhorne Clemens.

⁹ Probably not Jesse James. Probably is either William James, deviser of Pragmatic Sanctions, or his brother Henry, the novelist. It was about this time that Henry James was going through his transition period and could not make up his mind whether he was in England living in America or in America living in England.

¹⁰ Amos Bronson Alcott, educator and bad provider. The Mr. Micawber of his day. Not to be confused with Novelist Bus Bronson of Yale or Mrs. Chauncey Olcott.

¹¹ James Russell Lowell, poet, essayist, and kinfolk of late rotund, cigar smoking Back Bay Poetess Amy Lowell, no rhymester, she.

¹² Henry Adams, author of *The Education of Henry Adams*, by Henry Adams. Not to be confused with Henry Adams, Samuel Adams, John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Abigail Adams, Charles Edward Adams (not to be confused with Charles Francis Adams, Charles Henry Adams, or Henry Adams), Maude Adams, Franklin Pierce Adams, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Bristow Adams, George Matthew Adams, James Truslow Adams, Adams Express Adams & Flanagan, Horace Flanagan, or Louis Adamick.

¹³ Sometimes referred to as Boston. One is reminded of the famous quatrain:

Here's to the City of Boston
The home of Filene and the Card
Where the Rileys speak only to Cabots
And the Cabots speak only to God!

¹⁴ In this connection, it is interesting to note that Louisa May Alcott had a touch of astigmatism, if we are to accept the word of Charles Eliot Norton. Edward Everett Hale states in his *Letters*, Vol. XV, Ch. 8, pp. 297 *et seq.* that William Cullen Bryant told Oliver Wendell Holmes that on one occasion when the fun was running high at Thomas Wentworth Higginson's home and all barriers were down, Thomas Bailey Aldrich had put the question bluntly to Charles Eliot Norton, saying, "Now listen, has Louisa May Alcott got astigmatism or hasn't she?" Charles Eliot Norton answered perhaps unwisely, "Yes. Of the famous dictum of General William Tecumseh Sherman, sometimes erroneously ascribed to General Ulysses Simpson Grant: 'Never bring up a lady's name in the mess!'"

¹⁵ Ah, there, Van Wyck! ¹⁶ So is it.

¹⁷ Edward Gibbon, English historian, not to be confused with Cedric Gibbons, Hollywood art director. Edward Gibbon was a great hand for footnotes, especially if they gave him a chance to show off his Latin. He would come sniffing up to a nice, spicy morsel of scandal about the Romans and then, just as the reader expected him to dish the dirt, he'd go into his Latin routine, somewhat as follows: "In those days vice reached depths not plumbed since the reign of Caligula and it was an open secret that the notorious Empress Theodora, in *tres partes divisa erat* and that she was also addicted to the *argumentum ad hominem*!" Gibbon, punsy little fat man that he was, did that just to tease readers who had flunked Caesar.

Take Edna Ferber¹⁸ She doesn't use footnotes Suppose Edna Herford¹⁹ took to writing her novels in this manner "Cicely Ticklepaw* sat at her dressing table in a brown study She had 'a very strange feeling she'd ne'er felt before, a kind of a grind of depression'† Could it be love?‡ If so, why had she sent him§ away? She sighed, and a soft cry of 'Aye me'¶ escaped her Seizing a nail file desperately, she commenced hacking away at her fingernails, when a voice behind her said, 'O! that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek! \$ Cicely reddened, turned It was Cleon Bel Murphy! Softly, she told him, 'What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night, so stumblest on my counsel?' '&

What would Van Wyck Brooks say if Edna Ferber wrote like that?²⁰ Yes Exactly Now, where were we?²¹ No, I was not I know what I was saying You keep out of this You're a footnote! ²² Yeah? Well, just for that, no more footnotes Out you go! ²³ I am, that's who ²⁴ See what I mean, Van Wyck? Give a footnote an inch and it'll take a foot ²⁵ I give up They got me And they'll get you too in the end, Van Wyck You may think you're strong enough to keep 'em under control, you may think you can take a footnote or leave it All I say is, remember Dr Jekyll! Lay off 'em, Van I'm telling you for your own good

—UNEASY BROOKS FAN²⁶

¹⁸ Edna Cabot Ferber contemporary New England novelist It is related of Edna Ferber that she once met Oliver Herford in Gramercy Park and recoiled at the sight of an extremely loud necktie he was wearing Heavens above Oliver Herford! exclaimed Miss Ferber never one not to speak her mind That is a terrible cravat Why do you wear it? Because it is my wife's whim that I wear it explained Oliver Herford Well land sakes alive before I'd wear a tie like that just on account of a wife's whim! jeered Miss Ferber You don't know my wife said Oliver Herford She's got a whim of iron Miss Ferber later made this incident the basis for the dramatic battle between the husband and wife in her novel *The Cravat*

¹⁹ No no no not Edna Herford! Edna Ferber Edna Herford is the fellow who had the wife with the iron whim

* Blonde lovely and twenty one

† See I'm Falling in Love with Someone —Victor Herbert

‡ Sure

\$ Cleon Bel Murphy the man she loves

¶ Romeo and Juliet Act II Scene 2

\$ *Ibid*

& *Ibid*

²⁰ And what would Edna Ferber say if Edna Ferber wrote like that?

²¹ You were saying Louisa May Alcott had astigmatism

²² Yeah? And how far would you have got in this article without footnotes?

²³ Who's gonna put me out?

²⁴ Yeah? You and who else?

²⁵ Yoo hoo! Footnote!

²⁶ Frank Saltonstall Sullivan

APRIL—THE DAY OF THE PEEPERS¹

Joseph Wood Krutch

HYLA CRUCIFER is what the biologists call him, but to most of us he is simply the Spring Peeper. The popularizers of natural history have by no means neglected him but even without their aid he has made himself known to many whose only wild flower is the daisy and whose only bird is the robin. Everyone who has ever visited the country in the spring has heard him trilling from the marsh at twilight, and though few have ever caught sight of him most know that he is a little, inch long frog who has just awaked from his winter sleep. In southern Connecticut he begins to pipe on some day between the middle of March and the middle of April, and I, like most country dwellers, listen for the first of his shrill, cold notes.

Throughout the winter, neighbors who met in the village street have been greeting one another with the conventional question "Is it cold enough for you?" Or, perhaps, if they are of the type which watches a bit more carefully than most the phenomenon of the seasons, they have been comparing thermometers in the hope that someone will admit to a minimum at least one degree higher than what was recorded "over my way." Now, however, one announces triumphantly "Heard the peepers last night," and the other goes home to tell his wife. Few are High Church enough to risk a "Christ is risen on Easter morning, but the peepers are mentioned without undue self-consciousness.

Even this, however, is not enough for me and I have often wondered that a world which pretends to mark so many days and to celebrate so many occasions should accept quite so casually the day when *Hyla crucifer* announces that winter is over. One swallow does not make a spring, and the robin arrives with all the Philistine unconcern of a worldling back from his winter at Aiken or Palm Beach. But the peeper seems to realize, rather better than we, the significance of his resurrection, and I wonder if there is any other phenomenon in the heavens above or in the earth beneath which so simply and so definitely announces that life is resurgent again.

We who have kept artificially warm and active through the winter act as though we were really independent of the seasons, but we forget how brief our immunity is and are less anxious than we might be if habit had not dulled our awareness. One summer which failed to arrive and we should realize well enough before we perished of hunger that we are only a little less at the mercy of the seasons than the weed that dies in October. One winter which lasted not

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six months but twelve and we should recognize our affinity with the insects who give up the ghost after laying the eggs that would never hatch if they did not lie chill and dead through the cold of a winter as necessary to them as warmth was to the males who fertilized and the females who aid them. We waited through the long period during which our accumulated supplies of food grew smaller and we waited calmly in a blind assurance that warmth would return and that nature would reawaken. Now, the voice of the peeper from the marsh announces the tremendous fact that our faith has been justified. A sigh of relief should go up and men should look at one another with a wild surprise. "It" has happened again, though there was nothing during the long months that passed to support our conviction that it could and would.

We had, to be sure, the waiting pages of our calendars marked "June," "July," and even, of all things, "August." The sun, so the astronomers had assured us, had turned northward on a certain date and theoretically had been growing stronger day by day. But there was, often enough, little in the mercury of our thermometers or the feel of our fingers to confirm the fact. Many a March day had felt colder than the milder days of February. And merely as astronomical seasons have, after all, very little relation to any actual human experience either as visible phenomena or as events bringing with them concomitant earthly effects.

Not one man out of a hundred thousand would be aware of the solstices or the equinoxes if he did not see their dates set down in the almanac or did not read about them in the newspaper. They cannot be determined without accurate instruments and they correspond to no phenomena he is aware of. But the year as we live it does have its procession of recurring events, and it is a curious commentary on the extent to which we live by mere symbols that ten men know that the spring equinox occurs near the twenty first of March to one who could give you even the approximate date when the peepers begin in his community, and that remains true even if he happens to be a countryman and even if he usually remarks, year after year, when they do begin.

It is true that the Day of the Peepers is a movable feast. But so is Easter, which—as a matter of fact—can come earlier or later by just about the same number of days that, on the calendar I have kept, separates the earliest from the latest date upon which *Hyla crucifer* begins to call. Moreover, the earliness or the lateness of the peepers means something, as the earliness or the lateness of Easter does not.

Whatever the stars may say or whatever the sun's attitude may be, spring has not begun until the ice has melted and life begun to stir again. Your peeper makes a calculation which would baffle a meteorologist. He takes into consideration the maximum to which the temperature has risen, the minimum to which it has fallen during the night, the relative length of the warmer and the colder periods, besides, no doubt, other factors hard to get down in tables or charts. But at last he knows that the moment has come. It has been just warm enough just long enough, and without too much cold in between. He inflates

the little bubble in his throat and sends out the clear note audible for half a mile On that day something older than any Christian God has risen The earth is alive again

The human tendency to prefer abstractions to phenomena is, I know, a very ancient one Some anthropologists, noting that abstract design seems usually to come before the pictorial representation of anything in primitive man's environment, have said that the first picture drawn by any beginning culture is a picture of God Certainly in the European world astronomy was the first of the sciences, and it is curious to remember that men knew a good deal about the intricate dance of the heavenly bodies before they had so much as noticed the phenomena of life about them The constellations were named before any except the most obvious animals or plants and were studied before a science of botany or physiology had begun The Greeks, who thought that bees were generated in the carcasses of dead animals and that swallows hibernated under the water, could predict eclipses, and the very Druids were concerned to mark the day on which the sun turned northward again But the earliest of the sciences is also the most remote and the most abstract The objects with which it deals are not living things and its crucial events do not correspond directly or immediately to any phenomena which are crucial in the procession of events as they affect animal or vegetable life

Easter is an anniversary, and the conception of an anniversary is not only abstract but so difficult to define that the attempt to fix Easter used up an appalling proportion of the mental energy of learned men for many hundreds of years—ultimately to result in nothing except a cumbersome complexity that is absolutely meaningless in the end Why should we celebrate the first Sunday after the first full moon on or after the twenty first of March? What possible meaning can the result of such a calculation have? Yet even that meaningless definition of Easter is not really accurate For the purpose of determining the festival, the date of the full moon is assumed to be, not that of the actual full moon, but that on which the full moon would have fallen if the table worked out by Pope Gregory's learned men had been—as it is not—really accurate Even the relatively few men who remember the commonly given formula will occasionally find that they have missed their attempt to determine when Easter will be because they consulted a lay calendar to find the full moon instead of concerning themselves with the Epact and considering the theoretical ecclesiastical full moon rather than the actual one How much easier it is to celebrate the Day of the Peepers instead, and how much more meaningful too! On that day something miraculous and full of promise has actually happened, and that something announces itself in no uncertain terms

Over any astronomically determined festival, the Day of the Peepers has, moreover, another advantage even greater than the simplicity with which it defines itself or the actuality of its relation to the season it announces, for *Hyla crucifer* is a sentient creature who shares with us the drama and the exultation, who, indeed, sings our hosannahs for us The music of the spheres is a myth,

to say that the heavens rejoice is a pathetic fallacy, but there is no missing the rejoicings from the marsh and no denying that they are something shared Under the stars we feel alone but by the pond side we have company

To most, to be sure, Hyla is a *vox et praterea nihil* Out of a thousand who have heard him, hardly one has ever seen him at the time of his singing or recognized him if perchance he has happened by pure accident to see squatting on the branch of some shrub the tiny inch long creature, gray or green according to his mood, and with a dark cross over his back But it was this tiny creature who, some months before, had congregated with his fellows in the cold winter to sing and make love No one could possibly humanize him as one humanizes a pet and so come to feel that he belongs to us rather than—what is infinitely more important—that we both, equally, belong to something more inclusive than ourselves

Like all the reptiles and the amphibians he has an aspect which is inscrutable and antediluvian His thought must be inconceivably different from ours and his joy hardly less so But the fact is comforting rather than the reverse, for if we are nevertheless somehow united with him in that vast category of living things which is so sharply cut off from everything that does not live at all, then we realize how broad the base of the category is, how much besides ourselves is, as it were, on our side Over against the atoms and the stars are set both men and frogs Life is not something entrenched in man alone, in a creature who has not been here so very long and may not continue to be here so very much longer We are not its sole guardians, not alone in enjoying or enduring it It is not something that will fail if we should

Strangely enough, however, man's development takes him farther and farther away from association with his fellows, seems to condemn him more and more to live with what is dead rather than with what is alive It is not merely that he dwells in cities and associates with machines rather than with plants and with animals That, indeed, is but a small and a relatively unimportant part of his growing isolation Far more important is the fact that more and more he thinks in terms of abstractions, generalizations, and laws, less and less participates in the experience of living in a world of sights, and sounds, and natural urges

Electricity, the most powerful of his servants, flows silently and invisibly It isn't really there except in its effects We plan our greatest works on paper and in adding machines Push the button, turn the switch! Things happen But they are things we know about only in terms of symbols and formulae Do we inevitably, in the process, come ourselves to be more and more like the inanimate forces with which we deal, less and less like the animals among whom we arose? Yet it is of protoplasm that we are made We cannot possibly become like atoms or like suns Do we dare to forget as completely as we threaten to forget that we belong rejoicing by the marsh more anciently and more fundamentally than we belong by the machine or over the drawing board?

No doubt astronomy especially fascinated the first men who began to think

because the world in which they lived was predominantly so immediate and so confused a thing, was composed so largely of phenomena which they could see and hear but could not understand or predict and to which they so easily fell victim. The high sky spread out above them defined itself clearly and exhibited a relatively simple pattern of surely recurring events. They could perceive an order and impose a scheme, thus satisfying an intellectual need to which the natural phenomena close about them refused to cater.

But the situation of modern man is exactly the reverse. He "understands" more and more as he sees and hears less and less. By the time he has reached high school age he has been introduced to the paradox that the chair on which he sits is not the hard object it seems to be but a collection of dancing molecules. He learns to deal, not with objects but with statistics, and before long he is introduced to the idea that God is a mathematician, not the creator of things seen, and heard, and felt. As he is taught to trust less and less the evidence of the five senses with which he was born, he lives less and less in the world which they seem to reveal, more and more with the concepts of physics and biology. Even his body is no longer most importantly the organs and muscles of which he is aware but the hormones of which he is told.

The very works of art that he looks at when he seeks delight through the senses are no longer representations of what the eye has seen but constructions and designs—or, in other words, another order of abstractions. It is no wonder that for such a one spring should come, not when the peepers begin, but when the sun crosses the equator or rather—since that is only a human interpretation of the phenomenon—when the inclined axis of the earth is for an instant pointed neither toward nor away from the sun but out into space in such a way that it permits the sun's rays to fall upon all parts of the earth's surface for an equal length of time. For him astronomy does not, as it did for primitive man, represent the one successful attempt to intellectualize and render abstract a series of natural phenomena. It is, instead, merely one more of the many systems by which understanding is substituted for experience.

Surely one day a year might be set aside on which to celebrate our ancient loyalties and to remember our ancient origins. And I know of none more suitable for that purpose than the Day of the Peepers. "Spring is come!", I say when I hear them, and "The most ancient of Christs has arisen!" But I also add something which, for me at least, is even more important. "Don't forget," I whisper to the peepers, "we are all in this together."

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READING AND WRITING

THE FOLLOWING SELECTIONS about the arts of reading and writing say what they have to say with such brilliance and clarity that any comments from the editors would be surely superfluous and probably impertinent. At the same time, no student needs to feel that he must share the tastes of John L. Lowes in reading or the judgments of Maugham about writing. Literature is not a science in which all the experts agree as to what is right and what is wrong. There is no court of critics or professors who has either the power or the ability to settle for all time the controversial issues raised by Lloyd and Barzun. There is no absolute formula for writing well. These essays deserve respect and study because they are the outgrowth of a rich experience with books, and represent the mature reflections of men and women who have made them.

OF READING BOOKS¹



John Livingston Lowes

THE TEXT (if I may call it so) of what I mean to say is this "I hope, y wis, to rede som day" Which, translated into the vernacular, means "I hope to Heaven that some day I'll get a chance to *read*" That pious hope is part of a line of Chaucer, and unless I much mistake, it finds an ardent response in the minds of scores of us to day, who find ourselves caught in the toils of a more restless and exigent century than his And what I propose to say about reading—whether it be for delight, or for information, or for something deeper still—must, if it is to have any value, take into account conditions which all save a few happy mortals are destined to meet

For we live in an age and a land above all things marked by hurried motion I happened to come from Pittsburgh to New York the other day, at the rate of fifty miles an hour Every few minutes another train flashed by in the opposite direction On a hundred thousand miles of rails the same flying shuttles were hurtling back and forth The taxi which took me from one station to another in New York was numbered (they know better now) one million seven hundred thousand and odd, and the other million or two were trying simultaneously to hurl themselves along the streets And under the street, packed trains, a couple of minutes or so apart, were crashing back and forth in the din of steel on steel flung back from walls of stone My neighbour in the smoking car that morning was manfully ploughing his way through a Gargantuan Sunday paper My eye caught a page wide head line in one of those instructive sections which temper the comic supplement to the inquiring spirit "Power enough in a glass of water to drive an ocean liner" And I wondered how far and how fast, when science had done its worst, our harmless necessary glass of water in the morning might one day drive us! A sip before breakfast here in Boston, and in an instant, if we will it, we are catapulted to Chicago Why not? That is the logical goal of our endeavours The word of the hour is the word of my headline—"drive" To carry on the business of college, church, or hospital, we initiate a "drive" Even in religion, education, and philanthropy we tend to think and act in terms of energy translated into tense and often fevered motion The thing meets us everywhere "In a weekly paper not very long ago"—and now I am quoting William James—"I remember reading a story in which, after describing the beauty and interest of the heroine's personality, the author summed up her charms by saying that to all who

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looked upon her an impression as of 'bottled lightning' was irresistibly conveyed. Bottled lightning, in truth," William James goes on, "is one of our American ideals, even of a young girl's character!" That was twenty five years ago. To day, be they masculine or feminine, we dub such persons dynamos. And the human dynamo is fast becoming our ideal.

Matthew Arnold saw all this coming—saw it, indeed, already well under way—much more than fifty years ago. "O born in days when wits were fresh and clear," he cries in his *Scholar Gipsy*,

And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames
Before *this strange disease of modern life*,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its heads o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was rife—
Fly hence, our contact fear!

And he continues

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!
For strong is the infection of our mental strife

And in these last lines Arnold puts his finger on the core of the malady, so far as we are concerned. For this tension in which to day we live and move and have our being is contagious. And there Matthew Arnold is at one with William James, in that wise discourse on which I have already drawn—his talk to students on "The Gospel of Relaxation." The American overtension and jerkiness and breathlessness and intensity," he declares, 'are primarily social phenomena. They are *bad habits* bred of custom and example." And you know, and I know, that high tension is contagious, and that we move in an atmosphere charged with energy driving at action, which sets us driving too, whether we are geared to anything or not. And we are helpless, unless—but that is to anticipate. And now I come back for a moment to Arnold again.

But we, brought forth and reared in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise—
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?

Like children bathing on the shore,
Buried a wave beneath,
The second wave succeeds, before
We have had time to breathe

Too fast we live, too much are tried,
Too harassed, to attain
Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide
And luminous view to gain

And that brings us within sight of our theme

For one of the consequences of this modern malady of ours is that the

gracious things which lend to life and human intercourse the beauty of serenity and comeliness are gone, or on the wane "The wisdom of a learned man," wrote the author of *Ecclesiasticus* long centuries ago, 'cometh by opportunity of leisure,' and not wisdom only, but grace, and gentle breeding, and amenity, and poise come so, and only so. And leisure (which is not to be confused with empty time, but which is time through which free, life enhancing currents flow)—leisure in these days is something to be sought and cherished as a rare and priceless boon, leisure to think, and talk, and write, and read—lost arts else, all of them "John Wesley's conversation is good," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell once, 'but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do.' The sainted John Wesley in the role of a modern "hustler" is a little humorous, and Samuel Johnson did a certain amount of work himself. But an age that loved, on occasion, to fold its legs, and have its talk out, and its book out, and its delightful familiar letters out, may not have been one hundred per cent efficient (in our devastating modern phrase), but it did have shelter to grow ripe, and it did have leisure to grow wise, and more than our own driving, restless period, it did possess its soul. 'He hasteth well,' wrote Chaucer, whom business could not make dull, "who wisely can abide," and we first learn to live when we

claim not every laughing Hour
For handmaid to (our) striding power
To usher for a destined space
(Her own sweet errands all forgone)
The too imperious traveller on

"We are great fools," says Montaigne. "'He spends his life in idleness,' we say, I've done nothing to day.' What! Have you not *lived*? That is not only the most fundamental, but the most illustrious of your occupations.'

Our salvation, then, lies in the refusal to be forever hurried with the crowd, and in our resolution to step out of it at intervals, and drink from deeper wells. "Il se faut reserver une arriere boutique, toute nostre, toute franche"—'we ought to reserve for ourselves an *arriere boutique*, a back shop, all our own, all free, in which we may set up our own true liberty and principal retreat and solitude.' That is Montaigne's ripe, leisured wisdom, and in that *arriere boutique* the wish "I hope, y wis, to rede som day," may find accomplishment. And so I mean to talk for a little while, most informally and most unacademically, about reading—a subject which, partly through our fault, I fear, some of you have come to think of in terms of courses and degrees, but which is infinitely bigger than all that. It is not even scholarship that I shall have in mind. It is simply reading, as men and women have always read, for the delight of it, and for the consequent enriching and enhancement of one's life. I have put delight deliberately first, for the rest, I believe, is contingent upon that. "In general," said Goethe once, "we learn from

what we love" And I propose first of all to exhibit some lovable readers—not a Professor or even a Doctor in the lot, I think—and allow them to speak for themselves And first, then, reading for the sheer delight of it

"In anything fit to be called by the name of reading," says Stevenson in his delectable *Gossip on Romance*,

the process itself should be absorbing and voluptuous, we should gloat over a book, be rapt clean out of ourselves, and rise from the perusal, our mind filled with the busiest kaleidoscopic dance of images, incapable of sleep or of continuous thought It was for this that we read so closely and loved our books so dearly in the bright troubled period of boyhood We dug blithely after a certain sort of incident, like a pig for truffles For my part, I liked a story to begin with an old wayside inn where toward the close of the year 17—, several gentlemen in three cocked hats were playing bowls A friend of mine preferred the Malabar coast in a storm, with a ship beating to windward, and a scowling fellow of Herculean proportions striding along the beach—

and so on delightfully Now it is that unquenchable, bubbling zest on which I wish for the moment to insist, and Stevenson's is the gusto of 'the bright, troubled period of boyhood' Let us set beside it, as is fitting, its companion piece "But, my dearest Catherine"—and need I say that it is the immortal and adorable Jane Austen who is speaking—

'But, my dearest Catherine, what have you been doing with yourself all this morning? Have you gone on with 'Udolpho'?

'Yes, I have been reading it ever since I woke, and I am got to the black veil'

'Are you indeed? How delightful! Oh, I would not tell you what is behind the black veil for the world! Are you not wild to know?'

Oh! yes, quite, what can it be? But do not tell me I would not be told upon any account I know it must be a skeleton, I am sure it is Laurentina's skeleton Oh, I am delighted with the book! I should like to spend my whole life in reading it, I assure you, if it had not been to meet you, I would not have come away from it for all the world"

'Dear creature, how much I am obliged to you! and when you have finished 'Udolpho, we will read 'The Italian' together, and I have made out a list of ten or twelve more of the same kind for you"

Have you indeed? How glad I am! What are they all?'

"I will read you their names directly Here they are, in my pocket book Castle of Wolfenbach,' 'Clermont,' 'Mysterious Warnings,' 'Necromancer of the Black Forest' 'Midnight Bell,' 'Orphan of the Rhine,' and Horrid Mysteries' Those will last us some time"

'Yes, pretty well, but are they all horrid? Are you sure they are all horrid?'

"Yes quite sure, for a particular friend of mine, a Miss Andrews, a sweet girl, one of the sweetest creatures in the world, has read every one of them"

Well, that is the meat upon which your inveterate readers are apt to have fed in childhood, and happy are you, if you have been caught at it young For romances, and stories of giants, magicians, and genii, read with a child's quick

and plastic imagination, are stepping-stones to later, deeper, if no more enduring loves "I read through all gilt cover little books that could be had at that time," wrote Coleridge to Tom Poole in those precious fragments of an autobiography,

and likewise all the uncovered tales of Tom Hickathrift, Jack the Giant Killer, and the like And I used to lie by the wall, and mope and my spirits used to come upon me suddenly and in a flood—and then I was accustomed to run up and down the churchyard, and act over again all that I had been reading on the docks, the nettles, and the rank grass At six years of age I found the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*, and I distinctly recollect the anxious and fearful eagerness with which I used to watch the window where the book lay, and when the sun came upon it I would seize it, carry it by the wall, and bask and read My whole being was, with eyes closed to every object of present sense, to crumble myself up in a sunny corner, and read, read, read

I know there are those to whom all this is heresy, and who would feed children pedagogically desiccated food There have always been such earnest and misguided souls Charles Lamb has a gloriously volcanic outburst, in a letter to Coleridge, about Mrs Barbauld's edifying books for children—Mrs Barbauld, who objected to *The Ancient Mariner* because it was improbable, and who rushed in where angels fear to tread with *An Address to the Deity*

I am glad [he writes] the snuff and Phipps's books please 'Goody Two Shoes' is almost out of print Mrs Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery Knowledge insignificant and vapid as Mrs B's books convey, it seems, must come to a child in the *shape of knowledge*, and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own powers when he has learnt that a Horse is an animal, and Billy is better than a Horse and such like instead of that beautiful Interest in wild tales which made the child a man, while all the time he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child Science has succeeded to Poetry no less in the little walks of children than with men Is there no possibility of averting this sore evil? Think what you would have been now, if instead of being fed with Tales and old wives fables in childhood, you had been crammed with geography and natural history!

Damn them! [The Bowdlerizing editors print "Hang them"—but Lamb was righteously indignant, and did *not* write 'Hang']—I mean the cursed Barbauld Crew, those Blights and Blasts of all that is Human in man and child

That at least cannot be charged with ambiguity, but Lamb expressed himself again—this time with reference to a girl's reading

She was tumbled early [he is writing of Bridget Elia, who was Mary Lamb], by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it, but I can answer for it that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids

On that point I venture no opinion, but the doctrine of the rest is sound

Now I have dwelt on this seemingly irrelevant theme of early reading, because the element of delight is the point I wish just now to emphasize and that eager, childlike zest, once caught, is seldom lost. There is no essential difference, for example, between Coleridge's absorption in the 'Arabian Nights' and the irrepressible gusto with which John Keats read Shakespeare. Here is a bit of a letter which Keats wrote from Burford Bridge, one moonlit night, while he was deep in the composition of *Endymion*

One of the three books I have with me is Shakespeare's Poems. I never found so many beauties in the Sonnets—they seem to be full of fine things said unintentionally—in the intensity of working out conceits. Is this to be borne? Hark ye!

When lofty trees I see barren of leaves
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And Summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard

He has left nothing to say about nothing or anything for look at snails—you know what he says about Snails—you know when he talks about 'cockled Snails'—well in one of these sonnets he says—the chap slips into—no! I lie! this is in the *Venus and Adonis* the simile brought it to my Mind

As the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks back into his shelly cave with pain

He overwhelms a genuine Lover of poesy with all manner of abuse, talking about—

a poet's rage
And stretched metre of an antique song '

Which, by the bye, will be a capital motto for my poem, won't it? By the Whim King! I'll give you a stanza—

and at once he is off creating! That is Keats through and through—the Keats who went "ramping" (as Cowden Clarke put it) through *The Faerie Queene*, who "hoisted himself up, and looked burly and dominant, as he said, 'What an image that is—*sea shouldering whales*'", who wrote, the night he first opened Chapman's Homer "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken" I always think, when I read in Keat's letters the things he says about his books, of those lines in *Ruth*

Before me shone a glorious world—
Fresh as a banner bright, unfurled
To music suddenly

I have known, you know, men and women—busy men and women, too—to whom a book still means that It is the very spirit of Miranda's cry

O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in t'

And I envy any one to whom for the first time—or for the hundredth time—the brave new world of books is opening, that world which has such people in it Cleopatra, Mr Pickwick, Helen of Troy, Samuel Pepys, the Wife of Bath, Sir John Falstaff, Mrs Proudie, Sir Willoughby Patterne, Becky Sharp, Perdita, Pantagruel, Mephistopheles, Launcelot, Dido, and a thousand others more alive than you and I “I doe nothing without blithenesse,” wrote Montaigne in his essay on ‘Books’—and if I were going to that famous desert island for which we are periodically asked to select our five foot shelf, Montaigne in his pithy, sinewy, succulent French would be almost the first whom I should pick—‘Je ne fais rien sans gayete’, and no mortal ever went adventuring more blithely among books than Michael, Lord of Montaigne, or brought home richer treasure trove

“But,” you will say to me, ‘we haven’t time’ I know it, very few of us these days have time—those least, I sometimes think, who have it most But even if being modern, and ambitious, and efficient, and all that, we are whirled along with our fellow atoms in the rush, we shall not be losing time if now and then we pause, and loaf (I wish the fine phrase had not been worn so trite), loaf, and invite our souls And if you worship in the temple of efficiency, don’t forget—and again I am drawing on the wise humanity of William James—that “just as a bicycle chain may be too tight, so may one’s carefulness and conscientiousness be so tense as to hinder the running of one’s mind’ And after all, the smooth, free running of one’s mind is fairly important to the precious efficiency of whatever machinery it be that your particular intelligence helps to run Even as a business proposition (to fall again into the jargon of the day), time spent in unclamping our mental processes is time won, and not time lost

And the thing is possible Here is part of a letter which Matthew Arnold wrote to his sister And Arnold, being a hard driven public official, knew whereof he spoke

If I were you, my dear Fan, I should now take to some regular reading if it were only an hour a day It is the best thing in the world to have something of this sort as a point in the day, and far too few people know and use this secret You would have your district still, and all your business as usual, but you would have this hour in your day in the midst of it all, and it would soon become of the greatest solace to you

Here is a passage in which William Hazlitt is talking of luxuriating in books

I remember sitting up half the night to read *Paul and Virginia*, which I picked up at an inn at Bridgewater, after being drenched in the rain all day, and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame D’Arblay’s *Camilla* It was on the 10th of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the *New Eloise*, at the inn at Llangollen over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken

And that delectable epicureanism is one of the marks of your true reader for delight—he remains a human being while he reads

And here is Charles Lamb to Coleridge

Observe, there comes to you, by the Kendal waggon to morrow, a box containing the Miltons, the strange American Bible Baxter's *Holy Commonwealth*, for which you stand indebted to me 3s 6d, an odd volume of Montaigne, being of no use to me, I have the whole, certain books belonging to Wordsworth, as do also the strange thick hoofed shoes, which are very much admired at in London—

and there I must pause for a moment For those thick hoofed shoes are uncanny in their rich suggestiveness They are Simon Lee and Goody Blake and the Idiot Boy and Peter Bell in a nutshell And one of the fascinations of the letters—of Gray's inimitable raciness, of "the divine chit chat of Cowper, as Coleridge calls it, of Lamb, Byron, Keats, Fitzgerald, Stevenson—one of the quintessential pleasures of the letters lies in their wealth of unexpected flashes "fine things said unintentionally," as Keats said of the Sonnets And now I return to Lamb and his box of books

If you find the Miltons in certain parts dirtied and soiled with a crumb of right Gloucester blacked in the candle (my usual supper), or peradventure, a stray ash of tobacco wafted into the crevices, look to that passage more especially depend upon it, it contains good matter

Crumbs of toasted cheese and the ash of a pipe suggest, however, concomitant delights perhaps of scant appeal to certain readers Well, then, here is Dorothy Wordsworth

Worked hard, and read *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and ballads Sauntered a little in the garden The blackbird sate quietly in its nest, rocked by the wind and beaten by the rain Sauntered a good deal in the garden, bound carpets mended old clothes, read *Timon of Athens*, dried linen In the afternoon we sate by the fire, I read Chaucer aloud, and Mary read the first canto of the *Faerie Queene* We spent the morning in the orchard reading the *Epithalamium* of Spenser, walked backwards and forwards We sowed the scarlet beans in the orchard, and read *Henry V* there After dinner William added one to the orchard steps A sunshiny morning, I walked to the top of the hill and sate under a wall facing the sun I read a scene or two in *As You Like It* Read part of *The Knight's Tale* with exquisite delight

The Faerie Queene, the *Epithalamium*, *Henry V*, *As You Like It*, *The Knight's Tale* those are the things that you "take," as if they were some academic whooping cough or measles And there, under no compulsion, is a woman reading them as if they'd actually been written to be read—reading them by the fire, in the orchard, on a hill top under a wall in the sun—reading with exquisite delight Heaven help us who teach, if through well-meant but sometimes misguided efforts to instruct, we have rubbed the bloom off the great books, and blunted the keen edge of pleasure such as that!

I have not the slightest intention in all this of implying that only the hundred best books, so to speak, will serve our purposes. Some of the most bewitching, completely captivating things in life lie buried in forgotten, relatively worthless books, if one has eyes to see them. An enterprising young friend of mine suggested in a letter that I had from him not long ago the alluring enterprise of an anthology of the *worst* poetry. I hope he will make it! For your true adventurer in "the wide, wild wilderness of books" knows that often, as Browning has it, "the worst turns best for the brave." "I am going to repeat my old experiment," Stevenson wrote in a letter to Sidney Colvin, "after buckling to a while to write more correctly, lie down and have a wallow." That is not elegant, but it is precise. And after one has wound up one's faculties, like Mrs. Battle, over serious things, one may indulge with propriety in what I suppose one may designate as a slumming expedition among books. I do not recommend it as a practice, but for occasional indulgence there are distinguished precedents. Macaulay, for instance, besides knowing the romances of a certain prolific Mrs. Meeke almost by heart, was devoted to the literary efforts of a Mrs. Kitty Cuthbertson—*Santo Sebastiano, or, the Young Protector, The Forest of Montalbano, The Romance of the Pyrenees, Adelaide, or, the Countercharm*. And on the last page of his edition of *Santo Sebastiano* appears an elaborate computation of the number of fainting fits that occur in the course of the five volumes. Here they are:

Julia de Clifford	11	Lord Delamore	2
Lady Delamore	4	Lady Enderfield	1
Lady Theodosia	4	Lord Ashgrove	1
Lord Glenbrook	2	Lord St. Orville	1
		Henry Mildmay	1

a total of 27. And here is a specimen of one of these catastrophes: "One of the sweetest smiles that ever animated the face of mortal now diffused itself over the countenance of Lord St. Orville, as he fell at the feet of Julia in a death-like swoon."

There is a volume entitled *A Spiritual Diary and Soliloquies* by a certain John Ruttey, M.D., which, Boswell informs us, diverted Dr. Johnson vastly—one of these priceless things on which one stumbles now and then and which reward excursions off the beaten path. Here are a few of the worthy Quaker's entries:

Tenth month, 1753

23 Indulgence in bed an hour too long

Twelfth month, 17 An hypochondriac obnubilation from wind and indigestion

Ninth month, 28 An over dose of whiskey

29 (Which was the day after the over dose) A dull, cross, choleric day

First month, 22 A little swinish at dinner and repast

31 Dogged on provocation

Second month, 5 Very dogged or snappish

23 Dogged again

Fourth month 29 Mechanically and sinfully dogged

I am not, as you see, submitting a bibliography, or suggesting learned apparatus. For the moment we are concerned with reading for the sheer delight of it, when the world is all before us where to choose. But with delight there may be coupled something else. For one also reads to learn. And about that and one thing more, I shall be very brief.

Let me begin with a remark of Oliver Wendell Holmes

There are about as many twins in the births of thought as of children. For the first time in your lives you learn some fact or come across some idea. Within an hour, a day, a week, that same fact or idea strikes you from another quarter. Yet no possible connection exists between the two channels by which the thought or the fact arrived. And so it has happened to me and to every person, often and often to be hit in rapid succession by these twinned facts or thoughts, as if they were linked like chain shot.

Now all of us have had that experience, and it is apt to give us a curious sensation. "Here," we say, "we've gone all our life without seeing that, and now all at once we see it at every turn. What does it mean?" Not long ago, for example, my attention was called for the first time, in a letter, to an international society of writers; two days later my eye caught a reference to it in a daily paper. Soon afterward I heard, for the first time to my knowledge, the name of a certain breed of terns. Within a week I had come across the name in two different novels I was reading. What had happened? Simply this. I had doubtless seen both names time and again before, but nothing had ever stamped them on my memory, and so when they turned up again, they awakened no response. Then, all at once, something did fix them in my mind, and when they met my eye once more, they were there behind it, so to speak, to recognize themselves when they appeared. There had been set up in my brain, as it were, by each of them, a magnetic centre, ready to catch and attract its like.

Now one of the things which the process we call education ought to do, and by no means always does, is to establish in the mind as many as possible of these magnetic centres—live spots, which thrust out tentacles of association and catch and draw to themselves their kind. For there are few joys in reading like the joy of the chase. And the joy of the chase comes largely through the action of these centres of association in your brain. Let me illustrate what I mean, and since first hand experience imparts a certain vividness which abstract theorizing lacks, let me use myself as a *corpus vile*, and draw for a moment upon that.

Years ago, like everybody who was interested in Chaucer, I was puzzled by a mysterious reference to "the dry sea and the Carrenar." There was no Carrenar that anybody knew—nor, for that matter, any assured dry sea. One day, as I was reading in an old battered volume of *Purchas his Pilgrimes*, which is one of my choicest treasures, I was struck by the recurrence in a number of

Central Asian place names, of the prefix *Kara*. But none of them had the termination *nar*. Might they offer, however, a possible clue? So I asked that one among my colleagues who is an adept in all outlandish tongues, what the combination *Kara nar* would mean in any language which he knew. The instant answer was *Black Lake*. The rest of the long tale I shall not tell. Suffice it to say that there was and is a lake called *Kara nor*, that it lay and lies on the great ancient trade route between Orient and Occident, travelled in Chaucer's time, and that the lake is at the edge of a vast and terrible desert which was and is, in name and character, a veritable dry sea. And the sole reason of my mention of the business here is this. Had the crux of the *Carrenar* not been very much alive in my head, I might have seen a thousand *Kara's* in the travel books without a thrill, and so have missed the most fascinating exploration—barring two—I ever undertook. And these other two came about in precisely the same way through the recognition as I read of something which suggested, through a likeness recognized, the solution of a puzzle which had found a lodgment in my mind, and which was there, once more, to recognize its like, when, without warning, its like turned up. I cannot lay too strong an emphasis upon the sort of pleasure which results from the constant recognition in what one reads of things which link themselves, often in endlessly suggestive fashion, with things one has already read, till old friends with new faces meet us at every turn, and flash sudden light, and waken old associations, and quicken the zest for fresh adventures. To read with alert intellectual curiosity is one of the keenest joys of life, and it is pleasure which too many of us needlessly forgo.

And that leads me to say two things. In the first place, one cannot begin too soon to buy one's own books, if for no other reason (and there are many more) than the freedom which they give you to use their fly leaves for your own private index of those matters in their pages which are particularly yours, whether for interest, or information, or what not—those things which the index makers never by any possibility include. To be able to turn at will, in a book of your own, to those passages which count for *you*, is to have your wealth at instant command, and your books become a record of your intellectual adventures, and a source of endless pleasure when you want, as you will, to turn back to the things which have given delight, or stirred imagination, or opened windows, in the past.

That is one point. The other is this. Goethe observed to Eckermann one day, in those *Conversations* which constitute one of the most thought provoking volumes in the world: "You know, Saul the son of Kish went out one day to find his father's asses, and found a kingdom." Which is a parable. For it is when you are looking for one thing as you read—it may be some utterly trivial affair—that ten to one you come upon the unexpected thing, the big or thrilling thing, which opens up new worlds of possibilities. Most of our discoveries—even if, as usually happens, they are discoveries only to us—are made when we are hot on the trail of something else. For because we are looking, we see,

and we see more than we look for, because the eye which scans the page is actively alert to everything. And the more you *have*—the more live cluster points of association there are in your brain—the more you see, and reading becomes a *cumulative* delight. “The dear good people,” said Goethe once, “don’t know how long it takes to learn to read. I’ve been at it eighty years, and can’t say yet that I’ve reached the goal.” One never does. There are always, as one goes on reading, unpath’d waters, undream’d shores ahead. And that is the secret of its perennial delight.

One reads for the sheer enjoyment of it, one reads to learn, and there is a yet more excellent way. “Man *lernt* nichts,” said Goethe of Winckelmann, “wenn man ihn liest, aber man *wird* etwas”—“you don’t *learn* anything when you read him, but you *become* something.” That strikes to the very root of things, for it puts into one pregnant phrase the supreme creative influence in the world—the contagious touch of great personalities. And if a good book is, in truth, as Milton in a noble passage once declared, “the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life,” then that creative influence of life on life is in the book, and as we read, our spirit is enriched and grows, and we *become* something. We are just a little ashamed these days, I know, in our reaction from a certain sort of cant, to read for our soul’s sake, or our spirit’s sake, or for edification, in the fine old sense of a sadly misused word. We feel, somehow, that it isn’t quite the thing. Well, I don’t care at all what terms you use, but we are more than intellect, and more than sense, and the deepest lying springs of life are touched by life alone. And the men who have lived, and learned through living, and won through life a wide and luminous view—these men have the imperishable creative power of broadening, deepening, and enhancing life. They are the true humanists, and humanism, as I take it, is the development, not of scholars, not of philosophers, or scientists, or specialists in this or that, but of human beings. Goethe was such a humanist, and Goethe, by practice, not by precept, has pointed out the way.

“I read every year,” he said, “a few plays of Molière, just as I also, from time to time, look over the engravings of the great Italian masters. For we little men aren’t capable of maintaining within us the greatness of such things, and we have always to keep turning back to them from time to time, in order to quicken within us our impressions.” “Today after dinner,” wrote Eckermann—and this sort of thing happened again and again—“Goethe went through the portfolio of Raphael with me. He busies himself with Raphael very often, in order to keep himself always in touch with the best, and to exercise himself continually in thinking the thoughts of a great spirit after him.” And this, mind you, was not a preacher, or a teacher, or a reformer, but the most puissant, richly endowed spirit of the modern world. Beyond delight, and beyond intellectual adventure, there is the spiritual contagion of great books.

And again I should like to be very practical, for we live in a busy world. Matthew Arnold once wrote in a letter, while he was off inspecting schools

"I enjoy my time here very much I read five pages of Greek anthology every day, looking out all the words I do not know"—a very comforting remark, that last, for some of us "This," he goes on, "is what I shall always understand by *education*, and it does me good, and gives me great pleasure" And the secret of his practice comes out in another letter, written this time to a British working man "As to useful knowledge, a single line of poetry, working in the mind, may produce more thoughts and lead to more light, which is what man wants, than the fullest acquaintance (to take your own instance) with the processes of digestion" I am not sure, indeed, that anything which Arnold left is of more worth than his little, narrow, vestpocket notebooks, which extend over a period of thirty seven years They served, not only for his record of engagements, but also as a repository for those passages of his daily reading which, in his own words, were "working in his mind"—those passages through pondering on which (to use Montaigne's phrase) he *forged*, instead of merely *furnishing*, his soul The entries for a dozen years have been printed, in a precious volume, by his daughter, and they exemplify, as nothing else I know can do, the sort of reading which I now have in mind—that reading through which "man *wird* etwas" I take nothing back of what I have said of reading as a delightful intellectual adventure But this is different—yet not so different after all "I had an idea," wrote Keats in one of his letters,

that a Man might pass a very pleasant life in this manner—let him on a certain day read a certain Page of full Poesy or distilled Prose and let him wander with it, and muse upon it, and reflect upon it, and bring home to it and prophesy upon it and dream upon it, until it becomes stale—but when will it do so? Never When Man has arrived at a certain ripeness in intellect, any one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting point towards all 'the two and thirty Palaces'

Well, there before you are the palaces and the road thereto I don't know where, for you, they are, I only know they are there

We have no shrines, most of us, any more—we Protestant Puritan Pagan-Anglo Saxon Occidentals—no tranquil Buddhas or symbols of the Passion by the roadside, no solemn temples, few cool, silent churches, always open and inviting to withdrawal for a moment from the hurly burly of the world It is not my business to determine whether that means loss or gain But one thing it is always in our power to do—to withdraw now and then from the periphery to the centre, from the ceaseless whirl of the life that streams and eddies round us to the deep serenity of those great souls of better centuries ("ces grandes âmes des meilleurs siècles"), who give—and the lines sum up the antidote to the sick hurry of today—who give

Authentic tidings of invisible things,
Of ebb and flow, and ever during power,
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation

THE DECLINE OF ATTENTION¹



Clifton Fadiman

ALMOST FIFTY YEARS AGO Henry James, a novelist desperately in search of an audience, isolated, in the course of a letter of December 11, 1902 to William Dean Howells, one reason for his commercial failure. He wrote

The *faculty of attention* has utterly vanished from the general anglo saxon mind, extinguished at its source by the big blatant Bayadere of Journalism, of the news paper and the picture (above all) magazine, who keeps screaming, Look at *me*, I am the thing, and I only, the thing that will keep you in relation with me *all the time* without your having to attend *one minute of the time*. Illustrations, loud simplifications and *grossissements*, the prose that is careful to be in the tone of, and with the distinction of a newspaper or bill poster advertisement—these, and these only, meseems, ‘stand a chance

The first thing that strikes one about this pronouncement is its accuracy if considered as prophecy. All the evils of which poor James complained would seem to have intensified since his day. Yet James did not think of himself as prophetic, apparently the decline of attention in the reading public was already, in 1902, a salient phenomenon.

Let us move back another hundred years. We find Wordsworth writing, in the preface to the 1802 edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*

For a multitude of causes unknown to former times are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor. The most effective of these causes are the great national events which are daily taking place, and the increasing accumulation of men in cities, where the uniformity of their occupations produces a craving for extraordinary incident which the rapid communication of intelligence hourly gratifies.

It is interesting to note, first, that the decline of attention had been clearly spotted as far back as 1802, and, second, that some of its causes—nationalism and industrialism—were more philosophically identified in that early era than in James’s time. What James took to be the sources of the decline of attention—the blatancies of journalism and particularly of pictorial journalism—are really secondary effects or symptoms. At most they lend a helping hand, they are aids to inattention.

Let us be clear as to what we mean by attention. The faculty of attention itself cannot disappear. But it may be paralyzed by various pressures: the pres-

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sure of the German torture chamber, of the Kremlin propaganda mill, of the sensational journalism of James's complaint. It may also be displaced as to its objects, that is, attention may be unwilling or unable to fasten on the matters James cared for—the world of art and thought—and quite willing and able to fasten on a quite different set of objects: the mechanisms of industrial production, of a baseball game, of war.

It seems fairly clear that in our time the attrition of one kind of attention—the ability to read prose and poetry of meaning and substance—is becoming more and more widespread, and that the faculty of attention in general is undergoing a wholesale displacement away from ideas and abstractions toward things and techniques. The movement toward displacement is the result of calculated policy in such police states as the Soviet Union. It is a natural phenomenon, by no means universal, in free countries such as our own. The displacement may be glimpsed in the pages of those Utopias which begin with *Erewhon*, continue with *Brave New World*, and culminate in George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty Four*.

When reflecting on these Utopias, it is important to remember that they were conceived by literary men, that is, by men belonging to the class most gravely menaced by the attrition or displacement of attention. Such men—Wordsworth, James—are naturally the first to notice the phenomenon from which they have most to fear. But there is a larger class—technicians, generals, Mr. James Burnham's "Managers," certain kinds of journalists, certain kinds of government and labor bureaucrats—which has much to gain from the same phenomenon, and there is a very large class indeed which simply feels more comfortable in a society that does not demand from it any considerable systematic effort of the mind.

Here is Cyril Connolly:

The great artists of the past, despite the love lavished on them by scholars and esthetes, are becoming more and more remote and unfamiliar. They are not replaced by others because we are moving into a world of non-art. One has only to compare the world of the long sea voyage—sunsets—leisure—complete works of so and so—with the still mildly esthetic world of the train and then with the completely incurious existence of the air passenger with his few reassuring leaflets issued by the company, his meals wrapped up in cellophane in a cardboard box, his copy of *Time* in case the sleeping pill doesn't work. This unseeing, unreading traveler is a symbol of the new public. Poetry for this civilization may well cease to exist for no one except a few professors will possess the necessary ear to follow its subtleties. Reading aloud is almost extinct and the poet who wrestles with his subtle tone effects secures his victories for himself alone. The hopeless are the irresponsible, the irresponsible are the lazy, we must accustom ourselves to a reading public which is both too slothful and too restless to read until a sense of values is restored to it.

But what meaning would this trade hold for a publisher of comic books or a seller of big magazine advertising space—men who are quite as good citizens

as is Mr Connolly and possess souls quite as immortal as his? To them all the things of which Mr Connolly complains seem good, not bad, inability to read poetry is for them a sign of decency and inner happiness No cheap irony is here intended I wish merely to suggest that the decline in the ability to read is distressing only from a certain traditional—indeed, one might say reactionary—point of view In larger perspective it may seem merely an inevitable change in man's mental outlook as he moves into a new phase of culture—or anti culture The poet will view this change differently from the anthropologist, who will view it differently from the grand masters of pictorial journalism, who will view it differently from the strap hanging reader of a tabloid newspaper

Let us try to consider the decline of attention as objectively as possible

The first thing to make clear is that excellent books are being consistently produced and eagerly read The question to ask, however, is this do such books, read by a minority, make a connection with the *center* of our culture in the same sense that the latest issue of a picture magazine or the latest product from Hollywood *does* make such a connection? Our anthropologist would be forced to answer in the negative I think he would have to admit that the success of such a book as Toynbee's *A Study of History* is an eccentric rather than a normal phenomenon

I believe, furthermore, examination would reveal that such books are the consolation of the few (still fairly numerous—possibly a million in all) whose faculty of attention has been neither paralyzed nor displaced, but who fear fully sense such paralysis and displacement all about them The cults of Faulkner, James, Eliot, Kafka, the excitement over the often admirable "new criticism", the multiplication of little magazines with littler and littler circulations, the flowering of "difficult" poetry, the modest successes of such an uncompromising publishing house as New Directions, or such a vanguard magazine as *Partisan Review*, the limited but definite triumphs of the Great Books movement, the attention given to such educational "experiments" as St John's College and such traditional pronouncements as those by educators like Hutchins and Conant—all these apparently disparate phenomena are really symptoms, not of the *numerical* growth of those who cultivate the faculty of attention, but rather of the growth of the *intensity of their need* for some mental pabulum other than that supplied by the central culture purveyors of our time

We may put it another way From the time of the Greeks and early Hebrews up to the triumph of the nationalist spirit and the industrial revolution, the "highbrow"—Moses, Socrates, Thomas Aquinas, Voltaire—was instinctively regarded, however vaguely, as a leader of the human race He fought, even if unsuccessfully, a vanguard action Today the "highbrow"—Schweitzer, Hutchins, Einstein, Freud, Toynbee, Sir Richard Livingstone—is instinctively regarded, even when accorded a certain mechanical respect, as contrary to the trend of the times He fights a rear guard action

If we limit our attention to literature alone, the fact that this action is rear-

guard shows itself in dozens of ways. For instance, in a nation of 140,000,000, we have only two serious monthly magazines of general appeal—*Harper's* and *The Atlantic Monthly*. As we should expect (for they satisfy the intense thirst of a cultural out group) their circulation is faithful, but it is also limited, and does not keep pace either with the growth of the general population, or with that of the specifically "literate." These and a few other serious magazines make valiant efforts to print material that demands a real effort of the attention.

But it is needless to point out that the magazines that really talk to the heart of our country are not these, but the others—the digests, the pulps, the picture magazines, the weekly news catalogues, the smooth paper monthly mammoths. These vary widely in literary finish and "sophistication" (*Life*, for example, has published brilliant examples of scientific popularization). But they have in common this: in general they make no rigorous demand on the faculty of attention.

Some of the characteristics of this journalism are: brevity, simplification, the emphasis on timeliness (with its corollary, the conscious neglect or unconscious ignorance of the past), planned nonliterary English, the avoidance of abstract ideas, the compartmentalization of life (this compartmentalization, as in the news magazine, is the verbal analogue of mass production's division of labor), the emphasis on "personalities" as well as the avoidance of *personality*, the exploitation of the "column" as against the discursive essay, the preference of the wisecrack to wit, the featuring of headlines (here, as elsewhere, modern journalism reveals its kinship, quite proper and natural, with advertising), the often remarkable ingenuity displayed in "packaging," an almost religious veneration for the "fact" (to be "well informed" is our substitute for the capacity to reflect), the rapid alternation of appeals (known as "balance," or something for everybody), and the careful exploitation of certain not highly cerebral interests, mainly in the areas of vicarious sex, criminality, violence, "inspiration," gadget worship, and the idolization of contemporary gods, such as cinema stars, sports heroes, and clean faced high school girl graduates.

In general, a successful, technically admirable attempt is made to *attract* the attention without actually *engaging* it, to entertain rather than challenge, or, to use the editors' quite legitimate phrase, to be "readable"—that is, to present material which can be read easily and forgotten quickly.

The reader is reminded that the above description is not intended to be scornful. No reflection is here cast on the editors or publishers of these magazines. The appeal to inattention is as natural a development of our culture as is the mass produced washing machine. There is nothing Machiavellian—with a few exceptions—about those who manipulate this appeal.

Pater thought the goal of all the arts was to approach the condition of music. It would seem that today the goal of the word is to approach the condition of the picture. The great triumphs of modern journalism have been accomplished not with the typewriter but with the camera, the lens is mightier than the

sword This is natural enough the photograph (I am not referring here, of course, to the occasional production of a great camera artist, such as a Steichen or a Gjon Mili) makes less demand on the attention than even the simplest sentence It attracts at once, it induces an immediate stimulus, and it is forgotten directly It is the ideal medium of communication without real connection, so ideal as to make it inevitable that the two great communications inventions of our time—the radio and the movie—should somehow copulate and engender television

It was advertising that did most of the pioneering for modern journalism, that discovered the value of the pictorial and the visible Advertising led the assault on the solid page of prose, led it so successfully that nowadays even the editors of serious magazines worry about “breaking up” the page, introducing white space,” and similar problems Visibility is the thing the comic strip represents its outstanding triumph, and sky writing its enthronement in heaven

The victory of the visible is closely associated with another victory—that of the clock The long piece, the discursive essay, the attempt at a complete view of anything—these find publication only with difficulty When *The New Yorker* devoted an entire issue to John Hersey’s *Hiroshima*, admiration for the narrative’s qualities was far less intense than astonishment (shock is really the word) at the mere fact that so long a piece of prose should be presented to the magazine reader for a single reading The shortened paragraph, the carefully measured column, the “punchy” sentence are, of course, minor by-products of our clock worship which began, as Mumford has brilliantly demonstrated, in the late Middle Ages with the advent of the commercial spirit, and underwent a vast development with the triumph of industry and technique We modern readers want to “understand” a piece of prose as quickly as, let us say, we can understand the dashboard of our new cars In both cases we wish to increase the sense of our own “efficiency” by subordinating our selves to the errorless perfection of a machine

We must beware of assuming that the prime causes of the decline of attention are to be found in such symptoms as the digest, advertising, the radio, television, the gossip column, the picture magazine, the soap opera, the mass newspaper, the comic book, the pulps, the mammary glandular “historical” work of fiction, the inspirational best seller, the cinema, the juke box, the monosyllabic novel They aid in the relaxation of attention, but they do not cause it They are merely carriers of the germ

Similarly, it is both ungenerous and superficial to blame our educational system That, too, is a carrier, not a cause It is true, as educators such as Bernard Iddings Bell have pointed out, that on the whole our primary schools no longer really teach the child certain basic skills (how to read, write, speak, listen, and figure) the non possession of which works against the development of attention It is true, as Bell says, that many of our primary schools, through the system of mass promotion, place a premium on mental laziness It is true also

that many of our high schools proceed on the make the work interesting to the student theory—which hardly conduces to the development of the intellect. Finally, it is true that the college, therefore, is forced to neglect its true function—which is to produce mentally mature leaders—in favor of performing, belatedly and therefore inefficiently, the elementary education duties that are properly the province of the primary and secondary schools.

The school is an instrument of our society, it cannot be that and at the same time be an agent of intellectual ferment. It cannot teach the virtues of attentiveness if the society of which it is a part indoctrinates the child hourly with the virtues of inattentiveness, or, rather, with the virtues of attentiveness to things, techniques, machines, spectator sports, and mass amusement, as against the virtues of attentiveness to knowledge, wisdom, and the works of the creative imagination.

The school—there are, of course, notable exceptions—has in general become a kind of asylum or refuge rather than an educational institution. In his noble jeremiad *Crisis in Education*, Dr. Bell quotes a high school principal as saying: “My real business is to keep adolescent boys and girls, regardless of educational aptitude and desire or the lack of them, from running the streets, getting into trouble, and becoming an intolerable nuisance in the community. The easiest way to keep them willing to submit to the school’s control and so, incidentally, to hold my job, is to provide for them a vast amount of amusement and a minimum of work to do.”

This seems a fair statement. All it means is that if our culture desires to produce, not rational men, but producers and consumers, the school becomes a useful place in which to quarter and divert the youthful citizen until he is old enough to produce and consume. The point is well put, entirely without irony, by Professors Russell and Judd, of the University of Chicago, in *The American Educational System*: “Most young people today are not able to enter industry or other types of gainful employment before age eighteen, in many cases not before age twenty. The best method of occupying the time of such young people is an important problem, and the solution of this problem by requiring an extended educational period, regardless of the immediate value of the education as such, may be socially wise.” Dr. Bell further quotes them as saying that American education may have to depart from the usual academic and vocational disciplines if it is to be “made of sufficient interest to appeal to most young people in this country.”

It is clear that this conception of the school is not at all eccentric or cynical. It is realistic. It simply tunes in on the wave band of our society in general. However, it is also clear that it will hardly be apt to produce men and women capable of paying attention to a reasonably complex story or exposition, much less capable of reacting to the highest types of literature, such as poetry, tragic drama, philosophy, or religious reflection.

The phrase quoted above, “of sufficient interest to appeal,” is the crux of the matter. The future citizen is made the criterion, you must “appeal” to

him, or be lost. Thus the reading public becomes a "consuming public" that must be *sold* words and thoughts. In consequence the writer tends more and more to obey the doctrine of cultural Jacobinism—to wit, that he is equal to his audience, but not superior to it. He must "please," and the quickest way of pleasing involves simplification, overemphasis, and all the other ingenious techniques of modern communication.

Naturally, a great many writers, members of the outgroup, reject this theory. They believe that if they do not know and feel more than their audience, there is no particular point in being a writer. They write, therefore, in accordance with outmoded standards—and to date have succeeded, as a general thing, in finding an audience of people more or less like themselves, relics, holdovers. This audience, particularly in free countries like our own, is still quite numerous. It supports many excellent publishers, several book clubs, a multitude of good bookstores. It welcomes eagerly such novelists as Graham Greene, Miss Compton Burnett, Elizabeth Bowen—writers who are not ashamed, nay, are proud, to make stiff demands on the attention of the reader. But, whatever it may contribute to our culture, it does not appear to be solidly in the mainstream.

That mainstream is composed largely of men and women whose faculty of attention is in process either of decay or displacement. In decay it is incapable of grasping reasonably complex works of literature or speculation. In displacement it is highly capable of grasping the often formidable intricacies of business, machinery, technology, sports, and war.

For the fundamental causes of the decline of attention, we shall have to go back to our quotation from Wordsworth. They lie deep in the history of the last three hundred years and are almost surely connected with the rise of aggressive nationalism and the victory of the industrial revolution. At some point in the not very remote past a profound shift in our thinking took place. An interest in altering and vanquishing the environment by means of mechanical techniques plus an interest in material accumulation began to oust our traditional interest in discovering the nature of man and expounding his relation to God. Nationalism set itself up against universal thought, substituting for it local and temporal dogma. Industrialism erected definite, easily understandable standards of values, quite at variance with the ethical, religious, and esthetic standards that had, at least in theory, prevailed before its time. These standards "paid off"—that is, the man who lived by them found himself becoming "successful" or "adjusted."

It seemed more useful to fix the attention on a new system of double entry bookkeeping or the mechanism of the internal combustion engine than on *Hamlet*. It was more useful; it was also more enjoyable.

If the man who likes *Hamlet* finds himself a member of an outgroup, even a tolerated outgroup, sooner or later he may wonder whether it's worthwhile to like *Hamlet*. If there are no, or few, social rewards accruing from the exercise of the faculty of attention, he may tend increasingly to permit its attrition. If

the rational man is made more and more to look like a fool he may cease to prize his rationality. Very few like to be reactionary, setting themselves against the current of their time. Most of us want to be part of contemporary history, and if contemporary history does not demand of us any rigorous ordering of the faculty of attention, we will either allow it to decline or we will fix it upon those objects or processes in which the majority of our fellow citizens seem to be genuinely interested.

The humanist will cry out against all this, but he forgets that humanism itself is no more than three thousand years old, a short parenthesis in history. At one time the mental habits of the caveman prevailed over the earth. There seems no absolute reason why the mental habits of George Orwell's robot man of 1984 should not come to prevail during the next few hundred years. Those reactionaries who believe that man is unchangeably a rational soul will have faith that Orwell's world, too, will pass, and that man is bound to return to the pursuit of those goods Socrates and Jesus pointed out to him. But it is doubtful that this return will on a large scale come to pass in our own time. For the moment the humanist would seem constrained to bide his time and conserve the faculty of attention as the church conserved the riches of the classical tradition during what is unfairly called the Dark Ages.

THE PURSUIT OF VALUES IN FICTION¹



Dorothy Brewster and Angus Burrell

I

ANATOLE FRANCE, speaking once of the books he had written for children, said he was always afraid of not succeeding. "It is much easier to write for men than for the little monkeys. One persuades men that it is the proper thing to read such and such a book. And they read it and praise it. When a child is bored, he tears the page and makes a paper doll or a boat."

The child's attitude is an honest one. Some adults retain this attitude, reading what pleases them, flinging aside what doesn't, and not concerning themselves with the tastes of others or the reasons for their own likes and dislikes. But most of us by the time we are grown up have had a little training in ethics and esthetics. We feel an obligation to appreciate what is considered good, morally or artistically, and to give our reasons. So we talk of plot and characterization, or what is "convincing" and what is "unreal," of "significance" and "sound psychology," of "message" and "local color" and "truth to

¹ Adapted from *Adventure or Experience* (1930) Columbia University Press. By permission of the authors.

life." One praises a book, another damns the same book, to the first the characters are convincing and the plot beautifully proportioned, to the second the same characters are unreal and the same plot badly constructed. These sharply contradictory judgments are expressed in the same technical phrases of criticism that we have been taught to use by teachers, critics, and reviewers. But under the shop worn formulas lurk intimate personal responses to the book of which we are often unaware. The circumstances under which we read it may predispose us to approval or disapproval, a half forgotten experience may be at work, unlocking our imagination or bolting the door, some unacknowledged prejudice is obscurely active, or some psychological need, proceeding from the unsatisfied impulses that every human being has or the deep seated inner conflicts that few escape, makes us love or hate the book with a fervor difficult for us to understand. It is no easy matter to trace these intimate personal relations with a book. We need a Socrates to conduct the inquiry, with our favorite psychologist at his elbow to prompt him. Instead we have a few teachers and critics and a few hundred student readers of varying ages, willing but not always able to explore their preferences in fiction.

There was an intelligent young man in a University Extension course whose academic training had been interrupted by the War, but it had left in his mind a debris of critical phrases which he automatically used when asked his opinion of a novel. He picked out Jack London's *Valley of the Moon* as the best novel he had ever read. It took a couple of weeks to discover why he really liked that book. "Last summer," he ultimately wrote, "when recovering from an accident, I sat out in the park while a young lady read the story aloud. A cool breeze ruffled the leaves of the tree under which we sat, the birds sang, the flowers were in bloom, and the lady had a voice that was pleasant to hear. Row boats floated on the lagoon near by, and further off I could see tennis players hopping about after a little ball, while I sat next to the charming young lady. I liked the book for the struggles of the hero. I am very fond of struggles, provided they are someone else's. The tennis players, the boaters, the children playing tag, the motorists, and the hero of the book—all were struggling. So you see I was very happy. It really is a good book, though."

A reader who deeply enjoyed Hamsun's *Growth of the Soul*, because it revived for her the delightful memory of her childhood summers on a Vermont farm, was repelled by Nexø's labor epic, *Pelle the Conqueror*. "The word strike recalls to my mind my mother's face as the riot call sounded in Lawrence one Friday in 1912." Her father was a mill official, sympathetic with the strike, but bound to protect the mill property at the risk of his life. "I remember the militia camped in the basement of the mill, the soldiers forcing us to move on in the streets, the broken street car windows, the soup kitchens, my hungry schoolmates, many of them fed in our home, and over and over again my father's haggard face. Nexø's picture of economic complexities is too well drawn. Unless I can act I had rather not consider it."

Psycho analysts assure us that we cannot discover our own complexes. They tell us that if we are fascinated by a writer who has a certain psychosis, we ourselves probably share that psychosis, and that is why the 'release' he has achieved for himself in art gives us also satisfaction. But some romantically minded readers, so illumined, begin to detect in themselves all sorts of delightful perversities. A young woman read *Crime and Punishment* and in its murky light inspected her own past, for she was disturbed at her own enthusiasm over the murder and surprised at the profound sense of relief at the close of the reading. Had she always longed to see a murder—or was it possible she had craved to commit one? There had been a time some years before when she had been "very morbid", she had wanted to be alone all the time, when not wandering about the streets, 'I remembered that when I saw a dog or a cat, I would kick it, throw stones at it, torture it.' Convinced that she must have been a budding Raskolnikov, she expressed her gratitude to Dostoevsky for relieving her of the heavy burden resting on what she brilliantly called her 'subconscientious' mind.

The repression that counts, in these hidden dramas of personality, is of course the one of which we are truly unconscious. But there are many aspects of our relation to a novel that we can detect after some reflection. One reader enjoyed *If Winter Comes* and declared the author a master of character portrayal; later she realized that she read it when she was feeling "a total failure," it made her "quite fond of herself." Her self-satisfaction was disguised as praise of the author.

In a discussion about Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*, one disputant argued effectively enough that it was in this that, and the other respect a poor novel, to every point made in its favor, she had a good answer. But presently the real reason for her attitude to the book flashed upon her, her name was Mildred, the odiously genteel, anæmic waitress who holds the hero in degrading bondage is named Mildred. Somewhere below the threshold of her grown up mind she resented the identification of these Mildreds. But no grown up mind would acknowledge so childish a reason for taking a dislike to a book, until its rational defenses had been captured one after the other in the argument. Tracking down these personal secrets may open the way to a more impersonal contemplation of values.

It is worth while to set down some of the simpler conclusions to be drawn from these reading experiences of people of diverse temperaments, varying ages, different backgrounds, people who exhibit every kind of psychological need, yet who all desire to be discriminating in their reading and critical in at least a rudimentary fashion. A few complain that the effort at analysis destroys their naive pleasure in reading, not a few find it destroying their equally naive pleasure in themselves, some discover in it a new and delightful way of talking about themselves—they love the confessional and their confessions have to be scrutinized carefully before one erects theories of criticism upon them. Others find it interesting and often illuminating.

The experience of the young man with Jack London shows that the circumstances under which one happens to read a book may account for the impression it makes. That sounds utterly obvious. But it is often ignored or forgotten when the reader turns critic. A woman who prefers sophisticated books responded warmly to *The Growth of the Soil* because she happened to read it on her return to New York from wide open spaces somewhere, and the rush of the city made life seem a meaningless jumble, so that the simple strength, order and purpose in Isak's life satisfied a need. A nurse, taking a correspondence course in fiction, found herself having to read *The Ambassadors* "to the tune of the psychopathic ward" in the hospital. "Strether's complicated brain storms over Chad Newsome's morals were frequently interrupted by the would-be suicide who tried to tear the bandages from the throat he had failed to cut efficiently, and there was a slender pale faced woman of forty who washed her hands and washed her hands ceaselessly." All this variety of the "real" made what the nurse called James's delicate flicking of butterflies from petals seem artificial and absurd. She criticized him for writing about unimportant experiences and not about the "roots of things." But to another woman who had just suffered a pronounced change of attitude towards life, James in *The Ambassadors* was a profoundly satisfying novelist because he pictured men and women in the throes of facing about. "I emerged refreshed and happy. It is just as when one has been trying to spell out a book in the twilight, and suddenly the lamp comes in."

We have been led on into more complicated aspects of the reader's relation to the novel, where interpretation becomes more hazardous. Whenever a comment reveals intense dislike of a book or character, some obsession or complex may be at work, unsuspected by its owner, and we have to read between the lines and risk a guess that by a lucky chance may receive confirmation later. A young man criticized Sudermann's *Dame Care* as a third rate novel, but he could muster few reasons for the opinion that stood their ground under questioning. It turned out that he hated Sudermann's portrait of Paul's father—as fool, or villain, or both. He realized that his attitude to the book was determined by the similarity between Paul's father and his own: he went on talking about his father, gradually warming to a kind of resentful defence. The father had become very like Paul's father in the end—vindictive and suffering from a sense of inferiority. Why did he hate Sudermann's portrayal so much? Because he loved his father? Or because he had subconsciously passed the same judgment on him that Sudermann passes on Paul's father and resented being made aware of it? Or possibly because he was conscious of his own resemblance to his father? At any rate, a detached judgment on the book's merits could scarcely be expected from him. He was studying to be a librarian and would, no doubt, often be asked to give advice to readers. Yet he disliked having the personal and psychological factors in criticism insisted upon, he wanted a few firmly fixed standards. His confusion about himself and *Dame Care* is in interesting contrast with the clarity of a Chinese student

who preferred it above all others in a reading list, chiefly because it supported his own inherited conception of life "It has a theme, and that theme is that extreme sacrifice is necessary in order to attain any great object. It has much the same theme that most of our Chinese novels have. The Chinese novel is predominantly ethical in tone. The hero is always made to undergo all kinds of hardships and sometimes death to attain his object. That object might be the salvation of other persons, the betterment of society, the rescuing of one's family, or the elevation of one's nation. *Dame Care* develops its theme adequately, since every scene contains some misfortune for the hero."

II

The discussion so far has suggested some of the very personal considerations that must be recognized and dealt with, before the neat categories of criticism can be used—or discarded—with intelligence. But there are questions concerning the effects of fiction on the reader that are still more important for the growth of any sound theories of criticism. Is fiction escape or solution, adventure or experience, for the reader?

The escapes furnished by fiction from certain moods and situations are often obvious enough. The young woman of cheerful temperament adores the more melancholy of Chekhov's stories, because it is so "refreshing" to experience a gloomy mood. The only daughter of elderly parents, in her longing for a brother or sister and "intimate family incidents" almost wore the covers off the Alcott books, and later delighted in *Pride and Prejudice*, becoming "absorbed in the family problems of Mrs. Bennett." But it won't do to offer family chronicles to all only children. For here is another only child—and only grandchild, with "five maiden aunts and uncles"—who always felt the Alcott families too prolific. "their sharing of experiences didn't appeal to me, who knew at all times the joy of the limelight. All large families in my childhood's list of fiction excited the sympathy that made me grateful. I was not like one of these." The feeling has persisted in her adult life and she is bored with family histories, like Mann's *Buddenbrooks*. Another reader recognized, as she looked back, that she had always read to escape the thing at hand, whatever it was, that she had been an adept at camouflaging her own dreary feelings with the local color of another's painting, and had thus avoided an analysis that might have led to a less boring environment. Years of illness had made her feel neglected and misunderstood, and she liked to read of characters who suffered and were not appreciated, but through keen intelligence finally won out. The fairy tale of the Ugly Duckling—only slightly disguised in much grown up fiction—is the archetype of innumerable novels that solace the ugly ducklings of life.

A college boy reads and re-reads *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *Peter Pan*, and tales by Lord Dunsany, he thinks the ideal world would be peopled with children, that the greatest tragedy is that children grow up, and the next greatest that they want to grow up. "As for me, I shall never grow up." His favorite fiction

either idealizes the child or creates a fairy tale world, of beauty or horror, for he likes horrible tales, too, like *The Seven Who Were Hanged*, tales so far beyond the limits of his own life that he doesn't have to believe in them, not really, any more than a child believes in witches

To one young man *The Return of the Native* afforded the most complete escape. It revived the impressions of fairy stories read in childhood. "Those in particular which were brought back to me were of the giant who locked all the men he caught in the tower of the castle, or of Jack who had just time enough to get to the bottom of the beanstalk and chop it down before his colossal pursuer arrived. In many places in Hardy's book I felt in the same position as in those nightmares where, try as one may, one is neither able to move forward or to call to one's friends, who are disappearing over the crest of the hill. In the stories and dreams just mentioned one was convinced of the inevitability of certain forces more powerful than one's self, and it was in the return to that sort of fatalism which was so terrifying in one's youth that I found satisfaction and inspiration. It was an escape from the theories of self-sufficient adulthood to the superstitious religions and fears of the old world. His use of coincidences is to some readers a fault, but for me, they make the tragedy more poignant and make me live all the more vitally in the land of dreams and illusions."

A slightly different form of escape is noted in another student's comment on Hardy. She found in his fatalism the beginning of her release from the Catholic fatalism in which she had been taught to believe and which she had come increasingly to dread. "Disaster overtakes Hardy's characters as a matter of course, the world of itself is unfriendly to them. But the machinery that dooms them is impersonal. In Catholic fatalism, a personal God punishes His subjects through His magic. Hardy's kind of fatalism seems as relentless in its movements as the Catholic sort, but far broader and more comfortable to accept."

The fiction of failure may be as satisfying an escape as that of success. Successful people take pleasure in vicariously living through a few failures. Or people who have felt the sting of defeat but in some drab, dish washing, adding machine atmosphere, can derive delight from really splendid failures—spectacular ones like Ivan Karamazov's, exquisite ones like Strether's in *The Ambassadors*, romantic ones like Decoud's in *Nostromo*. The dream of a splendid failure might be consoling and congenial in moods when one of blatant success would only disgust.

III

To justify oneself is more permanently satisfactory than merely to escape into an imaginary self and more congenial surroundings. Intentionally or not, readers reveal how this or that novel has made their own actions seem reasonable or inevitable, their own temperaments interesting or excusable, it has made it more possible or more delightful for them to live with themselves.

Perhaps it has justified vicious attitudes as well as fine ones and confirmed unpleasant traits as well as admirable ones, though naturally the material readers offer for inspection only inadvertently discloses this reverse side

A young man who was forced to study medicine, hated it, and abandoned it, read *The Way of All Flesh* and saw his problem in Ernest's, and his justification in Ernest's behavior Ernest found the Church full of hypocrites—he found the medical world the same Philip, in *Of Human Bondage*, is one of the most consoling of heroes, he makes so many false starts, suffers so frequently what the world calls failure Yet his failures all appear to the intimate view justified and valuable What, asks Philip's uncle, had he got from the years devoted to that art of painting he was now abandoning for medicine? And Philip, with his ironically superior air, makes precisely the response we wish we could always summon when similarly challenged "Philip," writes a young man, 'lives for me because our experiences and thoughts parallel in many instances His ceaseless and fruitless groping for his niche in life and a satisfactory career leads him into several experiments I have already attempted I have left college because I believed it would not lead me to any adequate occupation in after life, I have studied art in Paris and discovered my mistake, I have played with the idea of an infinite number of careers and found that my enthusiasm did not survive the realization stage, but exhausted itself in planning and expectation, just as Philip's did about going into the Church The fact that Philip survived so many failures and finally discovered a path of comparative contentment makes me a little less hopeless on my own account "

Proportionate to our satisfaction in the book that vindicates us is our violent and often obscure resentment of the book that topples over some carefully built up structure in which we are living comfortably *Of Human Bondage*—which provides so many readers with satisfying emotional escapes and justifications—made one reader suffer "mentally and physically" "It sickened and angered and ate into me with its red petticoat, dirty smock, crooked teeth, corny toes and what not The Philips and Miss Prices became unending nightmares I hate ugliness It is possible for me to accept it Without at all understanding it, I am able to sympathize with it But I refuse to take it to me, to make it part of my life I have the grained in English respect for wholesomeness and human dignity Maugham not only destroyed my illusions regarding the world but gnawed at some of the illusions I had regarding myself I found myself revaluing almost everything I had previously read I have never reached a final decision I am able to see the nobility which grows out of bondage, of human suffering In that light, I cannot be noble, I have been so utterly free, I can hardly say I have suffered—at least not sufficiently But must I go looking for suffering? There is so much joy in the world And I do not believe that a knowledge of the meagreness of life heightens one's appreciation of its goodness For my own part, I cannot say that I have known a fuller ecstasy of being since I became aware of life's sordidness, than I knew

when I raced with my dogs" There was a Social Service worker who had great enthusiasm for her vocation She was about to marry an engineer whose work was in a coal mining town where there were plenty of poor people on whom she could try out, as she put it, all the pet theories she had paid for at college She traced some of her social service enthusiasm to her early reading of *Pollyanna* books and *Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* and *The Re creation of Brian Kent* (by Harold Bell Wright), and other books that dealt with broken down lives, prostitution, desertion, and poor orphans Now she herself was going to work with Cabbage Patch people Her favorite fiction in the course she was taking dealt with situations and people that needed the services of a social service diagnostician novels by Galsworthy, Hardy, George Eliot "I love to diagnose in fiction, from any chapter 3 on" But when the Russian novelists came on the scene, she had a severe shock She felt hatred and contempt for all the characters in *The Brothers Karamazov*, she loathed Gorky, she shuddered at the very mention of murder, insanity, radical, gendarme She was able to endure *War and Peace* by regarding it as a sociological treatise against war Now one would have thought that some of the people in these Russian novels so needed the help of a social service expert that she would have responded with alacrity Probably the trouble was this she felt equal to a Galsworthy or a Hardy problem, with the equipment of her theories, but Dostoevsky was so much more searching and profound that she felt unable to cope with his situations and his characters, and sought to defend herself by hating them

IV

There are some glimpses of the interaction between fiction and living in the experiences we have been dealing with But they have not been those of the actively experimental readers who are likely to try out a suggestion furnished by a novel just as they would other suggestions that come to them Such readers were not content as children to lose themselves in the delightful dream If they have been reading *The Arabian Nights*, they prowl about the neighborhood looking for a magic door, and finding a large round stone in the ground, with an iron ring, they lift it up, thrill at the glimpse of a mysterious cave, start to explore it, and have to be rescued from a fall into a disused well A young man remembers vividly how Edward Stratemeyer's Dave Porter books inspired him to imitation "When Dave's eyes flashed fire, I used to stand in front of the mirror to see whether I could discover any scintillations In one of Dave's fights with the school bully, our hero banged the bully's head against the boat house and made him see stars I tried this at school one day, banging a fellow's head against the blackboard, but neither the victim, the teacher, nor my parents seemed to approve" He became an ardent Yale rooter, because of Frank Merriwell and Dink Stover, but never risked any money on football games—"not that I had the slightest fear of losing, for I had read so often of what a glorious thing it was to be a good

loser, but because neither Stover nor Merriwell nor Dave ever gambled or smoked or drank Nor did I—then ” Inspired to swimming feats by one hero, he built himself up from a delicate boy into a record breaker *Black Beauty* made him a lover of horses and Uncle Tom a liker of negroes

Another young man gave an account of the effect upon him of boys' stories and college tales that is very similar, but the ending is strikingly different Realizing how suggestible he was, he refrained from exposing himself to "suggestive" novels, fearing they might make him do "something wild," and that would be regrettable, since he was most satisfactorily engaged to a fine girl Probably the thought of his potential wildness was as satisfying an imaginative experience as any novel would be Few readers can recall as definite a history of imitation as these young men The more usual experience is one of perpetual interaction between literature and life, literature now giving some impulse to living, again an actual experience leading us to literature for interpretation or justification The interplay appears in all possible combinations and the whole process is obscure and difficult to trace as we look back upon it Yet the moralist and the censor would like to sum it all up in the simple question will people act upon the suggestions of fiction? And they often risk an affirmative answer, relying on a few instances that furnish no basis for generalization, and on some convenient rough and ready psychological theory

Most of the purposes served by novels in the lives of readers are suggested in these personal analyses their value as a statement of our own confusedly realized experience, as a dream of what we should like to be—and may possibly be encouraged to become, as an outlet for moods, as an excuse for self-pity, a device for evasion, an instrument for the clarification of conflicts and problems

And the conclusion of this search for values? No dogmatic conclusion about critical standards has been reached The purpose of this chapter is to encourage a distrust of arbitrary dogmas in criticism It is only when a reader—and the reader may be even a "classicist" or an "impressionist" critic—has discovered his own intimate and personal responses to a book, has seen how his hitherto hidden prejudices have been treacherously at work, and has stripped himself of self-deceptions, that he is in a position to make intelligent, rather than emotionally twisted, evaluations of his reading experiences

OUTLINE FOR A DEFENSE OF POETRY¹



Earl Daniels

SOMETHING IS WRONG, somewhere! That is the obvious thing to say about poetry in America today. Poetry is still being written, perhaps by more people, in larger quantities than ever. Mushroom magazines, countless numbers of them, spring up, to die for the independence of verse. Few read them except the contributors, more often than not unpaid for their contributions save in the doubtful satisfaction of seeing their names in print. In the general magazines, space for verse has been consistently shrinking, many either carry none at all, or carry it only as a space filler, where important fiction or an article happens to end in the middle of a page. Something as attention-compelling as a Pulitzer prize is almost necessary if a poet is to become a best seller and earn a decent living from his work. And publishers' feelings about sales possibilities are summarized in that terse phrase at the end of a statement of manuscript needs—"No poetry."

A member of a faculty in a liberal arts college recently put the common reader's attitude in a question to a friend who was teaching, or trying to teach, poetry in the college. "Do you mean to tell me," he asked, "you would turn to poetry for fun, as you would turn to novels and short stories, that if it weren't part of your job you would read it, of your own accord, for pleasure?" For anyone who knows poetry, the answer to this incredulity is a *yes* loud and emphatic enough to call for italics and boldface type. We do read poetry for pleasure. We do go to it from the same motive we go to fiction. Poetry does not fail us, or turn bitter on the tongue oftener than novels, short stories, or any other kind of reading. If we had to make comparisons, most of us would probably say that more of the time poetry is more fun than all other kinds of literature put together. But not until a man has discovered that there is pleasure in it—this before anything else—has he any valid reason for bothering his head about poetry. A young friend, who has found that pleasure, writes me this in a long letter. "The other morning, before going to work, I went to the bookcase to spend my usual five minutes pondering what I should take with me to read. Looking at *Selections* from Wordsworth, the small Oxford Classics edition, I almost felt remorse, and putting the book in my pocket hurried out of the house before I could change my mind. That began it. And last night, when the rest of the family went to the Fair, I stayed home, with the baby and Wordsworth. I began to read at nine fifteen and went to bed at twelve, only because my eyes dropped shut while I was reading." The

¹ From *The Art of Reading Poetry* by Earl Daniels (1941). By permission of Rinehart & Company Inc. publishers.

rest of the letter is about the discovery of Wordsworth, which came in those quiet evening hours. Like Keats upon his first exposure to *The Faerie Queene*, my friend went through Wordsworth like 'a horse through a spring meadow—*ramping*', like Keats on another occasion, he must have felt

like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken,

as he went on to quote passage after passage which had stirred his heart.

Great passages are in all poets, to stir the hearts of all readers. No discoverer can forget a first encounter with them, or fail to taste the joys of subsequent, repetitive returns. For example, there is Chaucer's line about the Canon, in the prologue to "The Canon's Yeoman's Tale." On a warm April morning, in fourteenth century England, he has ridden hard to overtake the pilgrim party, traveling to the shrine of Thomas a Becket at Canterbury. Chaucer says it looked as if he had spurred his horse for three miles, and notes that he had covered his head, as farmers still do, with a large dock leaf, as shade against the sun. Fat and out of breath, he stands there, hot and uncomfortable, puffing from his exertions. As he looks at him, all Chaucer's love for even the meanest commonplace of human nature, and, incidentally, all the abiding humanity of the Canon, is condensed into a single, unforgettable line:

But it was joye for to seen hym swete! sweat

Or, once he has read, who can fail to remember always, Christopher Marlowe's evocation of Helen of Troy, the symbol of woman's glory and beauty? Summoned from the shades by the magic of Mephistophilis, she appears before Faustus in the loveliness of youth which cannot die. He gazes in awed wonder on the vision, remembering what Helen has been in legend, what she has meant to the dreams of men. He can only murmur, under his breath, words which are an epitome of Helen and her power, epitome, too, of that heroic struggle when, for ten years, Greece laid siege against the walls of Troy:

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

The Greek fleet sails through those lines. Greek and Trojan heroes are there—Hector, Patroclus, Achilles, and all the rest. There is a defeated city, wrapped in smoke and flame, resonant with the din of hand to hand combat in the narrow streets, dusty with confusion. These things and more were there for Faustus. And these things and more, the words still mean for imaginations capable of being quickened by their implications.

To think of Helen of Troy is also to remember Cleopatra of Egypt, whose face was likewise the doom of a world. Once more a poet has said it best, this time, Shakespeare, in the words of Enobarbus, who has seen and is reporting Cleopatra's journey down the Nile to meet Antony:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burn'd on the water The poop was beaten gold,
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
 The winds were lovesick with them The oars were silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beat to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description she did lie
 In her pavilion—cloth of gold of tissue—
 O'er picturing that Venus where we see
 The fancy outwork nature On each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid did

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings At the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers, the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs The city cast
 Her people out upon her, and Antony,
 Enthron'd i' the marketplace, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
 And made a gap in nature

If you have not done it already, go back now, after your first reading, and read this aloud, just for the sound *Listen!*

But these are only fragments, their pleasure is the pleasure only of the part And the same kind of pleasure is discoverable in prose, if one tears passages from context, to hold them up for admiration in isolation² More important, much more important, is that greater pleasure of the whole, to which parts and fragments are at best subsidiary For the good poem is unified and organic, we have not read it until we have seen and felt it *as a whole*, even though its power may be manifest in the very way fragments will go singing through the mind long after we are through with the poem The pounding rhythms of Vachel Lindsay's "The Congo" keep up their music for hours, the "fat black bucks in a wine barrel room" continue to sag, and reel, and "beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom" because the totality of the

² Although it cannot be demonstrated at this elementary stage of the discussion it must be insisted that in the passages cited the pleasure is a pleasure of poetry, not a pleasure of prose, that their satisfaction is inherent in the poetry, foreign to prose except as it approaches or becomes essentially poetry

poem moved us, though we remember just a bit here and there, once the mind has relaxed into inattentiveness. Because Chaucer spoke eloquently to him, a publisher's representative, traveling among the colleges, has learned the "Prologue" to *The Canterbury Tales*—all 858 lines of it—simply for the pleasure in reciting it to himself. I remember another striking instance of Chaucer's appeal, this time to a college student. He had been enthusiastic about Chaucer during the final semester of his senior year. Immediately after commencement, he had married, acquiring a dog and a cat as part of the beginnings of housekeeping. That summer he wrote me. Because of dominant traits, revealed in relations with neighborhood cats, he had called the cat Alisoun, after Chaucer's irrepressible Wife of Bath, and he wanted a name for the dog, a name also out of Chaucer. I forget what I suggested. The actual naming makes little difference. What counts is that Geoffrey Chaucer could speak out of medieval England so tellingly and persuasively to a twentieth century American college student that he wanted his first family possessions named in his honor. Chaucer is always doing that sort of thing to people who will take the time to learn to read him.

Not long ago I was walking home behind a crowd of children, just out of school. They might have been sixth graders, they couldn't have been older than that. They were shouting, in chorus, at the top of their lungs, not the words of the latest popular song, but the echoing rhythms of *The Ancient Mariner*:

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink,
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink

It would be silly to suggest that their chanting showed any understanding of the poetry in the words, or of Coleridge's poem as a whole. Probably, most of it went over their heads. They simply reacted to the magic of sound, as many of us react to "The Congo." On a very elementary level, they were demonstrating the validity of poetry, that it does things to people when it is given a chance, and they prove that something is wrong today. For if, as sixth graders, poetry could bring them a joy insistent on expression, could enliven their way home, exactly like any game they might play along the street, why, as adults, will most of them stop reading poetry 'for fun'? Why aren't there more traveling men who learn the "Prologue" to *The Canterbury Tales*, more college graduates who name their dogs and cats in Chaucer's honor? Why is poetry not only not a best seller, but usually not any kind of seller at all? Why do men and women not continue to read it, treasuring it as an enhancement and enrichment of living, a possession time cannot wither, nor depressions take away?

Whatever may be wrong, it is not the poetry. Not the poetry, but we, potential readers, are wrong, for we have somehow failed to realize our poten-

tialities And the depth of our wrongness is implicit in that faculty member's wondering that anyone could read poetry for the fun of it It is wrong that an educated man—unfortunately, too many are like him—could be so wrong about poetry, so wrongly educated that he could ask so appalling a question The same kind of wrong is in another remark, more frequently made, and running something like this "It's all right, I suppose, for those who like it, but why can't a man say what he wants to say, and get it over with? Why can't he say it right out, say it just as well in prose?" An old story tells of two college roommates, one a major in English literature, the other, in science and mathematics The science man had a curiosity about poetry, and his friend volunteered to show him For a beginning he would take something easy—a narrative with strong, masculine rhythm So he selected "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and, wise enough to know poetry should be heard to be enjoyed, he began to read aloud, asking of his friend only that he listen

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward

he read, and he was interrupted "There!" said the other "You see! That's what I mean That's the trouble If the fool means a league and a half, why doesn't he say so?" Probably the first lesson ended in confusion there But it is to be hoped the English major persisted in his efforts, until he had shown his roommate something of what poetry may do for a man's mind and spirit

For poetry—this is an elemental fact about it—cannot be said just as well, cannot be said at all in prose! In prose it would not be the poem, it cannot be translated into any other form without becoming something different What the poetry of a poem is, what gives a poem its peculiar quality, responsible for the peculiar pleasure of poetry—that is what, primarily, learning to read poetry ought to teach us Moreover—and this is another elemental fact—poetry does not ask for a particular type of mind, as so many seem to think, if it is to be enjoyed Like music, like all the arts, it is for all who can and will find time to take it seriously, and a "special soul" may turn out to be more of a hindrance than a help

This cult of "the special soul" has a good deal to do with the situation For though poetry is not meant for special souls, being a normal, healthy activity of healthy and normal men and women, too many have, for too long, been busy trying to inculcate the idea of its specialness Most of us, most of the time, are suspicious of special souls We shy away from them and are uncomfortably embarrassed in their presence And the poets themselves are less helpful than they should be, for they have contributed to the mystery in which poetry is mistakenly shrouded, insisting too often on the difference between the poet and other men, on his *apartness*, which calls for similar apartness in a reader Plato, a poet though he did not use verse, who said much that was bad for poets and poetry, though he may have intended it for praise, wrote this

A poet is indeed a thing ethereally light winged, and sacred nor can he compose anything worth calling poetry until he becomes inspired and, as it were, mad, or whilst any reason remains in him Poets are the interpreters of the divinities ³

Such ideas are not isolated in the history of literature They range from Plato all the way to Ezra Pound and the Dadaists of contemporary France Springing from a sinister belief that poetry, somehow, needs defense, they have turned out to be an insidious kind of attack, and poets, who would be defenders, are much to blame for the defeat of what they thought they were fighting for Poets and other self appointed advocates are one reason why poetry is not read today nearly as much as it should be, for they have fostered the belief that poetry is like the Eleusinian mysteries of ancient Greece, open only to a select, a very select, body of initiates, not to be profaned by the touch of a common hand They have forgotten the wiser, truer word of John Keats, one of the wisest, most human, most sensible of poets "That if Poetry comes not as naturally as the Leaves to a tree it had better not come at all" ⁴ They have insisted on the divinity of the poet at the expense of his humanity, have insisted that he writes for a special audience, different from the ordinary run of men and women, whose distinction is their broad and understanding humanity They have tried to build a cultist's temple, and have wondered why the rest of us have shown them little sympathy Tennyson tells us that

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above

Shelleys says 'A poet participates in the eternal, the infinite, and the one, as far as relates to his conceptions, time and place and number are not A poet is a nightingale, who sits in the darkness and sings to cheer its own solitude with sweet sounds' And after that, he seems to expect us to take him seriously when he asserts, "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world" ⁵ After all, legislation, even unacknowledged, has a practicality, a reality about it not consonant with the very special soul who has just been pictured

Despite many vagaries, Wordsworth was closer to truth in his belief that a poet was just 'a man speaking to men', a man whose difference from other men was only in degree, not in kind Unless we are convinced of the "man-ness" of the poet, we are not likely to be much concerned about poetry Poets who have written about themselves and their work have not been very much help to the cause in which they believed themselves to be earnestly enlisted

Posing as priests, they have been discouragers of our hesitancy, turning uncertainty as to whether poetry was worth bothering about into assurance that

³ *Ion* 534

⁴ Letter to John Taylor 27 February 1818

⁵ The Shelley quotations are from *A Defence of Poetry*

it wasn't Better to do without poetry than be obliged to breathe the incense heavy air in which poetry's articulate advocates seem to prefer to live And all this when emphasis ought to be put on the simple truth that poetry, most of the time, is a natural activity of the human spirit, a necessity, not a luxury, rightly understood, its appeal is to healthy and red blooded men and women as a part of the necessary pleasures of a normal life

If the poet as priest or prophet is bad for poetry, the poet as puzzle maker has been no less efficient in turning readers away Often with the best intentions the puzzle makers would transform poetry into a riddle, a highly refined acrostic, or a crossword puzzle An average reader hasn't time for that sort of high jinks When he wants puzzles, he wants them under their own name, he wants to know what he is getting

What, for example, is our average reader, even one of trained intelligence, to make of either of these?

ONE X

death is more than
 certain a hundred these
 sounds crowds odours it
 is in a hurry
 beyond that any this
 taxi smile or angle we do

 not sell and buy
 things so necessary as
 is death and unlike shirts
 neckties trousers
 we cannot wear it out
 no sir which is whv
 granted who discovered
 America ether the movies
 may claim general importance

 to me you nothing is
 what particularly
 matters hence in a

 little sunlight and less
 moonlight ourselves against the worms

 hate laugh shimmy

—E E CUMMINGS

PAPYRUS

Spring
 Too long
 Gongula

—EZRA POUND

For the first puzzle, I have no solution adequate for the intricate confusion of the composition. For the second, an answer—by no means a sure one—is fairly easy, implicit in the title. What is here is only a fragment, a part of a poem. It has survived on a small bit of ancient papyrus, worn and torn, buried, it may be, for centuries in desert sand. The rest of the poem is lost with the other part of the papyrus on which it was written. Or these lines may be only notes for a poem, never written out in full. Perhaps a reader is expected to respond to “the spell of the incomplete,” to feel his imagination stretch its wings, intrigued by what might have been and once was.¹ But if, instead of concern about the philosophy of parts and wholes, the reader abandons poetry for good and all, he is, though mistaken, hardly to be blamed. When he took time to try to work out a solution, the result was so little worth the effort. The so-called poem had nothing to say to merit attention.

Closely allied to puzzle makers are poets who may be described as militant independents. Absorbed in the private and, usually, highly complex matters of their own secret thoughts, they have signed, with a John Hancock flourish, a declaration of independence from any responsibility to a prospective reader. They wrap the mantle of indifference about them with an attention compelling gesture which is an invitation to suspicion. Now a reader has, as reader, a fundamental right to expect results from poetry as from any form of writing, from any art, a right to expect intelligibility to follow earnest effort to understand. The poet who says, “I have spoken, it is enough for me, I have no responsibility to be clear that you may know what I am talking about”—that poet rejects the requirement of all important art. Unless there be communication, there cannot be aesthetic pleasure. Art, not expression *for someone*, poetry, not communication *with someone*, not written for an audience, is less than art, less than poetry. Art has seldom flourished on the desert island of a solitary castaway.¹

Of course, poets who talk to themselves sometimes transform their solitude into beautiful and significant poetry. Examples of illustrious remoteness from the world readily occur to anyone. Emily Dickinson is one of our choicest spirits in American poetry. Yet all her life, it would seem she wrote only to herself, and for herself, setting down her fragile lyrics on the odds and ends of scraps of paper, guarding them from the eyes of all except the intimates of her family circle. She would not publish them during her lifetime, she wanted them destroyed after her death. Because they were written in that spirit, Emily Dickinson's poems are marked by a sincerity and intimacy often embarrassing to a sensitive reader, who feels that he is listening in on a privacy never intended for his ears.

Yes, poets can talk to themselves. But not when they are self-conscious, boastful about their own self-sufficiency, attitudinizing to alienate a reader. When good poets write to themselves, they do it without a declaration of independence. They write as though with an obligation upon themselves, as poets, to be clear in communicating with their other selves as readers. And

because they are careful about being clear to themselves as readers—selves very much like you and me—they write, without pose, poetry which speaks meaningfully to other people

Cultists, puzzle makers, militant independence these do not include all categories of poets who have talked badly about poetry, but they will serve as examples to show how the poets have themselves contributed to misunderstandings making for its contemporary ill repute. Those who try to teach what poets have written—and this must be taken to include a wider range than teachers in the technical sense of the word, for the voice of the lecturer is abroad in the land—must also be held responsible for some of the trouble and confusion. It would be foolish to deny that there is good teaching of poetry, as there is good teaching of everything else, and that good teaching is powerfully effective in right directions. But still too many sixth graders do stop singing *The Ancient Mariner*, and too few adults learn the "Prologue" to *The Canterbury Tales*. Year after year, students crowd into college with ideas about poetry so distorted and wrong that they must be forcibly eradicated if there is to be progress toward enjoyment, so that the reading of poetry shall not cease abruptly, as soon as the compulsion of academic prescription is removed. If any generalization about poetry is valid, it is that at best college students read poetry badly. Most of them cannot read it at all. Unless they learn to perform major surgical operations on their own habits of mind, they will never read effectively, with enjoyment to themselves. For this situation, bad teaching must be in some measure to blame, teaching so bad, so pervasive, as to strike at the roots of a valid, continuing interest and pleasure with poetry.

I should accuse teachers of poetry of at least three great heresies: the heresy of facile talk about appreciation, the heresy of too great concern with peripheral things, the heresy of preoccupation with morals and the meaning of life.

1 THE HERESY OF FACILE TALK ABOUT APPRECIATION

Facile talk about appreciation fosters the rapt expression, the starry eye, and the throbbing heart. Manifest in *oh's* and *ah's*, it is the inarticulate expression of what is thought to be pleasure when it is only lack of understanding. This gush school of poetry readers will always take the easy road of indolence, impatient of the hard work and concentration essential to comprehension. Probably the trouble is in a common misinterpretation of the word *appreciation*, which has nothing facile or effortless about it. Etymologically, it comes from two Latin words: *ad*, meaning *to* or *at*, and *pretium*, meaning *price* or *value*. Thus, at its simplest, *to appreciate* is to put an accurate value on something. *Appreciation* is a synonym for *criticism*, an ugly word for most of the appreciation school, and both words call for the strenuous intellectual activity of analysis in order that a sound estimate of value may be reached. Without analysis, without work, there can be no pleasure in reading, no appreciation. Moreover, appreciation has little about it that is secret or mysterious. It does

not come as a gift of God, by grace of any English department Only those who seek early, persistently, with assiduity, ever find it, and only those who find enter into the joy of reading poetry Appreciation does not come in the watches of the night as one sleeps, it is a daytime activity of the alert mind and the taut muscle What Mr Adler says in *How to Read a Book* applies to poetry is much as to the most difficult, abstract philosophic prose

a) The most direct sign that you have done the work of reading is *fatigue* Reading that is reading involves the most intense mental activity To read books passively does not feed a mind It makes blotting paper out of it

b) nothing helps those who will not keep awake while reading ⁶

The kind of reading Mr Adler is talking about is an elementary spading process, a necessary and sweat provocative preparation of the ground, a *sine qua non* of appreciation

2 THE HERESY OF TOO GREAT CONCERN WITH PERIPHERAL THINGS

Peripheral things are 'off at the side,' away from the center, they are extra curricular Interesting and important when kept in their proper, subordinate position, they are a hindrance to understanding if they are overemphasized For them we miss what is central, sacrifice first things for what are at best secondary Among these second rate matters in which discussion of poetry of ten wanders and loses itself, the Bog of Technique is perhaps most dangerous John Bunyan's Slough of Despond was not blacker or more engulfing, and it takes a stout heart to win through this morass Technique may be, it is, important, but not at the beginning of the game Yet for a majority of students it seems to be all the game They have been taught to put on labels, like 'blank verse,' or 'heroic couplet' with deadly accuracy, but they cannot read fifty lines of Shakespeare with enjoying understanding, or feel the dancing glamour of *The Rape of the Lock* They know the names for verse meters and can mechanically chop lines into so called feet, but beyond an awareness that Milton's "On the Late Massacre in Piedmont" and Keats' "When I Have Fears That I May Cease to Be" are in the Italian and the English sonnet form, respectively, they have no feeling for differences in the poems, far more important than these superficialities They can divide Keats' "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," one of the finest poems in the language, into octave and sestet, and proudly catalogue the rime scheme, but they have never felt the glow which ought to result from intelligent reading, their hearts have never been warmed at the fire of Keats' record of intellectual adventure And with a new and a different point of departure, their hearts never will be warmed at poetry's flame, they will grow up to wonder how anyone, in his right mind, can bother about poetry Better they should never in their lives hear of one of the labels they now learn early to recite so glibly

⁶ Mortimer J Adler *How to Read a Book* Simon and Schuster (New York 1940) pp 110 218

Technique at best—and this best is at long remove from the academic and mechanic concern for labels—technique at best ought not to come for a long time. It is like dessert, proper, in any well regulated meal, after the solidities of meat and potatoes, vegetables, and bread and butter. To use the food figure another way, technique is for the adulthood of appreciation, not for its infancy and adolescence. No one ought to think of feeding a six month old baby with corned beef and cabbage, no one who cares for poetry ought to confuse beginners with what are the arcana, the mysteries of the craft, proper only to one who has learned already to read, and read well. The general reader doesn't need to know the name of a single verse foot, need never scan, in the word's accepted sense, a line of verse, in order to enjoy poetry as it was meant to be enjoyed.

3 THE HERESY OF PREOCCUPATION WITH MORALS AND THE MEANING OF LIFE

The heresy of preoccupation with morals and the meaning of life is really another aspect of the heresy about peripheral things, but it is so pervasive, so deeply rooted with those who have listened to misinformed talk about poetry, that it deserves the dignity of a place apart to itself. Youth are probably the most moral people in the world. At no other time does the meaning of life burden our shoulders as it does in adolescence. And at that time, of all times, to encourage the pursuit of morals and philosophy, of the personal application in what is read, is likely to turn out to be only too successful. Some one has said that to look for pictures in music we are listening to is to be on the road to perdition as far as the appreciation of music is concerned. To look for morals and philosophy in poetry is to set one's feet in the same broad path. Poetry is devoid neither of morals nor of philosophy, Dante and Milton would rise to confound anyone stupid enough to say that. But he who would enjoy poetry must not look, *primarily*, for morals and a way of life.

That is precisely what too many students do. From "Rabbi Ben Ezra" they copy into their notebooks glib memory gems, like "Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be," and the memory gem, usually a facile platitude, is all they know of what is at best often only a second rate poem. They come to associate poetry with the inculcation of a lesson for themselves, than which few things could be harder on the vitality of poetry. Concern for ethics is likely to mean that bad poems—"Rabbi Ben Ezra" or "Abou ben Adhem"—are read to the exclusion of better poems. "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at St. Praxed's Church" is a better poem than "Rabbi Ben Ezra," though the Bishop is not a very moral man. What is more vital, he is human, placed in a human and a dramatic situation, he should be allowed to speak, and he will if he is given an opportunity—like that other scoundrel of the "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," or the lady villain of "The Laboratory"—speak effectively to the heart of any normal person, anywhere, at any time.

It would be difficult to find memory gem or message in Waller's "Go,

Lovely Rose" Yet it is one of the purest lyrics in English, and a justification of Emerson's phrase, "Beauty is its own excuse for being" It ought to be part of the poetry equipment, the mental furniture of everyone, to be learned by heart for the joy which comes from saying, over and over, the beautiful words Read them slowly, aloud, surrender to the pictures and to the sound What a pity it would be to look for a lesson, to try to derive personal application to one's own way of living!

SONG

Go lovely rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time and me
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be

 Tell her that s young
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died

 Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired,
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired

 Then die, that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee,
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

—EDMUND WALLER

There are many such poems in English literature, and they are one reason why everybody should learn to read poetry It does make a difference what a mind has in the way of furniture Wordsworth wrote of his ideal for his sister, Dorothy, to be attained as a result of her closeness to the landscape of the English Lake Country

Therefore let the Moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk,
 And let the misty mountain winds be free
 To blow against thee and, in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies

Surely something may be said, simply in terms of potential pleasure to one's self, for the difference in the mind furnished with, as a random example,

Shoot the sherbet to me, Herbert," and one equipped with the haunting loveliness of "Go, Lovely Rose"

If you are one of those taught to approach the presence of the poem in quest of vital lesson, of profound comment on man and the universe, the answer is, *Don't*. Here should be no halfway measures, no reducing the urge to philosophy by half, no gradual tapering off. You may, after all, rest comfortable in the assurance that if philosophy and morals are present in any vital way, they will make themselves felt without your conscious searching for them, insistent on their share in your awareness of the complete poem.

The way of a group of college freshmen with a poem of Robert Frost illustrates how deadly this concern about morals may be. Here is the poem

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Whose woods these are I think I know
His house is in the village though,
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake

The woods are lovely, dark and deep
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep
And miles to go before I sleep

—ROBERT FROST

Here are some interpretations by freshmen who were supposed to be better than average students

a) In this poem the underlying thought seems to be that of suicide. The last four lines of the poem indicate that the person decides he has more work to do on earth before he dies in order to fulfill a promise of some kind.

b) A man who has promised to leave town after committing some crime, and has been told 'to get going and don't stop'. The line, "The darkest evening of the year," might mean the disgrace he has brought on himself, and, "I have promises to keep," may mean he has promised to get out of the country.

c) If he didn't mention that the owner of the woods lived in the village, I would say he was talking about the life he has yet to live before he meets his Maker.

d) It deals with the thought of eternal rest But then the subject is brought back to reality with the thought of the things he has yet to do, and the rest of his life he has yet to spend

e) It may represent one who is tired of life's hardships, and is tempted to drop by the wayside in some secluded retreat, but who must press on since he has many years of work ahead and many obligations to fulfill before such rest may be his

f) Almost every day we find ourselves faced with the lures of temptation We realize that we ought to keep on our way yet the temptation to stay where all is peaceful and quiet is often too great for us to resist While we are here in college we are often tempted to do the easiest thing That is to neglect our studies and to run around and have a good time However we know that there are promises to be kept and obligations to be filled We have been sent here by our parents for the purpose of receiving an education, and there is no doubt that our duty is to do all in our power to take advantage of this opportunity

g) I am a college man I am taking a pre med course I am away from home I am open to temptations that college may offer me Am I to take advantage of their owner's absence to sit and gaze in his woods—to take advantage of being away from my parents to stop by the wayside and admire the beautiful sirens? Or am I to be a second Ulysses and have sufficient will power to overcome these temptations? Am I to stop where there is easy wind and downy flake—to sit back in my chair, just to dream and forget all hardships? Or am I to heed the impatience of the horse and the warning of the harness bell—to awaken to my will calling for me to go on? True, it is dark now, and I cannot see well, but do I not remember the vows that I have made—to go through at all costs? Yes, I must go through those long miles of roads rougher than I can imagine, before I call for time out

Comments *f* and *g* are especially nauseous misunderstandings, and they represent the cardinal sin of personal application To make a poem mean privately, to ourselves alone, to look first for directions about *our* life and *our* problems—no going wrong can be more abysmally bad Like the old hocus-pocus magic formula way in which the Bible used to be consulted, you put your question, open the book at random, drop an equally random finger on the page, and there you are—provided you are ingenious enough in twisting words to meet special situations and personal needs The method is equally unintelligent with the Bible and with poetry, and to resort to it is to proclaim oneself part of an intellectual underworld of superstition and ignorance The poet's message, so far as he has a message for the individual, is a message to the individual not in his private and peculiar selfhood, but in his representative capacity as a normal human being, as a man, it is part of the universality of the poet's speaking

If facile talk about appreciation, concern with peripheral things, and preoccupation with morals and the meaning of life are heresies, what is sound doctrine in the reading of poetry? What is orthodox? What is a right approach to Frost's poem, or to any poem? The simple, natural approach the easiest way What is obvious in "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" is that

the poet has had a perfectly everyday experience. On a snow-filled winter's afternoon, he has come to a patch of woodland, for no reason, save that he simply and unashamedly likes to, he has stopped, just to watch the woods fill up with snow. That is the experience, the start of the poem, which, from such an unassuming start, got itself written because *the poet enjoyed the experience*, remembered it, and something made him want to try to put it in words, *just for fun the poem is a record of experience to be shared with a reader*, who must take it at this simple face value if he is to read the poem as it should be read. Most poems probably begin much like this. And if someone says, 'It may never have happened to Frost, he may have imagined it all,' the answer is that in literature and the arts there is no essential difference between experience in actuality and experience in imagination, both are the stuff of poems, in the broadest sense of the term, *experience*. It is really very little a reader's business whether a writer is using memory or imagination, so long as the reality of the result is not affected. Frost may, indeed, have imagined it all, so far as we have a right to know, or care.

But why should a poet want to share experience, if he has nothing "important" to say, no "lesson" to teach, if he is not intent on "improving society," and bettering the conditions of the human race? Like so many facts, this is a mystery, hid in elemental human nature. Men do act this way: human nature prompts them to want to tell others what has happened to them. All conversation is built on that ancient formula, 'Have you heard this one?' The questioner hopes "this one" has not been heard, so that he can go on and tell his story, enjoy sharing his experience.

The woman in the parable is a case in point. She had lost her money. It is not significant that she went on an orgy of spring cleaning, turning the house upside down, or that she found her money. But when she found it, and this is the important thing, her next move was to give a party, inviting friends and neighbors for miles around, just that they might rejoice with her because she had found what had been lost: in other words, that they might share her experience. So the poet, though tangibilities like money may not be involved. Something emotionally stirring has happened, and he makes a poem, which is his invitation to his friends and neighbors to rejoice with him. How ungracious of the friends and neighbors of the woman, if they had hunted for lessons in the experience, emphasized, perhaps, the moral that in the future she must be more careful about her money, suggested it was all an illustration of the guidance of a good providence, enabling her to recover her fortune—or any other testimony a dyed-in-the-wool moralist might strain to discover. They had been invited to a party, the woman didn't want lessons, she wanted them to have a good time with her. No less ungracious is the reader who would deduce moral teaching from "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," and from many other poems, when what the poet wants is that we should have a good time at his party, along with him, because he, in the first place, had a good time with his experience. Such sharing is the request every good poet

makes of his readers, and it leads straight to an idea at the heart of all poetry the irrefragable cornerstone on which poetry rests That idea, the center of this book, is that *poetry, reduced to its simplest, is only experience* Experience moved the poet, he enjoyed it, and wanted to put it down on paper, as experience and nothing else, partly because writing is a self contained action which is fun for the writer, partly because he wanted the reader to enjoy the experience with him If we are to learn to read, we must begin with elemental, irreducible facts like this

Of course poetry can be, often is, profound and philosophical, probing below surfaces, reaching far down to the depths of the spirit, anxious about Life, and Death, what is before Life, and after Death In his *De Rerum Natura* (Of the Nature of Things), Lucretius wrote thousands of lines devoted to the origin of the universe, to man's nature and his place within his world He wrote a poem which has lived for more than nineteen hundred years, admittedly one of the great things of all literatures Milton set himself, in *Paradise Lost*, to

assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men

And whatever we may think of the success with which he resolved his problem, his poem is one of the few supremely great poems so far given to the world

Lucretius and Milton are difficult poets And there are many difficult, extraordinarily difficult poems, poems difficult enough to task the best efforts of best minds for their understanding and enjoyment They are full of message, philosophy, and morals But they are not for the neophyte, and we shall never learn to like or understand them if we begin with their complexities A start must be made where the going is easier and simpler Failure to start there, traceable in large part to the poets themselves, and to those who have tried, with honest but mistaken zeal, to teach poetry when they did not understand it themselves, is a principal reason why there are not more, and more intelligent, readers of poetry today, why people in increasing numbers do not turn to it in leisure hours, just for fun, without conscious concern for culture, or the higher things of life, or philosophy, or morals, or any of the other wrong motives assigned for the study of literature It is right to like right things But to like right things for wrong reasons is hardly a mark of an educated man or woman

Levels are important When we are children, we should think and speak as children, and there is a childhood of the mind and spirit as truly as there is a physical, a chronological childhood If, in poetry, we are to advance beyond seeing through a glass darkly, our sight muddy and confused, we must leave poets like Lucretius and Milton and Dante, content for a while with the simplest simplicities Nor can we all, variously endowed as we are, expect ever to attain to the heights of Milton and Dante For some of us, those mountain

peaks are too high and difficult of ascent But we can find ample space for breathing on a lower level, for ourselves, supreme pleasure on the highest level of our own capabilities Only, we must go as high as possible, stretch to the full measure of our stature and strength Then, we shall be content to let those things go which for us are unattainable, since, on our own level, *for us*, there is bound to be God's plenty for enjoyment as long as we shall live The man who has advanced from Edgar Guest and Robert W Service to Longfellow has made progress, better yet if he can go to Masfield or Kipling And beyond are so many more Tennyson and Browning, Wordsworth, Shelley—it would be futile to try to catalogue them, or to arrange them at exact levels Somewhere, at the end of arduous journeyings among the regions of poetry, are the lofty tablelands and mountain summits, where the masters dwell—Homer, Virgil, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and the rest, who are God's noblest voices Are they reserved for specialists and experts—poets' poets? I should hardly want to say that, though it is certain that the air of their world is too rarefied for many of us, much of the time And then, too, we are unwilling to discipline ourselves by the hard labor necessary for understanding their voices If we do not, for one reason or another, attain to fellowship with these saints and giants, it is hardly cause for weeping, since so much remains besides, so many, to speak persuasively to us, in our own tongue Only—and this is important—we must be sure that we proceed to the highest point we are capable of standing on with comfort and pleasure to ourselves

To enable a reader to find this "highest point," at which he can read poetry with honest enjoyment to himself—that ought to be the goal of any course in poetry, of any talking about it Winning to the goal can come only by beginning with simple things, by ridding our minds of corrupting confusions, of mistaken notions, which are barriers to understanding what poetry is all about This chapter has considered some of those confusions and notions, to clear the ground, as a preliminary to progress in the way of poetry It has tried to show that for the present despised state of poetry poets and teachers must bear a good deal of the burden of responsibility For poets have made a cult of poetry, and most of us are suspicious of cults they have emphasized mystery, they have offered puzzles, where a reader looked for poems, they have frightened us away by their assertive declarations of their independence of any responsibility to us, by their insistence on talking to themselves only, for themselves, in their own way And teaching has set us wrong by fostering three great heresies facile talk about appreciation, excessive concern with peripheral things, and too much preoccupation with morals and philosophy Our consideration of these heresies has led us to two orthodox articles of a right belief about poetry

- 1 Poetry exists principally that the reader may find pleasure where the poet had found pleasure before him

- 2 Poetry is, fundamentally, a record of pleasurable experience which the poet set down for the fun of it, that the reader might have fun in turn

At this point, the reader would do well to examine his own experience of poetry. If nowhere in his memory he finds poems which have been fun, if none of the poems quoted in this chapter have made him feel a little pleasanter inside, then, probably, poetry is not for him. He is one of those rarest men for whom it has no word, and he should abandon poetry and this book, for they will prove little more than wasted time and effort. But if he does remember poems pleasantly, no matter how few, even if there be only one, among those quoted here, which he has in the slightest degree liked, he is invited to continue in our common adventure after the peculiar pleasure of poetry, assured, in advance, of fun, and, I hope, of discovering in his experience

life and food
For future years

WRITING PROSE¹



W Somerset Maugham

I HAVE NEVER HAD more than two English lessons in my life, for though I wrote essays at school, I do not remember that I ever received any instruction on how to put sentences together. The two lessons I have had were given me so late in life that I am afraid I cannot hope greatly to profit by them. The first was only a few years ago. I was spending some weeks in London and had engaged as temporary secretary a young woman. She was shy, rather pretty, and absorbed in a love affair with a married man. I had written a book called *Cakes and Ale*, and, the typescript arriving one Saturday morning, I asked her if she would be good enough to take it home and correct it over the week end. I meant her only to make a note of mistakes in spelling that the typist might have made and point out errors occasioned by a handwriting that is not always easy to decipher. But she was a conscientious young person and she took me more literally than I intended. When she brought back the typescript on Monday morning it was accompanied by four foolscap sheets of corrections. I must confess that at the first glance I was a trifle vexed, but then I thought that it would be silly of me not to profit, if I could, by the trouble she had taken and so sat me down to examine them. I suppose the young woman had taken a course at a secretarial college and she had gone through my novel in the same methodical way as her masters had gone through her essays. The remarks that filled the four neat pages of foolscap were incisive and severe. I could not but surmise that the professor of English at the secretarial college did not mince matters. He took a marked line, there could be no doubt about

¹ From W. S. Maugham *The Summing Up*. Copyright 1938 by W. Somerset Maugham, reprinted by permission of Doubleday & Company, Inc.

that and he did not allow that there might be two opinions about anything. His apt pupil would have nothing to do with a preposition at the end of a sentence. A mark of exclamation betokened her disapproval of a colloquial phrase. She had a feeling that you must not use the same word twice on a page and she was ready every time with a synonym to put in its place. If I had indulged myself in the luxury of a sentence of ten lines, she wrote "Clarify this. Better break it up into two or more periods." When I had availed myself of the pleasant pause that is indicated by a semicolon, she noted "A full stop", and if I had ventured upon a colon she remarked stingingly "Obsolete." But the harshest stroke of all was her comment on what I thought was rather a good joke "Are you sure of your facts?" Taking it all in all I am bound to conclude that the professor at her college would not have given me very high marks.

The second lesson I had was given me by a don, both intelligent and charming, who happened to be staying with me when I was myself correcting the typescript of another book. He was good enough to offer to read it. I hesitated, because I knew that he judged from a standpoint of excellence that is hard to attain, and though I was aware that he had a profound knowledge of Elizabethan literature, his inordinate admiration for *Esther Waters* made me doubtful of his discernment in the productions of our own day. No one could attach so great a value to that work who had an intimate knowledge of the French novel during the nineteenth century. But I was anxious to make my book as good as I could and I hoped to benefit by his criticisms. They were in point of fact lenient. They interested me peculiarly because I inferred that this was the way in which he dealt with the compositions of undergraduates. My don had, I think, a natural gift for language, which it has been his business to cultivate, his taste appeared to me faultless. I was much struck by his insistence on the force of individual words. He liked the stronger word rather than the euphonious. To give an example, I had written that a statue would be placed in a certain square and he suggested that I should write "the statue will stand." I had not done that because my ear was offended by the alliteration. I noticed also that he had a feeling that words should be used not only to balance a sentence but to balance an idea. This is sound, for an idea may lose its effect if it is delivered abruptly, but it is a matter of delicacy, since it may well lead to verbiage. Here a knowledge of stage dialogue should help. An actor will sometimes say to an author "Couldn't you give me a word or two more in this speech? It seems to take away all the point of my line if I have nothing else to say." As I listened to my don's remarks I could not but think how much better I should write now if in my youth I had had the advantage of such sensible, broad minded and kindly advice.

As it is, I have had to teach myself. I have looked at the stories I wrote when I was very young in order to discover what natural aptitude I had, my original stock in trade, before I developed it by taking thought. The

manner had a superciliousness that perhaps my years excused and an irascibility that was a defect of nature, but I am speaking now only of the way in which I expressed myself. It seems to me that I had a natural lucidity and a knack for writing easy dialogue.

When Henry Arthur Jones, then a well known playwright, read my first novel, he told a friend that in due course I should be one of the most successful dramatists of the day. I suppose he saw in it directness and an effective way of presenting a scene that suggested a sense of the theatre. My language was commonplace, my vocabulary limited, my grammar shaky, and my phrases hackneyed. But to write was an instinct that seemed as natural to me as to breathe, and I did not stop to consider if I wrote well or badly. It was not till some years later that it dawned upon me that it was a delicate art that must be painfully acquired. The discovery was forced upon me by the difficulty I found in getting my meaning down on paper. I wrote dialogue fluently, but when it came to a page of description I found myself entangled in all sorts of quandaries. I would struggle for a couple of hours over two or three sentences that I could in no way manage to straighten out. I made up my mind to teach myself how to write. Unfortunately I had no one to help me. I made many mistakes. If I had had someone to guide me like the charming don of whom I spoke just now, I might have been saved much time. Such a one might have told me that such gifts as I had lay in one direction and that they must be cultivated in that direction, it was useless to try to do something for which I had no aptitude. But at that time a florid prose was admired. Richness of texture was sought by means of a jeweled phrase and sentences stiff with exotic epithets, the ideal was a brocade so heavy with gold that it stood up by itself. The intelligent young read Walter Pater with enthusiasm. My common sense suggested to me that it was anaemic stuff, behind those elaborate, gracious periods I was conscious of a tired, wan personality. I was young, lusty, and energetic, I wanted fresh air, action, violence, and I found it hard to breathe that dead, heavily scented atmosphere and sit in those hushed rooms in which it was indecorous to speak above a whisper. But I would not listen to my common sense. I persuaded myself that this was the height of culture and turned a scornful shoulder on the outside world where men shouted and swore, played the fool, wenched and got drunk. I read *Intentions* and *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. I was intoxicated by the colour and rareness of the fantastic words that thickly stud the pages of *Salome*. Shocked by the poverty of my own vocabulary, I went to the British Museum with pencil and paper and noted down the names of curious jewels, the Byzantine hues of old enamels, the sensual feel of textiles, and made elaborate sentences to bring them in. Fortunately I could never find an opportunity to use them and they lie there yet in an old notebook ready for anyone who has a mind to write nonsense. It was generally thought then that the Authorized Version of the Bible was the greatest piece of prose that the English language has

produced I read it diligently, especially the Song of Solomon, jotting down for future use turns of phrase that struck me and making lists of unusual or beautiful words I studied Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Dying* In order to assimilate his style I copied out passages and then tried to write them down from memory

The first fruit of this labour was a little book about Andalusia called *The Land of the Blessed Virgin* I had occasion to read parts of it the other day I know Andalusia a great deal better now than I knew it then, and I have changed my mind about a good many things of which I wrote Since it has continued in America to have a small sale, it occurred to me that it might be worth while to revise it I soon saw that this was impossible The book was written by someone I have completely forgotten It bored me to distraction But what I am concerned with is the prose, for it was as an exercise in style that I wrote it It is wistful, allusive, and elaborate It has neither ease nor spontaneity It smells of hothouse plants and Sunday dinner like the air in the greenhouse that leads out of the dining room of a big house in Bayswater There are a great many melodious adjectives The vocabulary is sentimental It does not remind one of an Italian brocade, with its rich pattern of gold, but of a curtain material designed by Burne Jones and reproduced by Morris

I do not know whether it was a subconscious feeling that this sort of writing was contrary to my bent or a naturally methodical cast of mind that led me then to turn my attention to the writers of the Augustan Period The prose of Swift enchanted me I made up my mind that this was the perfect way to write and I started to work on him in the same way as I had done with Jeremy Taylor I chose *The Tale of a Tub* It is said that when the Dean re-read it in his old age he cried "What genius I had then!" To my mind his genius was better shown in other works It is a tiresome allegory and the irony is facile But the style is admirable I cannot imagine that English can be better written Here are no flowery periods, fantastic turns of phrase or high-flown images It is a civilized prose, natural, discreet, and pointed There is no attempt to surprise by an extravagant vocabulary It looks as though Swift made do with the first word that came to hand, but since he had an acute and logical brain it was always the right one, and he put it in the right place The strength and balance of his sentences are due to an exquisite taste As I had done before I copied passages and then tried to write them out again from memory I tried altering words or the order in which they were set I found that the only possible words were those Swift had used and that the order in which he had placed them was the only possible order It is an impeccable prose

But perfection has one grave defect it is apt to be dull Swift's prose is like a French canal, bordered with poplars, that runs through a gracious and undulating country Its tranquil charm fills you with satisfaction, but it neither excites the emotions nor stimulates the imagination You go on and on and presently you are a trifle bored So, much as you may admire Swift's

wonderful lucidity, his terseness, his naturalness, his lack of affectation, you find your attention wandering after a while unless his matter peculiarly interests you. I think if I had my time over again I would give to the prose of Dryden the close study I gave to that of Swift. I did not come across it till I had lost the inclination to take so much pains. The prose of Dryden is delicious. It has not the perfection of Swift nor the easy elegance of Addison, but it has a springtime gaiety, a conversational ease, a blithe spontaneity that are enchanting. Dryden was a very good poet, but it is not the general opinion that he had a lyrical quality, it is strange that it is just this that sings in his softly sparkling prose. Prose had never been written in England like that before, it has seldom been written like that since. Dryden flourished at a happy moment. He had in his bones the sonorous periods and the baroque massiveness of Jacobean language and under the influence of the nimble and well bred felicity that he learnt from the French he turned it into an instrument that was fit not only for solemn themes but also to express the light thought of the passing moment. He was the first of the rococo artists. If Swift reminds you of a French canal Dryden recalls an English river winding its cheerful way round hills, through quietly busy towns and by nestling villages, pausing now in a noble reach and then running powerfully through a woodland country. It is alive, varied, wind swept, and it has the pleasant open air smell of England.

The work I did was certainly very good for me. I began to write better, I did not write well. I wrote stiffly and self consciously. I tried to get a pattern into my sentences, but did not see that the pattern was evident. I took care how I placed my words, but did not reflect that an order that was natural at the beginning of the eighteenth century was most unnatural at the beginning of ours. My attempt to write in the manner of Swift made it impossible for me to achieve the effect of inevitable rightness that was just what I so much admired in him. I then wrote a number of plays and ceased to occupy myself with anything but dialogue. It was not till five years had passed that I set out again to write a novel. By then I no longer had any ambition to be a stylist, I put aside all thought of fine writing. I wanted to write without any frills of language, in as bare and unaffected a manner as I could. I had so much to say that I could afford to waste no words. I wanted merely to set down the facts. I began with the impossible aim of using no adjectives at all. I thought that if you could find the exact term a qualifying epithet could be dispensed with. As I saw it in my mind's eye my book would have the appearance of an immensely long telegram in which for economy's sake you had left out every word that was not necessary to make the sense clear. I have not read it since I corrected the proofs and do not know how near I came to doing what I tried. My impression is that it is written at least more naturally than anything I had written before, but I am sure that it is often slipshod and I daresay there are in it a good many mistakes in grammar.

Since then I have written many other books and though ceasing my

methodical study of the old masters (for though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak), I have continued with increasing assiduity to try to write better. I discovered my limitations and it seemed to me that the only sensible thing was to aim at what excellence I could within them. I knew that I had no lyrical quality. I had a small vocabulary and no efforts that I could make to enlarge it much availed me. I had little gift of metaphor, the original and striking simile seldom occurred to me. Poetic flights and the great imaginative sweep were beyond my powers. I could admire them in others as I could admire their far-fetched tropes and the unusual but suggestive language in which they clothed their thoughts, but my own invention never presented me with such embellishments, and I was tired of trying to do what did not come easily to me. On the other hand, I had an acute power of observation and it seemed to me that I could see a great many things that other people missed. I could put down in clear terms what I saw. I had a logical sense, and if no great feeling for the richness and strangeness of words, at all events a lively appreciation of their sound. I knew that I should never write as well as I could wish, but I thought with pains I could arrive at writing as well as my natural defects allowed. On taking thought it seemed to me that I must aim at lucidity, simplicity and euphony. I have put these three qualities in the order of the importance I assigned to them.

I have never had much patience with the writers who claim from the reader an effort to understand their meaning. You have only to go to the great philosophers to see that it is possible to express with lucidity the most subtle reflections. You may find it difficult to understand the thought of Hume, and if you have no philosophical training its implications will doubtless escape you, but no one with any education at all can fail to understand exactly what the meaning of each sentence is. Few people have written English with more grace than Berkeley. There are two sorts of obscurity that you find in writers. One is due to negligence and the other to wilfulness. People often write obscurely because they have never taken the trouble to learn to write clearly. This sort of obscurity you find too often in modern philosophers, in men of science, and even in literary critics. Here it is indeed strange. You would have thought that men who passed their lives in the study of the great masters of literature would be sufficiently sensitive to the beauty of language to write if not beautifully at least with perspicuity. Yet you will find in their works sentence after sentence that you must read twice to discover the sense. Often you can only guess at it, for the writers have evidently not said what they intended.

Another cause of obscurity is that the writer is himself not quite sure of his meaning. He has a vague impression of what he wants to say, but has not, either from lack of mental power or from laziness, exactly formulated it in his mind and it is natural enough that he should not find a precise expression for a confused idea. This is due largely to the fact that many writers think not before, but as they write. The pen originates the thought. The

disadvantage of this, and indeed it is a danger against which the author must be always on his guard, is that there is a sort of magic in the written word. The idea acquires substance by taking on a visible nature, and then stands in the way of its own clarification. But this sort of obscurity merges very easily into the wilful. Some writers who do not think clearly are inclined to suppose that their thoughts have a significance greater than at first sight appears. It is flattering to believe that they are too profound to be expressed so clearly that all who run may read, and very naturally it does not occur to such writers that the fault is with their own minds which have not the faculty of precise reflection. Here again the magic of the written word obtains. It is very easy to persuade oneself that a phrase that one does not quite understand may mean a great deal more than one realizes. From this there is only a little way to go to fall into the habit of setting down one's impressions in all their original vagueness. Fools can always be found to discover a hidden sense in them. There is another form of wilful obscurity that masquerades as aristocratic exclusiveness. The author wraps his meaning in mystery so that the vulgar shall not participate in it. His soul is a secret garden into which the elect may penetrate only after overcoming a number of perilous obstacles. But this kind of obscurity is not only pretentious, it is shortsighted. For time plays it an odd trick. If the sense is meagre, time reduces it to a meaningless verbiage that no one thinks of reading. This is the fate that has befallen the lucubrations of those French writers who were seduced by the example of Guillaume Apollinaire. But occasionally it throws a sharp cold light on what had seemed profound and thus discloses the fact that these contortions of language disguised very commonplace notions. There are few of Mallarmé's poems now that are not clear, one cannot fail to notice that his thought singularly lacked originality. Some of his phrases were beautiful, the materials of his verse were the poetic platitudes of his day.

Simplicity is not such an obvious merit as lucidity. I have aimed at it because I have no gift for richness. Within limits I admire richness in others, though I find it difficult to digest in quantity. I can read one page of Ruskin with delight, but twenty only with weariness. The rolling period, the stately epithet, the noun rich in poetic associations, the subordinate clauses that give the sentence weight and magnificence, the grandeur like that of wave following wave in the open sea, there is no doubt that in all this there is something inspiring. Words thus strung together fall on the ear like music. The appeal is sensuous rather than intellectual, and the beauty of the sound leads you easily to conclude that you need not bother about the meaning. But words are tyrannical things, they exist for their meanings, and if you will not pay attention to these, you cannot pay attention at all. Your mind wanders. This kind of writing demands a subject that will suit it. It is surely out of place to write in the grand style of inconsiderable things. No one wrote in this manner with greater success than Sir Thomas Browne, but even he did not always escape this pitfall. In the last chapter of *Hydriotaphia*

the matter, which is the destiny of man, wonderfully fits the baroque splendour of the language, and here the Norwich doctor produced a piece of prose that has never been surpassed in our literature, but when he describes the finding of his urns in the same splendid manner the effect (at least to my taste) is less happy

But if richness needs gifts with which everyone is not endowed, simplicity by no means comes by nature. To achieve it needs rigid discipline. So far as I know ours is the only language in which it has been found necessary to give a name to the piece of prose which is described as the purple patch, it would not have been necessary to do so unless it were characteristic. English prose is elaborate rather than simple. It was not always so. Nothing could be more racy, straightforward and alive than the prose of Shakespeare, but it must be remembered that this was dialogue written to be spoken. We do not know how he would have written if like Corneille he had composed prefaces to his plays. It may be that they would have been as euphuistic as the letters of Queen Elizabeth. But earlier prose, the prose of Sir Thomas More, for instance, is neither ponderous, flowery nor oratorical. It smacks of the English soil. To my mind King James's Bible has been a very harmful influence on English prose. I am not so stupid as to deny its great beauty. It is majestical. But the Bible is an oriental book. Its alien imagery has nothing to do with us. Those hyperboles, those luscious metaphors, are foreign to our genius. I cannot but think that not the least of the misfortunes that the Secession from Rome brought upon the spiritual life of our country is that this work for so long a period became the daily, and with many the only, reading of our people. Those rhythms, that powerful vocabulary, that grandiloquence, became part and parcel of the national sensibility. The plain honest English speech was overwhelmed with ornament. Blunt Englishmen twisted their tongues to speak like Hebrew prophets. There was evidently something in the English temper to which this was congenial, perhaps a native lack of precision in thought, perhaps a naive delight in fine words for their own sake, an innate eccentricity and love of embroidery, I do not know, but the fact remains that ever since, English prose has had to struggle against the tendency to luxuriance. When from time to time the spirit of the language has reasserted itself, as it did with Dryden and the writers of Queen Anne, it was only to be submerged once more by the pomposities of Gibbon and Dr Johnson. When English prose recovered simplicity with Hazlitt, the Shelley of the letters, and Charles Lamb at his best, it lost it again with De Quincey, Carlyle, Meredith, and Walter Pater. It is obvious that the grand style is more striking than the plain. Indeed many people think that a style that does not attract notice is not style. They will admire Walter Pater's, but will read an essay by Matthew Arnold without giving a moment's attention to the elegance, distinction and sobriety with which he set down what he had to say.

The dictum that the style is the man is well known. It is one of those

aphonisms that say too much to mean a great deal Where is the man in Goethe, in his birdlike lyrics or in his clumsy prose? And Hazlitt? But I suppose that if a man has a confused mind he will write in a confused way, if his temper is capricious his prose will be fantastical, and if he has a quick, darting intelligence that is reminded by the matter in hand of a hundred things, he will, unless he has great self control, load his pages with metaphor and simile There is a great difference between the magniloquence of the Jacobean writers, who were intoxicated with the new wealth that had lately been brought into the language, and the turgidity of Gibbon and Dr Johnson, who were the victims of bad theories I can read every word that Dr Johnson wrote with delight, for he had good sense, charm, and wit No one could have written better if he had not wilfully set himself to write in the grand style He knew good English when he saw it No critic has praised Dryden's prose more aptly He said of him that he appeared to have no art other than that of expressing with clearness what he thought with vigour And one of his *Lives* he finished with the words "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison" But when he himself sat down to write, it was with a very different aim He mistook the orotund for the dignified He had not the good breeding to see that simplicity and naturalness are the truest marks of distinction

Whether you ascribe importance to euphony, the last of the three characteristics that I mentioned, must depend on the sensitiveness of your ear A great many readers, and many admirable writers, are devoid of this quality Poets as we know have always made a great use of alliteration They are persuaded that the repetition of a sound gives an effect of beauty I do not think it does so in prose It seems to me that in prose alliteration should be used only for a special reason, when used by accident it falls on the ear very disagreeably But its accidental use is so common that one can only suppose that the sound of it is not universally offensive Many writers without distress will put two rhyming words together, join a monstrous long adjective to a monstrous long noun, or between the end of one word and the beginning of another have a conjunction of consonants that almost breaks your jaw These are trivial and obvious instances I mention them only to prove that if careful writers can do such things, it is only because they have no ear Words have weight, sound, and appearance, it is only by considering these that you can write a sentence that is good to look at and good to listen to

If you could write lucidly, simply, euphoniously and yet with liveliness you would write perfectly you would write like Voltaire And yet we know how fatal the pursuit of liveliness may be it may result in the tiresome acrobatics of Meredith Macaulay and Carlyle were in their different ways resting, but at the heavy cost of naturalness Their flashy effects distract the mind They destroy their persuasiveness, you would not believe a man was

very intent on ploughing a furrow if he carried a hoop with him and jumped through it at every other step. A good style should show no sign of effort. What is written should seem a happy accident. I think no one in France now writes more admirably than Colette, and such is the ease of her expression that you cannot bring yourself to believe that she takes any trouble over it. I am told that there are pianists who have a natural technique so that they can play in a manner that most executants can achieve only as the result of unremitting toil, and I am willing to believe that there are writers who are equally fortunate. Among them I was much inclined to place Colette. I asked her. I was exceedingly surprised to hear that she wrote everything over and over again. She told me that she would often spend a whole morning working upon a single page. But it does not matter how one gets the effect of ease. For my part, if I get it at all, it is only by strenuous effort. Nature seldom provides me with the word, the turn of phrase, that is appropriate without being far fetched or commonplace.

I have read that Anatole France tried to use only the constructions and the vocabulary of the writers of the seventeenth century whom he so greatly admired. I do not know if it is true. If so, it may explain why there is some lack of vitality in his beautiful and simple French. But simplicity is false when you do not say a thing that you should say because you cannot say it in a certain way. One should write in the manner of one's period. The language is alive and constantly changing, to try to write like the authors of a distant past can only give rise to artificiality. I should not hesitate to use the common phrases of the day, knowing that their vogue was ephemeral, or slang, though aware that in ten years it might be incomprehensible, if they gave vividness and actuality. If the style has a classical form it can support the discreet use of a phraseology that has only a local and temporary aptness. I would sooner a writer were vulgar than mincing, for life is vulgar, and it is life he seeks.

I think that we English authors have much to learn from our fellow authors in America. For American writing has escaped the tyranny of King James's Bible and American writers have been less affected by the old masters whose mode of writing is part of our culture. They have formed their style, unconsciously perhaps, more directly from the living speech that surrounds them, and at its best it has a directness, a vitality, and a drive that give our more urbane manner an air of languor. It has been an advantage to American writers, many of whom at one time or another have been reporters, that their journalism has been written in a more trenchant, nervous, graphic English than ours. For we read the newspaper as our ancestors read the Bible. Not without profit either, for the newspaper, especially when it is of the popular sort, offers us a part of experience that we writers cannot afford to miss. It is raw material straight from the knacker's yard, and we are stupid if we turn up our noses because it smells of blood and sweat. We cannot, how ever willingly we could, escape the influence of this workaday prose. But the

journalism of a period has very much the same style, it might all have been written by the same hand, it is impersonal. It is well to counteract its effect by reading of another kind. One can do this only by keeping constantly in touch with the writing of an age not too remote from one's own. So can one have a standard by which to test one's own style and an ideal which in one's modern way one can aim at. For my part the two writers I have found most useful to study for this purpose are Hazlitt and Cardinal Newman. I would try to imitate neither. Hazlitt can be unduly rhetorical, and sometimes his decoration is as fussy as Victorian Gothic. Newman can be a trifle flowery. But at their best both are admirable. Time has little touched their style, it is almost contemporary. Hazlitt is vivid, bracing, and energetic, he has strength and liveliness. You feel the man in his phrases, not the mean, querulous, disagreeable man that he appeared to the world that knew him, but the man within of his own ideal vision. (And the man within us is as true in reality as the man, pitiful and halting, of our outward seeming.) Newman had an exquisite grace, music, playful sometimes and some times grave, a woodland beauty of phrase, dignity and mellowness. Both wrote with extreme lucidity. Neither is quite as simple as the purest taste demands. Here I think Matthew Arnold excels them. Both had a wonderful balance of phrase and both knew how to write sentences pleasing to the eye. Both had an ear of extreme sensitiveness.

If anyone could combine their merits in the manner of writing of the present day, he would write as well as it is possible for anyone to write.

SNOBS, SLOBS, AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE¹



Donald J Lloyd

THERE IS AT LARGE among us today an unholy number of people who make it their business to correct the speech and writing of others. When Winston Churchill says, "It's me," in a radio address, their lips purse and murmur firmly, "It is I," and they sit down and write bitter letters to the *New York Times* about What Is Happening to the English Language. Reading "I only had five dollars," they circle *only* and move it to the right of *had*, producing "I had only five dollars" with a sense of virtue that is beyond the measure of man. They are implacable enemies of *different than*, of *loan* and *contact* used as verbs, and of dozens of other common expressions. They put triumphant exclamation marks in the margins of library books. They are ready to tangle the thread of any discussion by pouncing on a point of grammar.

¹ From the *American Scholar* Summer 1951. Reprinted with the permission of the author and the *American Scholar*.

If these people were all retired teachers of high school English, their weight in the community would be negligible, but unfortunately they are not. They are authors, scholars, business men, librarians—indeed, they are to be found wherever educated people read and write English. And they are moved by a genuine concern for the language. They have brought us, it is true, to a state in which almost anybody, no matter what his education or the clarity of his expression, is likely to find himself attacked for some locution which he has used. Yet their intentions are of the best. It is only that their earnest minds are in the grip of two curious misconceptions. One is that there is a ‘correct’ standard English which is uniform and definite and has been reduced to rule. The other is that this “correct” standard can only be maintained by the vigilant attention of everybody concerned with language—indeed, by the whole body of educated men and women.

The enemy these self-appointed linguistic sentries see lurking in every expression which stirs the correcter’s instinct in them is something they call illiteracy—which is not a simple state of being unlettered, but something more. This illiteracy is a willful and obstinate disregard for the standards of civilized expression. It stirs anger in them when they think they see it, because it seems to them a voluntary ignorance, compounded out of carelessness and sloth. When they think they find it in men who hold responsible positions in the community, they feel it to be a summation of all the decline of the graces of culture, the last reaches of a great wave of vulgarity which is eroding the educated and literate classes. It seems to them to be a surge of crude populism, they hear in each solecism the faint, far off cries of the rising mob. It is really a sort of ringing in their ears.

In view of the general agreement among the literate that a “correct” standard English exists, and in view of the vituperation directed at anyone suspected of corrupting it, one would expect some kind of agreement about what is correct. There is little to be found, the easy utterance of one educated man is the bane of another. “For all the fussiness about *which* and *that*,” remarks Jacques Barzun in the *Nation*, “the combined editorial brass of the country have feebly allowed the word *disinterested* to be absolutely lost in its original sense. One finds as careful a writer as Aldous Huxley using it to mean uninterested, so that by now a ‘disinterested judge’ is one that goes to sleep on the bench.” And on the subject of what surely is a harmless word, *whom*, Kyle Crichton, associate editor of *Collier’s*, is quoted in *Harper’s*: “The most loathsome word (to me at least) in the English language is *whom*. You can always tell a half-educated buffoon by the care he takes in working the word in. When he starts it, I know I am faced with a pompous illiterate who is not going to have me long as company.”

Probably only a cynic would conclude from the abundance of such comments that those who demand correct English do not know it when they meet it, but some students of language must have been led to wonder, for they have made up lists of disputed locutions and polled the literate on them.

So far, the only agreement they have reached has to be expressed in statistical terms

The latest of these surveys, a questionnaire containing nineteen disputed expressions, was reported by Norman Lewis in *Harper's Magazine* for March 1949. Lewis sent his list to 750 members of certain groups chosen mainly for their professional interest in the English language: lexicographers, high school and college teachers of English, authors, editors, journalists, radio commentators, and "a random sample of *Harper's* subscribers."

If we count out two groups on the basis of extremely special knowledge and interest—the college professors of English and the lexicographers—we find all the others accepting about half the expressions. The authors and editors (book and magazine) were highest with about 56 per cent, and the editors of women's magazines lowest with about 45. (The expression which was least favored was *less* in the sense of *fewer*—"I encountered *less* difficulties than I had expected"—but even that received an affirmative vote of 23 per cent.) The distinguished electors seem individually to have played hop, skip, and jump down the column, each finding among the nineteen expressions about ten he could approve of. If any two fell on the same ten, it was merely a coincidence.

A person innocent in the ways of this controversy, but reasonably well informed about the English language, noticing that the disputants ignore the massive conformity of most writers in most of their language practices, in order to quibble about fringe matters, might assume that they would welcome the cold light of linguistic science. This is a naive assumption. In response to an attempt of mine to correct some of the misapprehensions I found in Mr. Barzun's article—among them his curious notion that *detached* and not *uninterested* was the original meaning of *disinterested*—he replied by letter that I represented a misplaced and breezy scientism, and that what I said struck him as "the raw material of 'populism' and willful resistance to Mind." All dictionaries to the contrary notwithstanding, the word *disinterested* is now prevailingly used in the meaning I deprecated. The fact that an illiterate mistake may become the correct form is no reason for not combating it in its beginnings. This rejection both of the professional student of language and of the dictionary, when they disagree with the opinions of the writer, has the effect of making each man his own uninhibited authority on language and usage—an effect which I do not believe was exactly what Mr. Barzun had in mind.

What he did have in mind he stated clearly in one distinguished paragraph:

A living culture in one nation (not to speak of one world) must insist on a standard of usage. And usage, as I need not tell you, has important social implications apart from elegance and expressiveness in literature. The work of communication in law, politics and diplomacy, in medicine, technology and moral speculation depends on the maintenance of a medium of exchange whose values must be kept fixed, as far as possible, like those of any other reliable currency. To prevent

debasement and fraud requires vigilance and it implies the right to blame. It is not snobbery that is involved but literacy on its highest plane, and that literacy has to be protected from ignorance and sloth.

It is a pity that these sentiments, so deserving of approval, should receive it from almost all educated people except those who really know something about how language works. One feels like an uncultivated slob when he dissects—one of the low, inelegant, illiterate, unthinking mob. Yet as a statement about the English language, or about standard English, it is not merely partly true and partly false, but by the consensus of most professional students of language, totally false. It is one of those monstrous errors which gain their original currency by being plausible at a suitable time, and maintain themselves long after the circumstances which give rise to them have vanished. Mr. Barzun's remarks are an echo from the eighteenth century, they reek with an odor mustier than the lavender of Grandmother's sachet. They have little relevance to the use of the English language in America in our day.

In actual fact, the standard English used by literate Americans is no pale flower being overgrown by the weeds of vulgar use; it is a strong, flourishing growth. Nor is it a simple, easily describable entity. Indeed, it can scarcely be called an entity at all, except in the loose sense in which we call the whole vast sum of all the dialects of English spoken and written throughout the world a single language. In this sense, standard American English is the sum of the language habits of the millions of educated people in this country. It is rooted in the intellectual life of this great and varied people. Its forms express what its users wish to express, its words mean what its users think they mean, it is correctly written when it is written by those who write it, and correctly spoken by those who speak it. No prim and self-conscious hoarding of the dead fashions of a superior class gives it its power, but its negligent use by minds intent on stubborn and important problems. There is no point in a tiresome carping about usage, the best thing to do is relax and enjoy it.

There are five simple facts about language in general which we must grasp before we can understand a specific language or pass judgment on a particular usage. It is a pity that they are not more widely known in place of the non-sense which now circulates, for they would relieve the native-born speaker of English of his present uncertainty, and give him a proper authority and confidence in his spontaneous employment of his mother tongue. They arise from a common-sense analysis of the nature of language and the conditions of its use.

In the first place, language is basically speech. Speech comes first in the life of the individual and of the race. It begins in infancy and continues throughout our lives, we produce and attend to a spoken wordage much greater than the written. Even the mass of writing which floods in upon us today is only the froth on an ocean of speech. In history, also, speech comes first. English has been written for only about fifteen hundred years, before this, it is of incalculable antiquity. In speech its grammar was developed, from changes in

the sounds of speech, changes in its grammar come. The educated are inclined to feel that the most important aspect of language is the written form of it, and that the spoken language must and should take its standards from this. Actually, the great flow of influence is from speech to writing. Writing does influence speech somewhat, but its influence is like the interest a bank pays on the principal entrusted to it. No principal, no interest.

In the second place, language is personal. It is an experience and a pattern of habits of a very intimate kind. In the home, the family, the school, and the neighborhood we learn the speechways of our community, learning to talk as those close to us talk in the give and take of daily life. We are at one with our nation in our easy command of the pitch, tune, and phrase of our own home town. Language is personal, also, in that our grasp of it is no greater than our individual experience with it. The English we know is not the vast agglomeration of verbal signs which fills and yet escapes the largest lexicons and grammars, but what we have personally heard and spoken, read and written. The best read man knows of his native language only a limited number of forms in a limited number of combinations. Outside of these, the wealth which a copious tongue has as its potential is out of his world, and out of everybody's, for no dictionary is so complete or grammar so compendious as to capture it.

The third fact about language is that it changes. It changes in its sounds, its meanings, and its syntax. The transmission of sounds, words, and meanings from generation to generation is always in some respects imprecise. Minute differences add up in time to perceptible changes, and changes to noticeable drifts. Difference in changes and in rates of change make local speech sounds, pitches, tones, and vocabularies draw subtly and persistently away from one another. And all it takes to produce an identifiable dialect is sufficient segregation over a sufficient length of time.

The fourth great fact about language, then, is that its users are, in one way or another, isolated. Each has with only a few others the sort of familiar relationships which join them in one language community. Yet there are upward of two hundred million native speakers of English in the world. Obviously they cannot all be in close touch with one another. They congeal in nuclei—some stable, some transitory—which by a kind of double action draw them together and enforce isolation of many more or less shifting kinds: the isolation of distance, of education, of economic levels, of occupation, age, and sex, of hobbies and political boundaries. Any one of these will be reflected in language habits, any two or three will bring about, in one community, speech differences as great as those caused by oceans and mountain ranges.

The fifth great fact about language is that it is a historical growth of a specific kind. The nature of English is one of the absolutes of our world, like air, water, and gravity. Its patterns are not subject to judgment, they simply are. Yet they have not always been what they are, like the physical world, they have changed with time, but always in terms of what they have been. "Boy

loves girl' means something different from "girl loves boy." It is futile for us to prefer another way of conveying these meanings, that is the English way, and we must live with it. Yet students of the language see in this simple pattern the result of a cataclysmic change, great and slow like the geologic upheavals that have brought old salt beds to the very tops of mountain ranges, and as simple. Each is what it is because of what it has been before.

Language as a social instrument reflects all the tides which sweep society, reacting in a local or surface way easily and quickly—as a beach changes its contours to suit the waves—but it offers everywhere a stubborn rock core that only time and massive pressures can move. The whim of a girl can change its vocabulary, but no will of man can touch its essential structure, this is work for the long attrition of generations of human use. Ever lagging a little behind human needs, it offers a multitude of terms for the things men no longer care about, but keeps them improvising to say what has not been said before.

Spoken English is, then, by its own nature and the nature of man, a welter of divergences. The divergences of class and place are sharpest in Britain, where the same dialects have been spoken in the same shires and villages for more than a thousand years. Although these can be heard in America by any traveler, no matter how dull his ear, they are relatively slight, for our language is essentially and repeatedly a colonial speech. Each of the American colonies drew settlers from various parts of Britain, each worked out a common speech based mainly on the dialect of its most influential group of immigrations (which differed from colony to colony), each remained in relative isolation from the others for about a hundred years. Then many colonists began to move to the interior, wave after wave of settlers traveled along rather distinct lines of advance until the continent was covered. Everywhere there was a mingling of dialects, with a composite speech arising, based mainly on the speech of the dominant local group. And so we have a northern speech fanning out from the northeastern states, a midland speech fanning out from the Mid Atlantic states, and a southern speech in the land of cotton raisers, all crossing and merging as the pioneers moved west. Local differences are greatest along the Atlantic coast.

Wherever our people settled, they worked out local ways of talking about the things of common experience, and found their own verbal symbols of class distinctions. Here and there are areas where foreign speaking groups clung together and developed special exotically flavored dialects, but otherwise most speech patterns in America can be traced back to the dialects of Britain. Everywhere there is a common speech used by the multitude which works with its hands, and a slightly different dialect spoken by the professional and leisure classes.

The standard English written by Americans is not, however, the written form of educated speech, which shows great local variation. Its spellings have only a rough equivalence to the sounds we make, its grammatical system,

which has nationwide and even worldwide currency, had its origin in the educated speech of the northeastern states, and before that in the dialect of London, England. The concentration of schools, colleges, publishing houses, and print shops in early New England and New York had the same effect in this country as the concentration in England, for centuries, of political power, commercial activity, and intellectual life in London; it established a written standard, native only to those who grew up near the Hudson River or east of it. Elsewhere in America this written standard has been a learned class dialect—learned in the schools as the property and distinguishing marks of an educated class. Like many of its spellings, it is itself a relic of the past, an heirloom handed down from the days when the whole nation looked to the schoolmasters of New England for its book learning.

The present controversy about usage is simply a sign that times have changed. The several vast and populous regions of this country have grown self-sufficient and self-conscious, and have taken the education of their youth into their own hands. Where the young once had to travel to the East for a respectable education, they receive it now in local public systems of rapid growth, and great size. From local schools they may go to local universities of fifteen to fifty thousand students, where they can proceed to the highest degrees. Yale University is overcrowded with some six thousand students, in the community colleges alone of California more than one hundred fifty thousand are enrolled. Most of these young people take their diplomas and go to work among their own people. They form a literate class greater in numbers and in proportion to the total population than the world has ever seen before. Speaking the speech of their region, they mingle naturally and easily with its people. When they write, they write the language they know, and they print it, for the most part, in presses close at hand. Everywhere they speak a standard literate English—but with differences: a regional speech derived from the usages of the early settlers.

Standard written English is, after all, an abstraction—a group of forms rather arbitrarily selected from the multitude offered by the language as a whole—an abstraction which serves the peculiar needs of the intellect. It achieves its wide currency because the interests of its users are the common interests of the educated, which transcend frontiers and negate distances—law, literature, science, industry, and commerce. It is the tool of intelligence. Any thinking person must use it, because only this form of the language provides the instruments of delicate intellectual discrimination. And it is not static. As the needs of the intellect change, standard English changes. Change is its life, as anyone can see who picks up a book written only a little time ago, or examines almost any old newspaper.

The common speech of the uneducated, on the other hand, is comparatively static. Though it varies greatly from place to place, it is everywhere conservative, far from corrupting the standard language, it follows slowly after, preserving old forms long ago given up by literate speakers. "Them things"

was once standard, and so were "he don't," "giv," and 'clumb" and 'rız " Its patterns are archaic, its forms homely and local Only its vocabulary is rich and daring in metaphor (but the best of this is quickly swiped by writers of standard English) Seldom written because its speakers seldom write, it is yet capable of great literary beauties, uncomplicated force, compact suggestion, and moving sentiment But it will not bear the burden of heavy thinking, and anyhow, heavy thinkers have a better tool to use It is about as much danger to the standard language as an old house cat

I have often wondered at the fear of common English and its speakers which the cultural aristocracy display, at their curious definition of illiteracy, and at the intemperance of their terms, which verges on the pathological A Freudian should have a picnic with them They use such epithets as *illiteracies*, *crudities*, *barbarisms*, *ignorance*, *carelessness*, and *sloth* But who is not negligent in language, as in the mechanics of driving a car? They mutter darkly about 'inchoate mob feelings" They confess themselves snobs by denying that their attitudes are snobbish The stridency of their self assurance puzzles the mind

We might better adjust our minds to the divergences of usage in standard written English, for time, space, and the normal drift of culture have put them there We need not raise our eyebrows at a different twist of phrase, but enjoy it as an echo of a way of life somewhat different from our own, but just as good We could do more than enjoy these things, we could recognize that the fixed forms of the language which do not come to our attention were developed in the past We have come too late for the show It is the changing forms that evidence the life in our language and in our society, we could learn much about our people and their ways by simply and objectively observing them

If there is one thing which is of the essence of language, it is its drive to adapt In an expanding culture like ours, which is invading whole new realms of thought and experience, the inherited language is not wholly suited to what we have to say We need more exact and expressive modes of utterance than we have, we are working toward finer tolerances The fabric of our language is flexible, and it can meet our needs Indeed, we cannot stop it from doing so Therefore it would be well and wholesome for us to see, in the locutions of the educated which bring us up sharply as we read, not evidences of a rising tide of illiteracy (which they are not), but marks of a grand shift in modes of expression, a self-reliant regionalism, and a persistent groping toward finer distinctions and a more precise utterance

THE RETORT CIRCUMSTANTIAL¹

Jacques Barzun

MR LLOYD'S ARTICLE is the culmination of a lively correspondence between him and me, in the course of which I feel sure that I repeatedly cut the ground from under his feet. Since from the outset he hadn't a leg to stand on, my efforts were bound to be useless, but we were both having such a good time that neither of us noticed his plight. At my suggestion he has consented to display his miraculous position in public, and I must therefore return to the charge. The public will judge.

It seems clear in the first place that by preaching the attitude of the mere recorder, the *registrar* of linguistic fact, Mr Lloyd disqualifies himself for remonstrating with me or anybody else. I, as a writer, am his source, his document, his *raison d'être* and he can no more logically quarrel with me than he can with a piece of papyrus. Nevertheless, I am willing to concede his human (and very modern) right to inveigh against my moralism in the tones of an outraged moralist.

What then does his objection come to? That in seeking to criticize certain tendencies in current literary English, I am usurping an authority I do not possess, and interfering with the natural evolution of the language. This is the prime fallacy in his case, which rests on a chain of reasoning somewhat as follows. English has greatly changed through the ages, many of these changes were resisted by purists, but the evolution was irresistible, and the result is something we now consider correct and natural. Hence Mr Barzun's attitude is *contra naturam*, he is an old fogey, a snob, and an ignoramus who thinks he can set his face against the future only because he is blind to the past.

The truth is, of course, that one does not obtain "nature" by merely removing opposition, wise or unwise. Nor can we know what is inevitable until we have tried good and hard to stop it. The whole analogy with nature is false because language is an artificial product of social life, all of whose manifestations, even when regular, bear only a remote likeness to the course of nature. Being a social product, language is everybody's football, and that is precisely what gives me, as well as Mr Lloyd, the right to push it this way or that by argument.

And here it is important to remember that resistance to change is by no means futile. The history of the language is not what the gallant liberals make out—a struggle between the dauntless Genius of English and a few misguided conservatives. It is a free-for-all. At this point it is usual for the advo-

¹ From the *American Scholar*, Summer 1951. Reprinted with the permission of the author and the *American Scholar*.

cates of the "hands off" policy to trot out the word *mob*, which Swift attacked with several other curtailed forms, and pretend that it was ridiculous of the Dean to boggle at it, "in the light of what came after" Well, what came after is that we deodorized *mob*, and abandoned altogether the other vulgarities he was deprecating—we no longer use *rep*, *pozz*, *phiz*, *hipps*, or *plenipo* The future, in short, belonged as much to Dean Swift as to his opponents—and rather more if we count the hits and misses

So much for the pseudo naturalism of the linguistic registrars Their vow not to judge among words and usages is a fine thing as long as it expresses a becoming sense of incapacity, but it must not turn into a union rule enforceable on those who have taken precisely opposite vows—namely to exploit, preserve, and possibly enrich the language This is the duty of the writer, it calls for judgment, and it brings us to that blessed word *disinterested*, which seems to have acted on Mr Lloyd like a whiff of mustard to the nose

My simple and mentorious deed as regards *disinterested* was to draw attention to its widespread misuse as a duplicate of *uninterested* Examples abound, and the fight against the plague may already be lost without the confusion being anything like over Every piece of printed matter exhibits it, and nearly every conversation Just the other day I heard this sentence, spoken to identify a stranger "He is an impresario, but when it comes to art, he's completely disinterested" Did the speaker mean X has no interest in art? Or he is so much interested in it that money is no object? According to current usage this is impossible to determine without questioning the speaker Not even his presumed degree of education will settle the matter, for the wrong use has affected all ranks

At the phrase "wrong use," Mr Lloyd twitched his nonexistent leg, and with his hands made the motions of a man taking to earth in a dictionary A few American, and especially collegiate, dictionaries do give the meaning "uninterested" as a second choice—which is a sufficient reason for me to view with a lackluster eye Mr Lloyd's naive faith in lexicographers The one work that seems relevant to the argument is the OED [*Oxford English Dictionary*], which gives us the history of the word It tells us that the meaning *uninterested* is obsolete, and it lists five separate earlier forms, going back to the French of Montaigne, all connected with the idea of "removing the self in interest of a person in a thing" As an English adjective, examples are given from 1659 to Dr Livingstone in 1865, with the meaning "not influenced by interest, impartial, unbiased, unprejudiced" My original remark was to the effect that nowadays the "disinterested judge" is probably taken to mean one who sleeps on the bench My final remark is As a writer concerned with the precision and flexibility of the language I use, I cannot regard the return to an obsolete and ambiguous form as useful or in any other way justified

I now carry the war into the enemy's camp If instead of complacently taking notes on the growing confusion, and protecting under pretext of "science" the vagaries of modern usage, Mr Lloyd and his compeers would

reflect upon their data, they might be able to safeguard the complex instrument of our speech by telling us when and why these deplorable losses occur, and how they might be repaired—loss of clarity and exactness at large, absolute loss of meaning in a word such as *disinterested* and in another such as *connive*. Everyone has seen this last used as a synonym for *conspire* and *contribute*, I have heard it in the intransitive sense of manage about some trivial business. “How did you connive?” Hitherto, when you escaped from the concentration camp because the guard deliberately looked the other way, it was he who *connived* at your escape, no one else. Can it be that the action is obsolete and we no longer need the word?

These instances are not isolated, and I shall accept statistical refutation only from someone who can show that he reads each year more written matter than I, and hears a greater variety of local uses from a larger body of students.

Meantime, the generality which I hazarded, and which Mr Lloyd assails as undemocratic and tainted with ethical feeling, is that with the rapid extension of educational opportunities, many persons of otherwise simple hearts are snatching at words half understood in order to bedeck their thoughts. Only the other day I read in a “literary” review about a distinguished American critic who was so full of insight that he could be called a *voyeur* (a peeping Tom). The writer meant *voyant* (a seer), if anything, but he could certainly be sued for slander before an educated court.

Foreign words are always treacherous, but what of the newspaper editorial which states that Mr So and so’s election is “highly fortuitous” (meaning “fortunate”), or the college dean who tells parents that his institution gives the students “a fulsome education”? Then there are those who believe that “to a degree” means “to a certain extent,” instead of just the opposite. Have not the oil and drug companies been forced to change their labels to “flammable” because many users of their products took “*inflammable*” to mean *noncombustible*? At that stage, the issue ceases to be comic or inconsequential. With the tremendous output of verbiage by air and print to which we are all subjected, the corruption of meaning is rapid and extensive. We are at the mercy of anyone who thinks the sense of a word is discoverable by inspection, and whose misuse consequently liberates an echoing error in the minds of his peers.

To put it differently, the danger to English today is not from bad grammar, dialect, vulgar forms, or native crudity, but from misused ornaments three syllables long. The enemy is not illiteracy but incomplete literacy—and since this implies pretension it justifies reproof. There is no defense against the depredations of the brash except vigilance and no quarter given. I am certain that in this regard Mr Lloyd, who writes with so much felicity and force, does exactly this in his capacity as a college teacher of English. Why then does he not square his precepts with his practice? I cannot answer for him, but to help his amputated philosophy to its feet, I want by way of conclusion to quote

from a writer who, being anonymous and attached to both journalism and business, can hardly be suspected of flaunting pedantry and preciosity. The extract is from *Fortune* for November 1950.

"Language is not something we can disembody, it is an ethical as well as a mechanical entity, inextricably bound up in ourselves, our positions, and our relations with those about us."

POLITICS AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE¹



George Orwell

MOST PEOPLE who bother with the matter at all would admit that the English language is in a bad way, but it is generally assumed that we cannot by conscious action do anything about it. Our civilization is decadent and our language—so the argument runs—must inevitably share in the general collapse. It follows that any struggle against the abuse of language is a sentimental archaism, like preferring candles to electric light or hansom cabs to aeroplanes. Underneath this lies the half-conscious belief that language is a natural growth and not an instrument which we shape for our own purposes.

Now, it is clear that the decline of a language must ultimately have political and economic causes: it is not due simply to the bad influence of this or that individual writer. But an effect can become a cause, reinforcing the original cause and producing the same effect in an intensified form, and so on indefinitely. A man may take to drink because he feels himself to be a failure, and then fail all the more completely because he drinks. It is rather the same thing that is happening to the English language. It becomes ugly and inaccurate because our thoughts are foolish, but the slovenliness of our language makes it easier for us to have foolish thoughts. The point is that the process is reversible. Modern English, especially written English, is full of bad habits which spread by imitation and which can be avoided if one is willing to take the necessary trouble. If one gets rid of these habits one can think more clearly, and to think clearly is a necessary first step towards political regeneration: so that the fight against bad English is not frivolous and is not the exclusive concern of professional writers. I will come back to this presently, and I hope that by that time the meaning of what I have said here will have become clearer. Meanwhile, here are five specimens of the English language as it is now habitually written.

These five passages have not been picked out because they are especially bad—I could have quoted far worse if I had chosen—but because they illus-

¹ From *Shooting an Elephant* by George Orwell. Copyright 1945, 1946, 1949, 1950 by Sonia Brownell Orwell. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

trate various of the mental vices from which we now suffer. They are a little below the average, but are fairly representative samples. I number them so that I can refer back to them when necessary.

(1) I am not, indeed, sure whether it is not true to say that the Milton who once seemed not unlike a seventeenth century Shelley had not become, out of an experience ever more bitter in each year, more alien [sic] to the founder of that Jesuit sect which nothing could induce him to tolerate.

PROFESSOR HAROLD LASKI (Essay in *Freedom of Expression*)

(2) Above all, we cannot play ducks and drakes with a native battery of idioms which prescribes such egregious collocations of vocables as the Basic *put up with* for *tolerate* or *put at a loss* for *bewilder*.

PROFESSOR LANCELOT HOG BEN (*Interglossa*)

(3) On the one side we have the free personality, by definition it is not neurotic, for it has neither conflict nor dream. Its desires, such as they are, are transparent, for they are just what institutional approval keeps in the foreground of consciousness; another institutional pattern would alter their number and intensity. There is little in them that is natural, irreducible, or culturally dangerous. But *on the other side*, the social bond itself is nothing but the mutual reflection of these self-secure integrities. Recall the definition of love: Is not this the very picture of a small academic? Where is there a place in this hall of mirrors for either personality or fraternity?

Essay on psychology in *Politics* (New York)

(4) All the "best people" from the gentlemen's clubs and all the frantic fascist captains, united in common hatred of Socialism and bestial horror of the rising tide of the mass revolutionary movement, have turned to acts of provocation, to foul incendiarism, to medieval legends of poisoned wells, to legalize their own destruction of proletarian organizations, and rouse the agitated petty bourgeoisie to chauvinistic fervor on behalf of the fight against the revolutionary way out of the crisis.

Communist pamphlet

(5) If a new spirit is to be infused into this old country, there is one thorny and contentious reform which must be tackled, and that is the humanization and galvanization of the B.B.C. Timidity here will bespeak canker and atrophy of the soul. The heart of Britain may be sound and of strong beat, for instance, but the British lion's roar at present is like that of Bottom in Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—as gentle as any sucking dove. A virile new Britain cannot continue indefinitely to be traduced in the eyes, or rather ears, of the world by the effete languors of Langham Place, brazenly masquerading as 'standard English'. Then the Voice of Britain is heard at nine o'clock, better far and infinitely less ludicrous to hear aitches honestly dropped than the present priggish, inflated, inhibited, school-ma'amish arch braying of blameless bashful mewling maidens!

Letter in *Tribune*

Each of these passages has faults of its own, but, quite apart from avoidable ugliness, two qualities are common to all of them. The first is staleness of

ments are given an appearance of profundity by means of the *not un* formation. Simple conjunctions and prepositions are replaced by such phrases as *with respect to*, *having regard to*, *the fact that*, *by dint of*, *in view of*, *in the interests of*, *on the hypothesis that*, and the ends of sentences are saved from anticlimax by such resounding common places as *greatly to be desired*, *cannot be left out of account*, *a development to be expected in the near future*, *deserving of serious consideration*, *brought to a satisfactory conclusion*, and so on and so forth.

PRETENTIOUS DICTION Words like *phenomenon*, *element*, *individual* (as noun), *objective*, *categorical*, *effective*, *virtual*, *basic*, *primary*, *promote*, *constitute*, *exhibit*, *exploit*, *utilize*, *eliminate*, *liquidate*, are used to dress up simple statements and give an air of scientific impartiality to biased judgments. Adjectives like *epoch making*, *epic*, *historic*, *unforgettable*, *triumphant*, *age-old*, *inevitable*, *inexorable*, *veritable*, are used to dignify the sordid processes of international politics, while writing that aims at glorifying war usually takes on an archaic color, its characteristic words being *realm*, *throne*, *chariot*, *mailed fist*, *trident*, *sword*, *shield*, *buckler*, *banner*, *jackboot*, *clarion*. For eign words and expressions such as *cul de sac*, *ancien regime*, *deus ex machina*, *mutatis mutandis*, *status quo*, *gleichschaltung*, *weltanschauung*, are used to give an air of culture and elegance. Except for the useful abbreviations *i.e.*, *e.g.*, and *etc.*, there is no real need for any of the hundreds of foreign phrases now current in English. Bad writers, and especially scientific, political and sociological writers, are nearly always haunted by the notion that Latin or Greek words are grander than Saxon ones, and unnecessary words like *expedite*, *ameliorate*, *predict*, *extraneous*, *deracinated*, *clandestine*, *subaqueous* and hundreds of others constantly gain ground from their Anglo-Saxon opposite numbers. The jargon peculiar to Marxist writing (*hyena*, *hangman*, *cannibal*, *petty bourgeois*, *these gentry*, *lacquey*, *flunkie*, *mad dog*, *White Guard*, etc.) consists largely of words and phrases translated from Russian, German or French, but the normal way of coining a new word is to use a Latin or Greek root with the appropriate affix and, where necessary, the size formation. It is often easier to make up words of this kind (*deregionalize*, *im-permissible*, *extramarital*, *non fragmentary* and so forth) than to think up the English words that will cover one's meaning. The result, in general, is an increase in slovenliness and vagueness.

MEANINGLESS WORDS In certain kinds of writing, particularly in art criticism and literary criticism, it is normal to come across long passages which are almost completely lacking in meaning.² Words like *romantic*, *plastic*, *values human*, *dead*, *sentimental*, *natural*, *vitality*, as used in art criticism, are strictly

² Example: 'Comfort's catholicity of perception and image strangely Whitmanesque in range almost the exact opposite in aesthetic compulsion continues to evoke that trembling atmospheric accumulative hinting at a cruel, an inexorably serene timelessness. Wrey Gardiner scores by aiming at simple bull's eyes with precision. Only they are not so simple and through this contented sadness runs more than the surface bitter-sweet of resignation' (*Poetry Quarterly*).

meaningless, in the sense that they not only do not point to any discoverable object, but are hardly ever expected to do so by the reader. When one critic writes, "The outstanding feature of Mr X's work is its living quality," while another writes, "The immediately striking thing about Mr X's work is its peculiar deadness," the reader accepts this as a simple difference of opinion. If words like *black* and *white* were involved, instead of the jargon words *dead* and *living*, he would see at once that language was being used in an improper way. Many political words are similarly abused. The word *Fascism* has now no meaning except in so far as it signifies "something not desirable." The words *democracy*, *socialism*, *freedom*, *patriotic*, *realistic*, *justice*, have each of them several different meanings which cannot be reconciled with one another. In the case of a word like *democracy*, not only is there no agreed definition, but the attempt to make one is resisted from all sides. It is almost universally felt that when we call a country democratic we are praising it; consequently the defenders of every kind of regime claim that it is a democracy, and fear that they might have to stop using the word if it were tied down to any one meaning. Words of this kind are often used in a consciously dishonest way. That is, the person who uses them has his own private definition, but allows his hearer to think he means something quite different. Statements like *Marshal Petain was a true patriot*, *The Soviet Press is the freest in the world*, *The Catholic Church is opposed to persecution*, are almost always made with intent to deceive. Other words used in variable meanings, in most cases more or less dishonestly, are *class*, *totalitarian*, *science*, *progressive*, *reactionary*, *bourgeois*, *equality*.

Now that I have made this catalogue of swindles and perversions, let me give another example of the kind of writing that they lead to. This time it must of its nature be an imaginary one. I am going to translate a passage of good English into modern English of the worst sort. Here is a well known verse from *Ecclesiastes*:

I returned and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill, but time and chance happeneth to them all.

Here it is in modern English:

Objective consideration of contemporary phenomena compels the conclusion that success or failure in competitive activities exhibits no tendency to be commensurate with innate capacity, but that a considerable element of the unpredictable must invariably be taken into account.

This is a parody, but not a very gross one. Exhibit (3), above, for instance, contains several patches of the same kind of English. It will be seen that I have not made a full translation. The beginning and ending of the sentence follow the original meaning fairly closely, but in the middle the concrete

illustrations—race, battle, bread—dissolve into the vague phrase “success or failure in competitive activities” This had to be so, because no modern writer of the kind I am discussing—no one capable of using phrases like “objective consideration of contemporary phenomena”—would ever tabulate his thoughts in that precise and detailed way The whole tendency of modern prose is away from concreteness Now analyse these two sentences a little more closely The first contains forty nine words but only sixty syllables, and all its words are those of everyday life The second contains thirty eight words of ninety syllables eighteen of its words are from Latin roots, and one from Greek The first sentence contains six vivid images, and only one phrase (“time and chance”) that could be called vague The second contains not a single fresh, arresting phrase, and in spite of its ninety syllables it gives only a shortened version of the meaning contained in the first Yet without a doubt it is the second kind of sentence that is gaining ground in modern English I do not want to exaggerate This kind of writing is not yet universal, and outcrops of simplicity will occur here and there in the worst written page Still, if you or I were told to write a few lines on the uncertainty of human fortunes, we should probably come much nearer to my imaginary sentence than to the one from *Ecclesiastes*

As I have tried to show, modern writing at its worst does not consist in picking out words for the sake of their meaning and inventing images in order to make the meaning clearer It consists in gumming together long strips of words which have already been set in order by someone else, and making the results presentable by sheer humbug The attraction of this way of writing is that it is easy It is easier—even quicker, once you have the habit—to say *In my opinion it is not an unjustifiable assumption that* than to say *I think* If you use ready made phrases, you not only don’t have to hunt about for words, you also don’t have to bother with the rhythms of your sentences, since these phrases are generally so arranged as to be more or less euphonious When you are composing in a hurry—when you are dictating to a stenographer, for instance, or making a public speech—it is natural to fall into a pretentious, Latinized style Tags like *a consideration which we should do well to bear in mind* or *a conclusion to which all of us would readily assent* will save many a sentence from coming down with a bump By using stale metaphors, similes and idioms, you save much mental effort, at the cost of leaving your meaning vague, not only for your reader but for yourself This is the significance of mixed metaphors The sole aim of a metaphor is to call up a visual image When these images clash—as in *The Fascist octopus has sung its swan song, the jackboot is thrown into the melting pot*—it can be taken as certain that the writer is not seeing a mental image of the objects he is naming, in other words he is not really thinking Look again at the examples I gave at the beginning of this essay Professor Laski (1) uses five negatives in fifty three words One of these is superfluous, making nonsense of the whole passage, and in addition there is the slip *alien* for *akin* making further

nonsense, and several avoidable pieces of clumsiness which increase the general vagueness. Professor Hogben (2) plays ducks and drakes with a battery which is able to write prescriptions, and, while disapproving of the everyday phrase *put up with*, is unwilling to look *egregious* up in the dictionary and see what it means, (3), if one takes an uncharitable attitude towards it, is simply meaningless—probably one could work out its intended meaning by reading the whole of the article in which it occurs. In (4), the writer knows more or less what he wants to say, but an accumulation of stale phrases chokes him like tea leaves blocking a sink. In (5), words and meaning have almost parted company. People who write in this manner usually have a general emotional meaning—they dislike one thing and want to express solidarity with another—but they are not interested in the detail of what they are saying. A scrupulous writer, in every sentence that he writes, will ask himself at least four questions, thus: What am I trying to say? What words will express it? What image or idiom will make it clearer? Is this image fresh enough to have an effect? And he will probably ask himself two more: Could I put it more shortly? Have I said anything that is avoidably ugly? But you are not obliged to go to all this trouble. You can shirk it by simply throwing your mind open and letting the ready-made phrases come crowding in. They will construct your sentences for you—even think your thoughts for you, to a certain extent—and at need they will perform the important service of partially concealing your meaning even from yourself. It is at this point that the special connection between politics and the debasement of language becomes clear.

In our time it is broadly true that political writing is bad writing. Where it is not true, it will generally be found that the writer is some kind of rebel, expressing his private opinions and not a “party line.” Orthodoxy, of what ever color, seems to demand a lifeless, imitative style. The political dialects to be found in pamphlets, leading articles, manifestos, White Papers and the speeches of under-secretaries do, of course, vary from party to party, but they are all alike in that one almost never finds in them a fresh, vivid, home-made turn of speech. When one watches some tired hack on the platform mechanically repeating the familiar phrases—*bestial atrocities, iron heel, bloodstained tyranny, free peoples of the world, stand shoulder to shoulder*—one often has a curious feeling that one is not watching a live human being but some kind of dummy—a feeling which suddenly becomes stronger at moments when the light catches the speaker’s spectacles and turns them into blank discs which seem to have no eyes behind them. And this is not altogether fanciful. A speaker who uses that kind of phraseology has gone some distance towards turning himself into a machine. The appropriate noises are coming out of his larynx, but his brain is not involved as it would be if he were choosing his words for himself. If the speech he is making is one that he is accustomed to make over and over again, he may be almost unconscious of what he is saying as one is when one utters the responses in church. And

this reduced state of consciousness, if not indispensable, is at any rate favorable to political conformity

In our time, political speech and writing are largely the defence of the indefensible. Things like the continuance of British rule in India, the Russian purges and deportations, the dropping of the atom bombs on Japan, can indeed be defended, but only by arguments which are too brutal for most people to face, and which do not square with the professed aims of political parties. Thus political language has to consist largely of euphemism, question-begging and sheer cloudy vagueness. Defenceless villages are bombarded from the air, the inhabitants driven out into the countryside, the cattle machine-gunned, the huts set on fire with incendiary bullets: this is called *pacification*. Millions of peasants are robbed of their farms and sent trudging along the roads with no more than they can carry: this is called *transfer of population* or *rectification of frontiers*. People are imprisoned for years without trial, or shot in the back of the neck or sent to die of scurvy in Arctic lumber camps: this is called *elimination of unreliable elements*. Such phraseology is needed if one wants to name things without calling up mental pictures of them. Consider for instance some comfortable English professor defending Russian totalitarianism. He cannot say outright, 'I believe in killing off your opponents when you can get good results by doing so.' Probably, therefore, he will say something like this:

While freely conceding that the Soviet regime exhibits certain features which the humanitarian may be inclined to deplore, we must, I think, agree that a certain curtailment of the right to political opposition is an unavoidable concomitant of transitional periods, and that the rigors which the Russian people have been called upon to undergo have been amply justified in the sphere of concrete achievement.

The inflated style is itself a kind of euphemism. A mass of Latin words falls upon the facts like soft snow, blurring the outlines and covering up all the details. The great enemy of clear language is insincerity. When there is a gap between one's real and one's declared aims, one turns as it were instinctively to long words and exhausted idioms, like a cuttlefish squirting out ink. In our age there is no such thing as "keeping out of politics." All issues are political issues, and politics itself is a mass of lies, evasions, folly, hatred and schizophrenia. When the general atmosphere is bad, language must suffer. I should expect to find—this is a guess which I have not sufficient knowledge to verify—that the German, Russian and Italian languages have all deteriorated in the last ten or fifteen years, as a result of dictatorship.

But if thought corrupts language, language can also corrupt thought. A bad usage can spread by tradition and imitation, even among people who should and do know better. The debased language that I have been discussing is in some ways very convenient. Phrases like *a not unjustifiable assumption*, *leaves much to be desired*, *would serve no good purpose*, *a con-*

sideration which we should do well to bear in mind, are a continuous temptation, a packet of aspirins always at one's elbow. Look back through this essay, and for certain you will find that I have again and again committed the very faults I am protesting against. By this morning's post I have received a pamphlet dealing with conditions in Germany. The author tells me that he "felt impelled" to write it. I open it at random, and here is almost the first sentence that I see: "[The Allies] have an opportunity not only of achieving a radical transformation of Germany's social and political structure in such a way as to avoid a nationalistic reaction in Germany itself, but at the same time of laying the foundations of a co-operative and unified Europe. You see, he "feels impelled" to write—feels, presumably, that he has something new to say—and yet his words, like cavalry horses answering the bugle, group themselves automatically into the familiar dreary pattern. This invasion of one's mind by ready-made phrases (*lay the foundations, achieve a radical transformation*) can only be prevented if one is constantly on guard against them, and every such phrase anaesthetizes a portion of one's brain.

I said earlier that the decadence of our language is probably curable. Those who deny this would argue, if they produced an argument at all, that language merely reflects existing social conditions, and that we cannot influence its development by any direct tinkering with words and constructions. So far as the general tone or spirit of a language goes, this may be true, but it is not true in detail. Silly words and expressions have often disappeared, not through any evolutionary process but owing to the conscious action of a minority. Two recent examples were *explore every avenue* and *leave no stone unturned*, which were killed by the jeers of a few journalists. There is a long list of flyblown metaphors which could similarly be got rid of if enough people would interest themselves in the job, and it should also be possible to laugh the *not un* formation out of existence, to reduce the amount of Latin and Greek in the average sentence, to drive out foreign phrases and strayed scientific words, and, in general, to make pretentiousness unfashionable. But all these are minor points. The defence of the English language implies more than this, and perhaps it is best to start by saying what it does *not* imply.

To begin with it has nothing to do with archaism, with the salvaging of obsolete words and turns of speech, or with the setting up of a "standard English" which must never be departed from. On the contrary, it is especially concerned with the scrapping of every word or idiom which has outworn its usefulness. It has nothing to do with correct grammar and syntax, which are of no importance so long as one makes one's meaning clear, or with the avoidance of Americanisms, or with having what is called a "good prose style." On the other hand it is not concerned with fake simplicity and the attempt to make written English colloquial. Nor does it even imply in every case preferring the Saxon word to the Latin one, though it does imply using the fewest and shortest words that will cover one's meaning. What is above all needed is to let the meaning choose the word, and not the other

way about In prose, the worst thing one can do with words is to surrender to them When you think of a concrete object, you think wordlessly, and then, if you want to describe the thing you have been visualizing you probably hunt about till you find the exact words that seem to fit it When you think of something abstract you are more inclined to use words from the start, and unless you make a conscious effort to prevent it, the existing dialect will come rushing in and do the job for you, at the expense of blurring or even changing your meaning Probably it is better to put off using words as long as possible and get one's meaning as clear as one can through pictures or sensations Afterwards one can choose—not simply *accept*—the phrases that will best cover the meaning, and then switch round and decide what impression one's words are likely to make on another person This last effort of the mind cuts out all stale or mixed images, all prefabricated phrases, needless repetitions, and humbug and vagueness generally But one can often be in doubt about the effect of a word or a phrase, and one needs rules that one can rely on when instinct fails I think the following rules will cover most cases

(i) Never use a metaphor, simile or other figure of speech which you are used to seeing in print

(ii) Never use a long word where a short one will do

(iii) If it is possible to cut a word out, always cut it out

(iv) Never use the passive where you can use the active

(v) Never use a foreign phrase, a scientific word or a jargon word if you can think of an everyday English equivalent

(vi) Break any of these rules sooner than say anything outright barbarous

These rules sound elementary, and so they are, but they demand a deep change of attitude in anyone who has grown used to writing in the style now fashionable One could keep all of them and still write bad English, but one could not write the kind of stuff that I quoted in those five specimens at the beginning of this article

I have not here been considering the literary use of language, but merely language as an instrument for expressing and not for concealing or preventing thought Stuart Chase and others have come near to claiming that all abstract words are meaningless, and have used this as a pretext for advocating a kind of political quietism Since you don't know what Fascism is, how can you struggle against Fascism? One need not swallow such absurdities as this, but one ought to recognize that the present political chaos is connected with the decay of language, and that one can probably bring about some improvement by starting at the verbal end If you simplify your English, you are freed from the worst follies of orthodoxy You cannot speak any of the necessary dialects, and when you make a stupid remark its stupidity will be obvious, even to yourself Political language—and with variations this is true of all political parties from Conservatives to Anarchists—is designed to make

lies sound truthful and murder respectable, and to give an appearance of solidity to pure wind. One cannot change this all in a moment, but one can at least change one's own habits, and from time to time one can even, if one jeers loudly enough, send some worn out and useless phrase—some *jackboot*, *Achilles heel*, *hotbed*, *melting pot*, *acid test*, *veritable inferno* or other lump of verbal refuse—into the dustbin where it belongs

THE CLICHÉ EXPERT REVEALS HIMSELF IN HIS TRUE COLORS¹



Frank Sullivan

Q Mr Arbuthnot, would you mind telling us today how you happened to become a cliché expert? Was it easy?

A Easy! Don't make me laugh, Mr Crouse. It was an uphill climb. A cliché novice is no bed of roses, and if anyone ever tells you it is, do you know how I want you to take his statement?

Q How?

A With a grain of salt I shall tell you about my career, since you insist, and as a special treat, I shall describe it to you entirely in terms of the seesaw cliché.

Q The seesaw cliché?

A You'll see what I mean. Before I made my mark as a cliché expert, I had my ups and downs. Sometimes, when everything was at sixes and sevens, it almost seemed as though my dearest ambitions were going to wrack and ruin. I had moments when I was almost tempted to believe that everything was a snare and a delusion. Even my own flesh and blood discouraged me, in spite of the fact that I was their pride and joy. You aren't listening, Mr Crouse.

Q Yes I am. I just closed my eyes because the light hurt. You were saying that your own kith and kin discouraged you.

A I didn't say kith and kin, but it doesn't matter. For a considerable period of time it was nip and tuck whether I would sink or swim. If I had not been hale and hearty, and well equipped for a rough and tumble struggle, I wouldn't have come through. But I kept at it, hammer and tongs. I gave 'em tit for tat. Mr Crouse, you *are* asleep.

Q No, I'm not, Mr Arbuthnot. You were saying you went after your goal hard and fast.

A I did. I eschewed wine, woman, and song—

Q Ah, but wine, woman, and song is not a seesaw cliché, Mr Arbuthnot.

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A Yes it is, too Woman is standing in the middle, balancing I worked morning, noon, and night, and kept to the straight and narrow The consequence was that in the due course of time—

Q And tide?

A Please! In the due course of time things began to come my way by fits and starts, and a little later by leaps and bounds Now, I'm fine and dandy

Q High, wide, and handsome, eh?

A I wish I had said that, Mr Crouse

Q You—

A Will, Oscar Had you there, Mr Crouse, didn't I, ha ha! When I started I was free, white, and twenty one Now I'm fat, fair, and forty, and I venture to predict that no man, without regard to race, creed, or color, is a better master of the cliché than your servant—your *humble* servant—Magnus Arbuthnot So much for my life story in terms of the seesaw cliché

Q It certainly is an interesting story, Mr Arbuthnot—by and large

A Well, in all due modesty, I suppose it is, although sometimes, to tell you the truth, I think there is neither rhyme nor reason to it

Q Where were you born, Mr Arbuthnot?

A In the altogether

Q I see How?

A On the impulse of the moment

Q And when?

A In the nick of time

Q It is agreeable to find a man so frank about himself, Mr Arbuthnot

A Why not? You asked me a question You know what kind of question it was?

Q Impertinent?

A Oh, my dear man, no

Q Personal?

A Civil You asked me a civil question I answered you by telling you the truth I gave it to you, if I may be permitted to say so, straight from the shoulder I revealed myself to you in my—

Q True colors?

A Ah, someone told you Rather, someone *went* and told you

Q Were you ever in love, Mr Arbuthnot, or am I out of order in asking that?

A Not at all I have had my romances

Q How nice

A Ah, you wouldn't say so if you knew what kind of romances they were

Q What kind were they?

A Blighted romances, all of 'em I kept trying to combine single blessedness with wedded bliss It didn't work I had a sweetheart in every port, and I worshipped the ground they walked on, each and every one of them This ground amounts to a matter of 18,467 acres, as of my latest blighted romance

Q Hm! You must have been quite a pedestrian

A Well, those are the figures when the tide was out, only 16,468 acres at the neap I was land poor at the end And you take the advice of a sadder—

Q And wiser man

A That's what I was going to say And never trust the weaker sex, or you'll have an awakening You seem to be smart, interrupting me all the while, maybe you can tell me what kind of awakening

Q Awakening? Awakening? I'm afraid you have me

A Rude awakening

Q Oh, of course Now, I don't think your story would be complete, Mr Arbuthnot, without some statement from you regarding your material circumstances Are you well to do, or are you—

A Hard pressed for cash? No, I'm solvent I'm well paid

Q You mean you get a handsome salary?

A I prefer to call it a princely stipend You know what kind of coin I'm paid in?

Q No What?

A Coin of the realm Not that I give a hoot for money You know how I refer to money?

Q As the root of all evil?

A No, but you have a talking point there I call it lucre—filthy lucre

Q On the whole, you seem to have a pretty good time, Mr Arbuthnot

A Oh, I'm not complaining I'm snug as a bug in a rug I'm clear as a crystal—when I'm not dull as dishwater I'm cool as a cucumber, quick as a flash, fresh as a daisy, pleased as Punch, good as my word, regular as clockwork, and I suppose at the end of my declining years, when I'm gathered to my ancestors, I'll be dead as a door nail

Q *Eh bien! C'est la vie!*

A *Mais oui, mon vieux* I manage I'm the glass of fashion and the mold of form I have a finger in every pie, all except this finger I use it for pointing with scorn When I go in for malice, it is malice aforethought My nods are significant My offers are standing I am at cross purposes and in dire straits My motives are ulterior, my circles are vicious, my retainers are faithful, and my hopefuls are young My suspicions are sneaking, my glee is fiendish, my stories are likely I am drunk

Q Drunk?

A Yes with power You know where?

Q Where?

A Behind the throne I am emotional My mercies are tender, and when I cry, I cry quits I am lost in thought and up in arms I am a square shooter with my trusty revolver My courage is vaunted and my shame is crying, but I don't care—a rap I have been in the depths of despair, when a watery grave in the briny deep seemed attractive Eventually I want to marry and settle down, but the woman I marry must be clever

Q Clever?

A With a needle

Q Well, I'd certainly call you a man who had led a full life, Mr Arbuthnot, and a likable chap, too

A Yes, I'm a peach of a fellow I'm a diamond in the rough, all wool and a yard wide I'm too funny for words and too full for utterance I'm a gay dog, and I like to trip the light fantastic and burn the candle at both ends with motley throngs of boon companions I may be foolish but my folly is at least sheer

Q I think you certainly have run—

A I certainly have The entire gamut of human emotions I know the facts of life I'm afraid I've got to go now, Mr Crouse I'm due back at my abode Do you know what kind of abode I live in?

Q Humble, Mr Arbuthnot?

A Certainly not Palatial! Good bye, my little penwinkle!

THE DAILY THEME EYE¹



Walter Prichard Eaton

WHEN I WAS an undergraduate at Harvard our instructors in English composition endeavored to cultivate in us a something they termed 'the daily theme eye' This peculiar variety of optic, I fear, always remained a mystery to a majority of the toilers after clearness, force, and elegance Clearness, force, and even a certain degree of elegance, may be acquired, but the daily theme eye, like the eye for the sights of a rifle, may be discovered, developed, trained—but not acquired It comes by the grace of Heaven, not of the Harvard or any other English department, and its possession is often one of the marks of the man whose destiny compels him to write The Harvard English department has but given it a name, it has no local habitation It is found in Henry James and the police reporter of the *New York Sun*, it illuminates the pages of *The Harvard Monthly* (sometimes) and of George Moore It winks at you in Heine and peers solemnly in Mrs Humphrey Ward And it flashes and beams in a little lady I know who has written nothing save sprightly letters all the days of her life and never opened Hill's *Rhetoric* under the shade of the Washington Elm

The fairy who stood over my cradle, though he forgot the gold spoon and much else besides, at least bestowed the gift of this wonderful optic It

¹ From *Essays and Essay Writing* by W M Tanner An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication published by Little, Brown & Company Reprinted by permission Essay first published in 1907

brought me my college degree, for when other courses failed—which means when I failed in other courses—there was always English, it has brought me a living since, but more than all else it has brought me enjoyment, it has clothed the daily walk with interest, the teeming, noisy town with color and beauty, “the society of my contemporaries,” to use Emerson’s big phrase for my little purpose, with stimulating excitement. It has turned the panorama of existence into a play, or rather a thousand plays, and brought after sorrow or pain the great comfort of composition.

Daily themes in my day had to be short, not over a page of handwriting. They had to be deposited in a box at the professor’s door not later than ten five in the morning. A classmate of mine, when an epigram was called for once wrote, “An epigram is a lazy man’s daily theme written at ten three A.M.” And because of this brevity, and the necessity of writing one every day whether the mood was on you or not, it was not always easy—to be quite modest—to make these themes literature, which, we were told by our instructors, is the transmission through the written word, from writer to reader, of a mood, an emotion, a picture, an idea. I hate to think how few, in fact, of all the thousands that were poured into that yawning box were literature, how seldom the poor instructors could dip their pens into their pots of red ink and write the magic “A” on the back. Their sarcastic comments were surely excusable. I have even forgiven the young man with hair like yellow corn tassels, who scrawled on verses of mine, required to be written in imitation of some poet, “This may be O’Shaughnessy, it isn’t poetry.” Did he think thus to kill two song birds with one stone? Well, the effort of those of us who were sincere and comprehending in our pursuit of the elusive power to write was to make our themes literature as often as possible, and to do this the first essential was the choice of a subject. Not everything one sees or does or thinks can take shape on a page of paper and reproduce itself for the reader. Selection was the first requirement.

It became needful, then, to watch for and treasure incidents that were sharply dramatic or poignant, moods that were clear and definite, pictures that created a single clean impression. The tower of Memorial seen across the quiet marshes against the cool pink sky of evening, the sweep of a shell under the bridge and the rush of the spectators to the other rail to watch the needle bow emerge, and the bent, brown backs of the crew, the chorus girls, still rubbing the paint from their cheeks with a tiny handkerchief wrapped over the forefinger, coming out of a stage entrance into the snow, the first sharp impression of a book just read or a play just seen,—these were the things we cherished, for these we could put on a page of paper with a beginning, a middle, and an end, and with some show of vividness. What we came to do, then, was to keep a note book of our impressions, and when in June our themes were returned to us we had a precious record for the year. By training the daily theme eye, we watched for and found in the surroundings of our life, as it passed, a heightened picturesqueness, a constant

wonder, an added significance. That hardened cynic, the professional writer, will smile and say, 'You saw copy.' Yes, we saw copy, but to see copy is to see the significant, to clarify what the ear and heart and eye receive, to add light and shadow to the monochrome of life.

My college roommate, a blessed boy full of good humor and serious purpose, was as incapable of acquiring the daily theme eye as a cat of obeying the eighth commandment. His idea of a daily theme was a task, not a pleasure. If there was no chance to write a political editorial, he supplied an anecdote of his summer vacation. Once he described a cliff he had seen in Newfoundland, and, determined to be pictorial, he added, "tumbling waterfalls" and "sighing pines." Unfortunately, the instructor who read it had also been in Newfoundland, and he pointed out that his investigations of the cliff in question had failed to disclose either 'tumbling waterfalls' or "sighing pines." My roommate treated the matter as a joke, he could not see that he had been guilty of any fault. And yet he is a much more moral man than I, with a far more troublesome conscience. Truth to his principles he would die for. But truth to the picture his mind retained and his hand tried to portray in the medium of literature, to him so trivial and unimportant, he could not grasp. What did it matter? So it would never occur to him to record in his themes the fleeting impressions of his daily life, to sit up half the night trying to pack into the clumsy frame of words the recollection of a strangely innocent face seen suddenly in the flash of an opened door down a dark, evil alley where the gusts of winter swirled. He went to bed and never knew a headache or jumpy nerve. Yet I could not help thinking then that there was something in life he was missing besides the ultimate mark in our composition course. And I cannot help thinking that there is something in life he misses still.

But perhaps that is only my fancy. George Moore says that happiness is no more than a faculty for being surprised, and it is the sudden vista, the beauty of a city square seen through falling snow, a street car drama, the face of a passing woman, the dialogue of friends, which make the surprises for the man with the eye for copy. George Moore himself has a daily theme eye of preternatural keenness, and he may be speaking only for a class. Happiness for my roommate lies, I suspect, rather in his faculty for not being surprised. A sudden accession of emotion at the sight of an unexpected view, for instance, would probably be immensely disconcerting. And if he should go into an art museum, as I did the other day, and see a little marble boy with a slightly parted mouth wet his lips with his tongue, I truly believe he would rush off to the doctor's at once, very unhappy, instead of rushing joyfully home to try to put the illusion into a sonnet! Well, every class has its Pharisaism, which in reality isn't a form of priggishness, at all, but merely a recognition of difference. He thinks I am impractical, a bit odd, not quite a grown man. I think he is—a charming fellow. We are about quits on that!

HOW TO WRITE YOUR SENATOR¹



Raymond E. Baldwin

PERHAPS THE BEST WAY to tell you how to write your Congressman is to describe the various types of communication which we receive and to show the relative values we place upon them

There is on my desk, as I write, a stack of several hundred mimeographed post cards. They are exactly alike, except for the signatures—and some of those appear to be in suspiciously similar handwriting. The particular subject with which these cards deal doesn't matter here, the fact is that I can be fairly sure that these cards were not individually initiated and are perhaps a primitive form of pressure politics.

We also receive a number of mimeographed letters, again exactly similar except for signature. The difference between these and the post cards just mentioned is that our office staffs must spend more time in opening and processing them. Such form letters are a source of very little help because we never know whether the writer believes or understands the form he has signed or completed.

Telegrams concerning legislation are not very effective. They are usually so brief that they contain merely a statement of opposition or support, with no attendant reasons. The other day I received about 500 telegrams within a few hours. I am sure that the matter which they dealt with was in the interest of the 500 senders, but the wording was so similar that I again felt the wires were not individually initiated.

Effective letters are those which are individual expressions of opinion, the less formal, the less dogmatic, the less stereotyped, the better. An individual writing to his representative in the Congress should avoid doing certain things. For example, if some one writes me simply that he favors rent control, the letter can not have great weight, since the writer gives no reasons or personal experiences. If, on the other hand, he describes fully and completely what would happen in his personal case if rent controls were relaxed, I can get a clear and useful picture of the problems involved.

The fact that a very high percentage of the messages coming into the office of a Congressman or a Senator merely say, in effect, "I am opposed to this," or "I favor that," is most unfortunate. The legislator himself can not take one or another side of an issue without giving his reasons, and when he receives a communication which gives only an opinion and no reasons, his inclination is to grant it less consideration.

Another point that I believe should be taken into account when any one

¹ From *Freedom and Union*, May 1948. By permission of Senator Baldwin.

writes his Senator or Congressman is the point of objectivity. Obviously, a representative of the people is not expected—nor does he usually seek—to represent any one segment of society. Consequently he is far more likely to pay serious attention to letters that indicate the writer is aware of the rights and beliefs of other people, that the move he suggests is best for the general welfare. An “objective” letter is especially valuable now when so many powerful pressure groups are organized to persuade Congress to serve their own ends.

A type of letter which I believe serves no purpose—except perhaps a negative one—is the “threat” letter. This *demand*s certain action and says the writer will not vote for the representative unless he votes for or against a certain bill. As a matter of fact, I believe most Senators and Congressmen are likely to react entirely the opposite from the way the writer would like them to react in most cases. Also, since the Congressman feels the writer of such a letter is likely to be some one who has never voted for him anyway, the loss of that vote will not be anything new.

If, in writing to Congressmen, our people would think of them as human, sincere and seeking information in order to serve their constituencies best, they would serve their own purposes better. Facts and personal experience speak far more loudly than any unreasoned advocacies. The average Congressman is usually seeking the real opinions of his constituents if for no more realistic reason than that he needs to reflect those opinions accurately to be reelected. He is not usually swayed by pressure campaigns but he is influenced by—and welcomes—honest objective opinions—particularly when they give him an insight into the personal experiences and problems of his constituents.

KIDNAPPED, IN MANUSCRIPT¹

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S REVISIONS



Mildred Wilsey

THERE IS NO DOUBT about its being a working copy. The writing, though in ink, is on lined paper, sometimes half sheets merely, of the size usually found in ledgers, the left edge rough where torn from the backing. Each page is numbered twice, once in ink at the top, and later in pencil at the upper right hand corner. For the first eight chapters, the author seems uncertain as to his readings, and makes several attempts at wording before he is satisfied. The revision in the text itself is most convincing. Here are crossed out state-

¹ From the *American Scholar* Spring 1948. By permission of the author and the editor.

ments, interlinear and marginal substitutions, paragraphs cut and expanded while the mind blew hot and cold, the critical and imaginative functions pulling together evenly. There are also a very few indications that another reader, Fanny Stevenson, considered the story for its logic and good sense. 'Overdone!' she writes, and again, "Overdone, and a little too goody! No weeping, please." The clause, "I could have wept," is then changed to "I felt ashamed to look at him." Perhaps it is a single word which is suspected, a word like antipathy. "Too strong!" is the verdict, and the offender gives way to "distrust."

What are the secrets behind Stevenson's "exquisite propriety," his "refined common sense"? A reading of the manuscript brings the figure of the living author very close—not the romantic invalid propped against his pillows in bas relief, nor, in his own words, the "pallid brute that lived like a weevil in a biscuit," but the alert, keen minded artist, building and breaking, coloring and shading every inch of his creation. That he loved writing as an art, that he was unique among his English contemporaries for his preoccupation with matters of style, is a truism. "There is nothing more disenchanting," he warns us, "than to be shown the springs and mechanism of any art." Still, if one happens to like "pulling the musical cart to pieces," here are one hundred and ninety one pages of writing in progress, a very private showing, indeed, of that mystery—prose composition.

One finds few structural changes in the larger divisions of the writing. Far more numerous are the sentence revisions, though many of these are not at all extraordinary. A sentence that is overloaded is made into two, a final clause of one becomes the opening of another, modifying elements are placed closer to the words modified, the sentence, itself, moves down the page to keep more appropriate company. But there are also changes of greater interest. For an artist should so weave his meaning that each sentence comes "into a kind of knot" and then, after a moment's suspension, unwinds again. Furthermore, each phrase is to be "comely in itself," and "between the implication and the evolution of the sentence," there is to be a "satisfying equipoise of sound."

The manuscript has many sentence revisions which show a conscious attempt to realize this ideal

	whispering
I heard Alan and another man	in the Gaelic;
and what they said	
but I	
was all one to me	

By the chosen arrangement, the moment of suspended interest is held longer, and the final solution comes with more interest. By this means, too, there is a more "satisfying equipoise of sound." The whole trick, of course, was to be so "infinitely various" that nothing would appear too startling or exact, and yet all "give the effect of an ingenious neatness."

Sentence structure is also made responsible for the "life" of the story. The boy David has just wakened to find himself being carried out to sea. He lies on the floor of the cabin and feels the strange action of the ship beneath him.

The whole world now heaved ~~up with the gaily~~
giddily up, ~~now sickeningly~~ and now rushed
giddily downward

How much truer, the rhythm of the preferred arrangement, and how great the gain in reality.

The manuscript is proof of Stevenson's belief in condensation, for it is continually reduced. The simplest illustration is his rejection of the word *very*.

To be sure, I laughed ~~very hard~~ over this
"What?" cried the voice ~~very~~ sharply

And so, the "very dark night" and the "very rusty key" become simply "dark" and "rusty," and, admittedly, there is a change for the better.

Following the same principle, a modifier is omitted if the word modified can possibly stand alone. What need to say that the iceberg was *white*, if it rose *like a fountain out of a moonlit sea*? And is it not better that the lost boy fling himself down on the sands to *weep* than that he fling himself down to weep *bitterly*?

His tales are, of course, full of excellent pictures. Who can forget the color of their sea fights, the gloom of their roads lighted only by the stars or a pocket lantern? But from the excess of images, only the right ones must be chosen. The danger was always "irrelevant orchestration." Details of action needed particular control, and nothing was to be told that could be imagined.

So he made up my bed on the floor, ~~and made me lie~~
took
~~down upon it~~ and ~~sat down himself~~ the first spell,
pistol in hand

By such alterations, the progression so necessary to adventure stories goes on unhampered, and the reader is enlivened by being forced to take a part in the story's creation.

The principle of condensation, however, cannot always take precedence over other concerns. The manuscript is, for instance, elaborated to insure story coherence. Such phrases are added as "But just as he turned," "at this appeal," "by this time." And statements on the condition of the weather or the time of day are inserted with apparent casualness, though one sees later that they have a real bearing on the plot. Further cause for more fullness of writing is the need to distinguish and to specify. Stevenson is adept at such revision. "I scarce knew what I thought," says David, a statement rejected for, "I could scarce grow to believe that the same poor lad who had trudged

in the dust from Ettrick forest not two days ago, was now one of the rich of the earth. And again, David's clothes that were beginning to rot' become his stockings which were so "worn through" that his 'shanks went naked

This principle of elaboration, when extended to whole scenes, points up the memorable and key episodes of the story. All the longer scenes in the printed text are the result of such re writing and expansion, for instance, the sinking of the 'Covenant,' the murder of Red Fox, and that beautifully written quarrel of David and Alan. By such expansion at the proper moments (and the writer had a canny way of recognizing them), the story gains much in excitement and a sense of life.

The apprentice writer can learn most from Stevenson by watching his word revisions alone. He revises, first of all, for simplicity. He prefers (and here, no doubt, he keeps his boy audience in mind), the one syllable word to the longer. *Care* takes the place of *precaution*, *pain* of *agony*, *wet* of *moisten*. He avoids the dead convention, the ready made phrase, substituting words more immediate and more picturesque. A man who looks *uncomfortable* becomes one who looks *flustered*. The time does not go *very pleasantly* but becomes *quite a festival*.

He takes special thought of verbs. *Walking* is not as good as *moving*, if it is a blind man one is describing. And a deer, unless it is frightened, will not *bolt*, it will probably *trot*. If the statement lacks action of any sort, Stevenson puts it there.

pulling
Sure enough, there was the boat ~~half way~~ for the town
picked up
It is true I ~~found~~ a third guinea a little after .

Much pathos is added by verbal changes as simple as the following

a little fragment of a Highland air, which has run
in my head from that day to this, and will likely run
lie
in my head when I ~~am~~ diving

And seldom, very seldom, is there need for an adverb!

When Stevenson was only eighteen years old, he wrote his mother

The day when the boats put out to go home to the Hebrides the girl here told me there was a black wind and on going out, I found the epithet as justifiable as it was picturesque

Years later, when he was composing *Kidnapped*, he made the villainous mate, Hoseason, look into David's face "with an odd, black look," having abandoned his first wording, "pretty hard," and his second, "with no expression." His extremely delicate sense of hearing, then, gave him not only an ear for beautiful prose, but infected him with the mannerisms of natural talk. It is

this feature which, more than any other, gives liveliness to his tale and makes even very ordinary phrases take on human voice

on
And so he ran , until ~~I foppd~~ it came in on me that
what he meant

The published story carries footnotes explaining the author's Scotisms, and the manuscript carries many more. Thus, in the margin, it is noted that *putmurk* means *dark as pit*, that a *gliff* is a *look* and a *sough* is a *report*, that a *tod* is a *fox*, and a *dunt* is a *stroke*, and a *clour* is a *blow*. "James must have tint his wits," said Alan", and *tint*, Stevenson adds, means to *lose*, although the editor may let us guess at that one. Generally, these dialect words needed no retouching, but at times even they were second decisions

but
Alan gave way at last with only half a heart
dowiest
'It's one of the ~~poppes~~ countries in Scotland,"
that I ken heath
said he, 'There s naething there but ~~sheep~~,
and crows, and Campbells '

Only on one occasion does this Highlander's speech level off to the English, and that is during the famous quarrel with David

you know you
Do ~~ye ken~~ that ~~ye~~ insult me? said Alan, very low

As a result, the tension is greatly heightened, and the tone is sick with an unnatural formality

It has been said that Stevenson's writings, broadly traced, progressed from picturesque description to narratives of incident, to fuller characterization—one phase merging into the other. In *Kidnapped*, all three phases are present, and, to judge from Stevenson's own confession, it is the characters of this story who "took the bit in their teeth," turned their backs upon him, and walked away. It need not then be mere coincidence that, beginning with Chapter IX of the manuscript where David meets Alan, the dialogue runs more rapidly and with less interruption than it has done for any other two speakers. Alan Breck, of course, Stevenson took from history—at least, the general outline of him: his appearance, his presence in Appin at this time, and the whole question of his guilt. But only Stevenson made him that wonderful "union of courage and swagger," that lover of tinselled finery and high mettle, that perfect but dangerous comrade of days in the wet heather. The two fell in together almost instinctively. There are a few instances when the author seems to say, "No. Alan, you shall not *pat* David's shoulder, you shall clap it!" or blue pencils Alan's "It behoves us now to follow, etc," and sub-

follow, both man and boy You were just boasting that he talked like a boy telling his story & now he's an old man!

At risk of exaggerating the error, as well as the importance of "the critic on the hearth," the whole delicious correction has been included But Stevenson needed no encouragement to revise From first to last, he was both proud and humble about writing, and untiring as a worker Chatting quite casually of one of his other stories, he said, 'It must, unhappily, be rewritten—too well written not to be' And, it is amazing how such exacting faithfulness made his prose not only more lovely to listen to, but made art for him an honor, and a Scotch boy's unreal adventures a bit of high truth

REVIEWS AND CRITICISM

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REVIEWS AND CRITICISM

THE QUESTIONS which a reviewer or critic of plays poetry fiction or nonfiction asks himself are always the same What has the author tried to do? How has he done it? What do I think of his effort? To help answer these questions, he may compare a work with similar works, he may place the work in its historical context he may try to find its relationship to its author, or he may discuss its form, its style But regardless of which method he finds most fruitful, he must have read the story or poem or play thoroughly, he must judge it in the light of the spirit in which it was written the purpose which it was intended to fulfill, he must not wander off into irrelevancies, he must offer evidence in support of his judgments, above all, he must be fair tolerant—or amusingly ill tempered

Much has been said about the impossibility of the world's ever agreeing upon standards of judgment for art There's no arguing about taste" To an extent this is true While Broun and Woolcott find the closing act of *Beyond the Horizon* weak you may find that it resolves the action superbly Nevertheless, if you continue to read literature and criticism you will begin to discover an area of agreement shared by you and other readers and critics The boundaries of that area will forever remain in dispute, but the central land mass will remain unchanged For just as experience in life can lead you to an understanding of what is best in life, so too, experience in literature can lead you to an understanding of what is best in art

A REVIEW¹ OF EVE CURIE'S

MADAME CURIE



Clifton Fadiman

DESCARTES WAS UNHEROIC, Leibnitz a fawning courtier, Willard Gibbs a recluse, Gauss cold and secretive. For all his nobility, Pasteur was tainted with chauvinism and race hatred. An infantile religiosity clouded to the end the magnificent minds of Newton and Pascal. Indeed, it is hard to think of many first rate scientific careers in which some major flaw of character does not show itself, confounding our natural desire for wholehearted hero worship. But the lives of Marie and Pierre Curie, two of the most beautiful lives, I suppose, that have ever been lived, provide an exception. It was almost theatrically apt that this man and woman, with characters of shining purity, should have built their careers around a physical element recognizable by its indestructible and essential radiance.

The life of Madame Curie, who died in 1934, has now been written by Eve, her younger daughter, and sensitively translated by Vincent Sheean. One can give "Madame Curie" no higher praise than to say it is almost worthy of its subject. It is not, I think, as solid a biography as it might be. It does not have that wonderful density of technical information, for example, which made Vallery Radot's "Pasteur" a classic. It tells you just enough about radium to make you understand the great achievement of the Curies. But the biography of a scientist should do more. One can only regret that Irene Joliot Curie (the elder daughter, co winner of the Nobel Prize) did not collaborate with her sister on the scientific chapters. But aside from this defect, here is a noble and moving biography, which takes due advantage of the fact that the life of Marie Curie might have been conceived not by the accidents of nature but by the patterning brain of a tragic dramatist of genius.

One looks at the frontispiece, a photograph of Marie taken in 1929, when she was sixty-two. The face is lined. From underneath the white and casually arranged hair arcs an abnormally spacious brow. She is dressed in a simple black dress that looks like a laboratory smock. The face is that of a truly beautiful woman, the beauty lying in the bones and in the brain that sends its clear signals through the deep, penetrating eyes. What can Hollywood, when it films this book, do with such a face?

The story of Marie Curie is not merely that of a poor Polish governess

¹ A review from the *New Yorker*, November 27, 1937, entitled "She Did Not Know How to Be Famous." By permission of the author and the *New Yorker*.

who struggled against adversity and became a triumphant success. The story of Marie Curie lies precisely in the fact that she was happiest during her struggles and least happy when a vulgar world acclaimed her. Hers is a success story with an ironic twist. Einstein has said, "Marie Curie is, of all celebrated beings, the only one whom fame has not corrupted." "She did not know how to be famous," says Eve Curie. In one deliberate sentence of her perfectly composed introduction, she strikes to the heart of the secret. "I hope that the reader may constantly feel, across the ephemeral movement of one existence, what in Marie Curie was even more rare than her work or her life: the immovable structure of a character, the stubborn effort of an intelligence, the free immolation of a human being that could give all and take nothing, could even receive nothing, and above all the quality of a soul in which neither fame nor adversity could change the exceptional purity."

Recall that unbelievably dramatic life. She is born Manya Skłodowska, youngest child of a Warsaw physicist and a sensitive, tubercular mother. The childhood is unhappy, torn by the death of mother and eldest sister, rendered over serious by poverty, given a certain tenseness by the fact that she is a member of a subject race, the Poles. She grows up, becomes the conventional intellectual rebel of her time, like "all the little Polish girls who had gone mad for culture." She is intelligent, but nothing yet reveals that "immovable structure" of which her daughter speaks. She becomes a governess, a bit of a bluestocking touched with Tolstoyan sentimentality. Now "the eternal student" begins to rise up in her. The little child who at five stood in rapt awe before her father's case containing the "physics apparatus" reawakens in the girl of eighteen. Her duties as a governess do not prevent her from studying. She has no money, not even for stamps so that she may write to her brother. But "I am learning chemistry from a book." Back in Warsaw, she is allowed to perform elementary chemical experiments in a real laboratory, and at last, after inconceivable setbacks and economies, after years of weary waiting, she goes to Paris to study at the Sorbonne.

On forty rubles a month Manya (now Marie) Skłodowska lives, studies, learns. Solitude, near starvation, an unheated garret—none of these things matters, as long as at least a part of her day is spent in the laboratory. Now even the miserable forty rubles cease. She is about to return in despair to Warsaw when she is given a six hundred ruble scholarship. A few years afterward, with the first money she earns as a scientist, she returns the amount of the scholarship so that some other poor student may be assisted by it.

In 1894 she meets Pierre Curie, already a physicist of note, a mind "both powerful and noble." In an atmosphere of garrets and laboratories, these two, very grave and serious, conduct their love affair. They marry. On her wedding day, to the generous friend who wishes to give her a bridal dress, she writes, "I have no dress except the one I wear every day. If you are going to be kind enough to give me one, please let it be practical and dark so that I can put it on afterwards to go to the laboratory."

It is a perfect marriage, the marriage not merely of two people who love each other but, what is incomparably more interesting and important, of two great physicists who can help each other. It is Marie, attracted by the uranium researches of Becquerel, who starts herself and her husband on the long, tedious, glorious path at the end of which lies radium. They know that radium and polonium (named by Marie to commemorate her beloved native land) exist, but they must prove it. From 1898 to 1902, in a dilapidated, leaking, freezing shed, with primitive apparatus, with little or no help, unaided by the scientific bureaucracy or by the State, these two gentle fanatics work in an absorption that is like a dream. The government is too busy spending money on armament to buy them the few tons of pitchblende they need. Somehow they get their pitchblende, paying for its transportation themselves out of their insufficient salaries. With "her terrible patience," Marie, doing the work of four strong men, pounds away at her chemical masses, boils, separates, refines, stirs, strains. Somewhere in this inert brown stuff lies radium. Marie loses fifteen pounds during these five years. At last they isolate the element.

All this time they have been bringing up a family. They have had sorrows, family illnesses. Pierre's mother has died of the very disease against which radium is soon to prove a beneficent weapon. All this time no provision is made for these selfless geniuses. The State, as always, cares nothing. Recognition comes first from other countries, from Switzerland, England. "With great merit and even greater modesty," says Montaigne, "one can remain unknown for a long time."

Now the full implications of their work begin to appear. The immovable atom moves, matter is touched with a mysterious life, physics revises its nineteenth-century conceptions of the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy. The Curies are triumphant, and their first major decision is to refrain from patenting their radium extraction process. They give it freely to the world. This gesture alone—or rather the inevitable expression of their characters—is enough to lend their lives a depth that can never attach to a commercial career like that of Edison. The difference between a Curie and an Edison is not merely one of scientific genius, it is a difference of order. The Curies are one kind of human being, Edison was another.

In 1903 the Curies, with Becquerel, receive the Nobel Prize for Physics. The world pursues them. Now they must flee the world. "In science we must be interested in things, not in persons," says Marie, who was never to be interested in herself. One evening, at the height of their fame, as they are about to leave for a banquet, Pierre looks at his wife, with her ash gray eyes, her ash blond hair, her exquisite wrists and ankles, and he murmurs, "It's a pity. Evening dress becomes you." Then, with a sigh, he adds, "But there it is, we haven't got time."

They are offered the slimy vulgarity of decorations, ribbons, rosettes. But no laboratory (Pierre eventually died without getting his laboratory with

out being allowed to work properly) The life of the Curies will remain, forever terrible, as a sombre reminder of the stupidity, the greed, even the sadism of the French ruling class of the period

Then on April 19, 1906, Aeschylean tragedy, cutting Marie's life in two, giving it at the same time a new emotional dimension Pierre's head is crushed by a van in a street accident, and Marie becomes "a pitiful and incurably lonely woman" She refuses a pension (always the State makes its generous offers too late), she proceeds with the education of her daughter, she takes over Pierre's teaching post and, in a dry, monotonous voice, without making any reference to her predecessor, resumes the lectures at the exact point at which Pierre had left off

The rest of her life is the story of her marriage with radium For her laboratory, for science, she will do anything, even try to be "famous" In 1911 she receives the Nobel Prize for Chemistry During the war she equips, with superhuman energy, a fleet of radiological cars so that the wounded may be helped by X rays She is no rotogravure ministering angel, no Queen Marie of Rumania She actually works—works for the State which had done its best in those dark years to prevent her from working Later, again for the sake of science, she comes to America to receive a gram of radium from the hand of an amiable poker player who could not possibly have understood even the most trivial of the thoughts in Marie Curie's mind Then, applauded by all America, she goes back to France, and all America turns to the next celebrity, Carpentier, to lavish an identical adulation upon him Almost blind, her hands and arms scarred, pitted, and burned by thirty years of radium emanations, she continues her work almost to the day of her death, caused in part by that very element which she had released for the use of mankind

Rarely—increasingly rarely—a book appears which reconciles us to belonging to the human race Here is one

A REVIEW¹ OF CARL SANDBURG'S

ABRAHAM LINCOLN THE PRAIRIE YEARS



Stuart Pratt Sherman

CARL SANDBURG's big biography is wholly devoted to showing Lincoln in his times before he went to the White House It may be considered as the latest synthesis after a generation of research It is thoroughly well nourished on the enormous new Lincoln literature It incorporates the new facts and includes

¹ From Books February 7 1926 By permission of the New York *Herald Tribune*

the new lights and shadings. In addition Mr Sandburg furnishes adequately the technical justification or "apology" for another book, he has had access to a long, quaint letter from Mrs Lincoln to her husband, he has met with sixty five unpublished letters and papers in Lincoln's handwriting, he has been able to illustrate copiously from rich collections of photographs, maps, etc—and besides all that he was born in Lincoln's country and for thirty years or more, he tells us, he has had it in his heart to make "a certain portrait" of him.

The effect of this portrait is vital and stimulating. The composition of it is of an interesting complexity. One easily distinguishes certain dominant features of the treatment, an extraordinarily vivid and sympathetic account of Lincoln's early youth, the cabin life, the first school days, trips down the Mississippi, the humors of the grocery store period, full attention to Ann Rutledge, Mary Owens, and Mary Todd, a most elaborate collection of Lincoln's stories and the stories about Lincoln, and a very extensive study of Lincoln's law practice, bringing to our attention scores of the cases and the litigants whom he dealt with in Springfield or on circuit or in Chicago. It is a book, in the first place, full of people—though not to confusion.

But Mr Sandburg has not taken his life work lightly, nor confined himself to the pictorial and narrative aspects of the biographical art. He has desired, I surmise, to make a book to "live in," and with that in mind he has gone back to 1809 and lived his way down to 1861, as concretely as possible, yet as responsively as possible with reference to all the economic, social, ethical, religious and political forces in all parts of the country which were driving toward the irrepressible conflict. Macaulay would have reveled in Mr Sandburg's details.

Here are lists of the clothing for sale in a Springfield general store, bills of fare from western hotels, names of the principal varieties of whiskey and other liquors available to guests, analysis of the fees received in a law office in the course of a year, analysis of advertising in a Springfield newspaper, enumeration of ox carts and wagons moving towards the western border, market prices of slaves, value of the cotton crop, value of the negro population, value of New England manufactories, account of the way the millionaires of New York made their fortunes, analysis of Biblical, legal and constitutional arguments on the sacredness of property composition, the circulation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," death of John Quincy Adams, reading of "Leaves of Grass" by Lincoln, the contents of Herndon's scientific library, Emerson's visit to Springfield. There are some big standing pools in this biography. There are times when one feels the drag of the years pretty heavily, but on the whole it is astonishing how well the streaming processional effect of crowded time is maintained.

The idea underlying this comprehensive study of Lincoln in "the prairie years" is, as it appears to me, rationalistic and liberal. To Mr Sandburg, Lincoln is a hero, but he is a hero with a rational explanation. He was intel

lightly and inevitably "produced" by his own times and circumstances and people. He was the resultant of their benignant impulses, happily disengaged from their baser ones. Lincoln was the man that "our people" are rather blindly and unconsciously striving to become. He is a hero, but a true folk hero, and the Great Mother who brought him forth is lovable, too.

Here, at any rate, is an opportunity to become better acquainted with Carl Sandburg as well as with Abraham Lincoln. They are good companions, the two of them, and mutually illuminating—Illinoisans both, plain people, admirable story tellers, rationalists, Jeffersonian democrats both, both nonprofessing Christians—Lincoln perhaps the completest specimen that has appeared in the Western hemisphere, and both poets withal, made melancholy at times and gentlehearted by asking themselves what folk remember in the dust, in the cool tombs."

I am glad Carl Sandburg wrote this book. I like Lincoln the better for it and Carl Sandburg and myself and my neighbor. And that result, when all the ado about free territory and squatter sovereignty is forgotten smoke, that result is the living virtue that streams out of Lincoln forever.

A REVIEW¹ OF EUGENE O'NEILL'S

BEYOND THE HORIZON



Heywood Broun

EUGENE O'NEILL'S "Beyond the Horizon" is a significant and interesting play by a young author who does not as yet know all the tricks. Fortunately he therefore avoids many of the conventional shoddy stratagems, but at the same time there is an occasional clumsiness which mars his fine intent and achievement. Nevertheless, the play deserves a place among the noteworthy achievements of native authors. The piece is uncompromisingly a tragedy. A happy ending would be unthinkable, but O'Neill has gone a little way toward an opposite extreme and insisted on furnishing his play with certain tragic happenings which are not quite relevant to the theme. His story concerns two farm boys, Robert and Andrew, closely knit, though widely varying in type. Robert longs to be free of the grind of the farm and to find adventure and release in the far off places. Incidentally his health has not been good, so his family agrees when he accepts the invitation of a seafaring uncle to take a long voyage around the world on a sailing craft. The very day before his departure he finds that he is beloved by the daughter of the neighboring

¹ From the *New York Tribune* February 4, 1920. By permission of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

farmer He had thought about her romantically but reservedly, since he believed that she cared for his brother Her sudden confession that he is the one she loves sweeps him off his feet momentarily, and he decides to stay on the farm The brother, chagrined to find himself not favored, takes his place on the voyage

The girl and the boy marry and he makes a fearful mess of farming And he finds that he has made a mess of life as well, for the girl discovers that, after all, it was the competent Andrew whom she loved all the time In a bitter scene she upbraids him with his uselessness and tells him that when Andrew returns he can take to the road if he chooses and let Andrew run the farm On his return, however, Andrew soon shows that he is entirely cured of his youthful love, and in a single day he is off again to seize a business opportunity in the Argentine The luckless couple muddle along on the farm and things go from bad to worse, until in the last act Robert dies of consumption and finds his chance at last to escape from the little valley and go to the far places

Of course, the fundamental tragedy of the play lies in the fate of the incompetent dreamer forced to battle with the land for a living against every inclination and ability His disease and death are entirely fortuitous, and indeed the poignancy of his fate, which would have had more force of fear and pity if the author had left him still engaged in his hopeless and thankless task of keeping on and on in the dreary grind The hero is much too deliberate in dying, and the last act is further marred by the addition of a scene which is unnecessary and which compels a wait at a time when the tension is seriously impaired by the fall of the curtain

O'Neill begins crudely but honestly and frankly with a scene in which two of his chief characters sit down and tell the audience the things they ought to know, but after this preliminary scene the play gathers pace and power, and until the final act it is a magnificent piece of work, a play in which the happenings are of compelling interest and, more than that, a play in which the point of view of every one concerned is concisely and clearly set forth in terms of drama Everybody who saw the best of O'Neill's short plays when they were acted by the Washington Square, the Greenwich Village, or the Provincetown Players realized that he had an extraordinary ability to write true and absorbing dialogue He has done it better than ever in "*Beyond the Horizon*" His characters talk like real people and yet the process of selection has been so shrewd that there is none of the deadening dullness of the merely literal and photographic

The power of the play is tremendous, but there is no sense of the author arbitrarily moving pawns about into implausible situations to thrill an audience It is as honest and sincere as it is artistic In the last act we found a distinct let down, in spite of some able writing for the theatre, because O'Neill has by then become so carried away with his theme that he has not been able to hold it at arm's length to choose and concentrate And more than that as

we have said, it does not seem to us that the progress of the hero's disease is an inevitable part of his tragic career

Even so, "Beyond the Horizon" is by far the best serious play which any American author has written for years. It is pleasant to record this, for, in a measure, the quality of the piece offers a justification for all reviewers who went down to the various little alley theatres and shouted loudly about some of the work which was done there. O'Neill's short plays have received such recognition for several years and yet we feel certain that when his long play achieves the success which it deserves, and which it is pretty sure to get, the author will be hailed as a brand new playwright who has just been discovered. His first production on Broadway will be set down as his dramatic birth in spite of such forerunners as "Bound East for Cardiff" and "Where the Cross Is Made."

A REVIEW¹ OF EUGENE O'NEILL'S

BEYOND THE HORIZON



Alexander Woollcott

THE ONLY REASON for not calling "Beyond the Horizon" a great play is the natural gingerliness with which a reviewer uses that word—particularly in the flush of the first hour after the fall of the final curtain. Certainly, despite a certain clumsiness and confusion in too luxurious multiplicity of scenes, the play has greatness in it and marks O'Neill as one of our foremost playwrights, as one of the most spacious men to be both gifted and tempted to write for the theatre in America. It is a play of larger aspect and greater force than was "John Ferguson," a play as vital and as undiluted a product of our own soil as any that has come this way since the days of the "Great Divide." In strength, fidelity, color, irony and pitilessness, it recalls nothing quite so much as one of the Wessex tales of Thomas Hardy. As to whether it will be, or could be, popular—that lies without the province of the reviewer (or the wisdom of anybody) to say.

"Beyond the Horizon" rehearses the tragedy of a man whose body and mind need the open road and the far spaces, but who, by forces of wanton circumstance and the bondage of a love that soon burns itself out, is imprisoned within the hill walled boundaries of a few unyielding acres, chained to a task for which he is not fitted, withheld from a task for which he was born. He fails, and his failure distils a poison for all about him. He sinks, amid wretched and disheartened poverty, into consumption, and the life in

¹ From the *New York Times* February 3, 1920. By permission of the *Times*.

him wanes before your eyes, through scene after scene written with cunning skill and as cunning knowledge of that plague, with its alternations of hope and depression. At the end, this Robert Mayo crawls out of the farmhouse to die in the open road, his last glance straining at the horizon beyond which he had never ventured, his last words pronouncing a message of warning from one who had not lived in harmony with what he was.

The accompanying and minor tragedy is that of the brother, a sturdy, generous, earth-bound fellow, born to till those very acres, and sure to go wrong if he ever left the clean earth and the work amid things of his own creation. So in the Hardy-esque irony of the playwright, it is this brother whom Fate and his own character drive out into the lonely open. The measured tread of Fate can be heard among the overtones of this remarkable tragedy.

Mr. O'Neill is not only inexorable in the working out of his play to its tragic conclusion, but a bit intractable in the matter of structure, a bit unyielding both to the habits of the average audience and the physical limitations of the average playhouse. The breaking of his final act into two scenes, mark of a chronic looseness of construction, is distinctly dissipative in its effect. If the play itself has a certain awkwardness and if the mere mounting is sometimes clumsy, the cast, at least, is uncommonly fine. As the home-bound wanderer, Richard Bennett plays with fine eloquence, imagination and finesse—a performance to remember.

A REVIEW¹ OF STEPHEN VINCENT BENET'S

JOHN BROWN'S BODY



Eugene O'Neill, Jr

NEITHER SWEETLY nor correctly, "John Brown's Body" has been called a "cinema epic." Of these two words the former contains both the vinegar and the truth, while the latter is almost benevolent and definitely wrong.

To call it "cinematic" is not only correct, but also highly complimentary, if rightly taken. The film has shown conclusively that it is capable of esthetically valid achievements, when its makers are real artists and its producers give them a free hand. That the vast majority of films has no merit is not to be blamed on the medium.

"John Brown's Body" is cinematic in the very best sense that the word can bear. It uses in literature all of the most successful techniques of the cinema, and uses them well. It is really a series of vignettes, almost a 300 page montage. Its highest moments are essentially close-ups. It uses flashback and

¹ Reprinted from the *Saturday Review* August 6, 1949 by permission.

simultaneous portraiture as expertly as D W Griffiths ever dreamed Its lyrical interludes are analogous to the narration of Pare Lorentz's documentaries, or, to shift to radio, the Olympian commentaries that Norman Corwin used to set to the fine voice of House Jameson

Out of all this comes a long poem that has been bought and read by more Americans than anything comparable to it Out of it comes a heterogeneous and conglomerate work, that can still dissolve one in tears, despite principal disapproval of many of its parts and some of its methods

So bulky a theme as the Civil War is obviously worthy of a whole cycle of epics, but Benet's work can hardly be regarded as such To call it an epic is to confuse its values Only its subject has any connection with epic In every other respect it departs widely from even the very flexible norms of the genre It is not objective in attitude, despite its magnificent impartiality so far as North and South are concerned Benet obtrudes himself on his reader again and again, with emotional and personal reactions and comments

In the "Iliad" the most effective books (e g, the Embassy to Achilles, and the Ransoming of Hector) consist largely of speeches and are therefore basically dramatic, as Aristotle observed long ago Of Benet's varying success with narrative we shall have more to say later Dramatically, however, he consistently fails, even in the relatively small number of sections of the poem in which he tries He never attempts anything comparable with the Embassy, much less with Odysseus's account of his adventures

Some of the best parts of the poem are purely lyrical, and thus constitute altogether unepic enclaves in a narrative poem They also contribute heavily to the variability of tone and style that characterizes "John Brown's Body" and, more than any other factor, prevents its being called a true epic The genre is hard to define, and this review is evidently avoiding a definition, but surely it may be said of all genuine epics that they have a single style, variable, to be sure, but within relatively narrow limits

Another indisputable feature of genuine epic is that it gives us not only a large and national theme of struggle, in which nameless forces are at work and the impersonal and unindividualized group is fundamental, but also preeminent individuals Homer, for example, gives us Greeks and Trojans, but he also gives us Achilles and Hector Benet somehow misses both of these He gives us some interesting characters Sally Dupre and Wingate in the South, and in the North Jack Ellyat and a not fully realized Lincoln, in the West his most alive individual, Melora But none of them has the stature of Andromache or Priam or Diomedes, not to mention Achilles Benet likewise never makes armies come alive Homer, in a succession of similes, puts more mass movement into his poem in thirty lines than Benet can do in as many pages

Benet's narrative suffers from his having bitten off more than his Muse could chew He either forgot or disregarded the wisdom of Aristotle's remark that Homer was wise not to try to tell the whole story of the Trojan War Benet might have made a better poem if he had singled out some incident

in the Civil War, and had then made it significant by bringing in the right elements of background at relevant points. Instead he inflicts on us highly prosaic "history" and tactical analyses, not enough to make the war understandable to a person with no other knowledge of it, too much, if one have such knowledge.

When he is dealing with essentially romantic situations, such as that of Melora, or the effect of the war on Wingate Hall, Benet's narrative is excellent. It cannot, as, indeed, narrative poetry generally cannot, transcend the individual. He should have pondered well the successes and the failures of Addison's "Blenheim" before he attempted his own Gettysburg. Many have tried, and only Aeschylus has really done it right.

The late Twenties are not popularly thought of as a period of large and serious work. As the Forties verge toward extinction, those of us who, like the present reviewer, lived their formative years in those fabulous Twenties, now taking the inevitable backward look of middle age, may draw some satisfaction from the evidence provided by "John Brown's Body," that the Twenties were not so silly as some youngsters are pleased to assume.

FENIMORE COOPER'S LITERARY OFFENSES



Samuel Langhorne Clemens

The Pathfinder and *The Deerslayer* stand at the head of Cooper's novels as artistic creations. There are others of his works which contain parts as perfect as are to be found in these, and scenes even more thrilling. Not one can be compared with either of them as a finished whole.

The defects in both of these tales are comparatively slight. They were pure works of art.—PROF. LOUNSBURY

The five tales reveal an extraordinary fulness of invention.

One of the very greatest characters in fiction, Natty Bumppo.

The craft of the woodsman, the tricks of the trapper, all the delicate art of the forest, were familiar to Cooper from his youth up.

—PROF. BRANDER MATTHEWS

Cooper is the greatest artist in the domain of romantic fiction yet produced by America.—WILKIE COLLINS

IT SEEMS TO ME that it was far from right for the Professor of English in Yale, the Professor of English Literature in Columbia, and Wilkie Collins to deliver opinions on Cooper's literature without having read some of it. It would have been much more decorous to keep silent and let persons talk who have read Cooper.

Cooper's art has some defects. In one place in *Deerslayer* and in the

restricted space of two thirds of a page, Cooper has scored 114 offenses against literary art out of a possible 115. It breaks the record.

There are nineteen rules governing literary art in the domain of romantic fiction—some say twenty two. In *Deerslayer* Cooper violated eighteen of them. These eighteen require

1. That a tale shall accomplish something and arrive somewhere. But the *Deerslayer* tale accomplishes nothing and arrives in the air.

2. They require that the episodes of a tale shall be necessary parts of the tale and shall help to develop it. But as the *Deerslayer* tale is not a tale, and accomplishes nothing and arrives nowhere, the episodes have no rightful place in the work, since there was nothing for them to develop.

3. They require that the personages in a tale shall be alive, except in the case of corpses, and that always the reader shall be able to tell the corpses from the others. But this detail has often been overlooked in the *Deerslayer* tale.

4. They require that the personages in a tale, both dead and alive, shall exhibit a sufficient excuse for being there. But this detail also has been overlooked in the *Deerslayer* tale.

5. They require that when the personages of a tale deal in conversation, the talk shall sound like human talk, and be talk such as human beings would be likely to talk in the given circumstances, and have a discoverable meaning, also a discoverable purpose, and a show of relevancy, and remain in the neighborhood of the subject in hand, and be interesting to the reader, and help out the tale, and stop when the people cannot think of anything more to say. But this requirement has been ignored from the beginning of the *Deerslayer* tale to the end of it.

6. They require that when the author describes the character of a personage in his tale, the conduct and conversation of that personage shall justify said description. But this law gets little or no attention in the *Deerslayer* tale, as Natty Bumppo's case will amply prove.

7. They require that when a personage talks like an illustrated, gilt edged tree calf, hand tooled, seven dollar *Friendship's Offering* in the beginning of a paragraph, he shall not talk like a Negro minstrel in the end of it. But this rule is flung down and danced upon in the *Deerslayer* tale.

8. They require that crass stupidities shall not be played upon the reader as the "craft of the woodsman, the delicate art of the forest," by either the author or the people in the tale. But this rule is persistently violated in the *Deerslayer* tale.

9. They require that the personages of a tale shall confine themselves to possibilities and let miracles alone, or, if they venture a miracle, the author must so plausibly set it forth as to make it look possible and reasonable. But these rules are not respected in the *Deerslayer* tale.

10. They require that the author shall make the reader feel a deep interest in the personages of his tale and in their fate and that he shall make

the reader love the good people in the tale and hate the bad ones. But the reader of the *Deerslayer* tale dislikes the good people in it, is indifferent to the others, and wishes they would all get drowned together.

11 They require that the characters in a tale shall be so clearly defined that the reader can tell beforehand what each will do in a given emergency. But in the *Deerslayer* tale this rule is vacated.

In addition to these large rules there are some little ones. These require that the author shall

- 12 Say what he is proposing to say, not merely come near it
- 13 Use the right word, not its second cousin
- 14 Eschew surplusage
- 15 Not omit necessary detail
- 16 Avoid slovenliness of form
- 17 Use good grammar
- 18 Employ a simple and straightforward style

Even these seven are coldly and persistently violated in the *Deerslayer* tale.

Cooper's gift in the way of invention was not a rich endowment, but such as it was he liked to work it, he was pleased with the effects, and indeed he did some quite sweet things with it. In his little box of stage properties he kept six or eight cunning devices, tricks, artifices for his savages and woodsmen to deceive and circumvent each other with, and he was never so happy as when he was working these innocent things and seeing them go. A favorite one was to make a moccasined person tread in the tracks of the moccasined enemy, and thus hide his own trail. Cooper wore out barrels and barrels of moccasins in working that trick. Another stage property that he pulled out of his box pretty frequently was his broken twig. He prized his broken twig above all the rest of his effects, and worked it the hardest. It is a restful chapter in any book of his when somebody doesn't step on a dry twig and alarm all the reds and whites for two hundred yards around. Every time a Cooper person is in peril, and absolute silence is worth four dollars a minute, he is sure to step on a dry twig. There may be a hundred handier things to step on, but that wouldn't satisfy Cooper. Cooper requires him to turn out and find a dry twig, and if he can't do it, go and borrow one. In fact, the *Leatherstocking Series* ought to have been called the *Broken Twig Series*.

I am sorry there is not room to put in a few dozen instances of the delicate art of the forest, as practised by Natty Bumppo and some of the other Cooperian experts. Perhaps we may venture two or three samples. Cooper was a sailor—a naval officer, yet he gravely tells us how a vessel, driving towards a lee shore in a gale, is steered for a particular spot by her skipper because he knows of an *undertow* there which will hold her back against the gale and save her. For just pure woodcraft, or sailorcraft or whatever it is, isn't that

neat? For several years Cooper was daily in the society of artillery, and he ought to have noticed that when a cannon ball strikes the ground it either buries itself or skips a hundred feet or so, skips again for a hundred feet or so—and so on, till it finally gets tired and rolls. Now in one place he loses some ‘females’—as he always calls women—in the edge of a wood near a plain at night in a fog, on purpose to give Bumpo a chance to show off the delicate art of the forest before the reader. These mislaid people are hunting for a fort. They hear a cannon blast, and a cannon ball presently comes rolling into the wood and stops at their feet. To the females this suggests nothing. The case is very different with the admirable Bumpo. I wish I may never know peace again if he doesn’t strike out promptly and *follow the track* of that cannon ball across the plain through the dense fog and find the fort. Isn’t it a daisy? If Cooper had any real knowledge of Nature’s way of doing things, he had a most delicate art in concealing the fact. For instance one of his acute Indian experts, Chingachgook (pronounced Chicago, I think), has lost the trail of a person he is tracking through the forest. Apparently that trail is hopelessly lost. Neither you nor I could ever have guessed out the way to find it. It was very different with Chicago. Chicago was not stumped for long. He turned a running stream out of its course, and there, in the slush in its old bed, were that person’s moccasin tracks. The current did not wash them away, as it would have done in all other like cases—no, even the eternal laws of Nature have to vacate when Cooper wants to put up a delicate job of woodcraft on the reader.

We must be a little wary when Brander Matthews tells us that Cooper’s books “reveal an extraordinary fulness of invention.” As a rule, I am quite willing to accept Brander Matthews’ literary judgments and applaud his lucid and graceful phrasing of them, but that particular statement needs to be taken with a few tons of salt. Bless your heart, Cooper hadn’t any more invention than a horse, and I don’t mean a high class horse, either, I mean a clotheshorse. It would be very difficult to find a really clever “situation” in Cooper’s books, and still more difficult to find one of any kind which he has failed to render absurd by his handling of it. Look at the episodes of “the caves”, and at the celebrated scuffle between Maqua and those others on the tableland a few days later, and at Hurry Harry’s queer water transit from the castle to the ark, and at Deerslayer’s half hour with his first corpse, and at the quarrel between Hurry Harry and Deerslayer later, and at—but choose for yourself, you can’t go amiss.

If Cooper had been an observer, his inventive faculty would have worked better, not more interestingly, but more rationally, more plausibly. Cooper’s proudest creations in the way of “situations” suffer noticeably from the absence of the observer’s protecting gift. Cooper’s eye was splendidly inaccurate. Cooper seldom saw anything correctly. He saw nearly all things as through a glass eye, darkly. Of course a man who cannot see the commonest little everyday matters accurately is working at a disadvantage when he is

constructing a "situation" In the *Deerslayer* tale Cooper has a stream which is fifty feet wide where it flows out of a lake, it presently narrows to twenty as it meanders along for no given reason, and yet when a stream acts like that it ought to be required to explain itself Fourteen pages later the width of the brook's outlet from the lake has suddenly shrunk thirty feet and become "the narrowest part of the stream" This shrinkage is not accounted for The stream has bends in it, a sure indication that it has alluvial banks and cuts them, yet these bends are only thirty and fifty feet long If Cooper had been a nice and punctilious observer he would have noticed that the bends were oftener nine hundred feet long than short of it

Cooper made the exit of that stream fifty feet wide, in the first place, for no particular reason, in the second place, he narrowed it to less than twenty to accommodate some Indians He bends a "sapling" to the form of an arch over this narrow passage, and conceals six Indians in its foliage They are "laying" for a settler's scow or ark which is coming up the stream on its way to the lake, it is being hauled against the stiff current by a rope whose stationary end is anchored in the lake, its rate of progress cannot be more than a mile an hour Cooper describes the ark, but pretty obscurely In the matter of dimensions it was little more than a modern canal boat "Let us guess, then, that it was about one hundred and forty feet long It was of 'greater breadth than common'" Let us guess, then, that it was about sixteen feet wide This leviathan had been prowling down bends which were but a third as long as itself, and scraping between banks where it had only two feet of space to spare on each side We cannot too much admire this miracle A low roofed log dwelling occupies "two thirds of the ark's length"—a dwelling ninety feet long and sixteen feet wide, let us say—a kind of vestibule train The dwelling has two rooms—each forty five feet long and sixteen feet wide, let us guess One of them is the bedroom of the Hutter girls, Judith and Hetty, the other is the parlor in the daytime, at night it is papa's bedchamber The ark is arriving at the stream's exit now, whose width has been reduced to less than twenty feet to accommodate the Indians—say to eighteen There is a foot to spare on each side of the boat Did the Indians notice that there was going to be a tight squeeze there? Did they notice that they could make money by climbing down out of that arched sapling and just stepping aboard when the ark scraped by? No, other Indians would have noticed these things, but Cooper's Indians never notice anything Cooper thinks they are marvelous creatures for noticing, but he was almost always in error about his Indians There was seldom a sane one among them

The ark is one hundred and forty feet long, the dwelling is ninety feet long The idea of the Indians is to drop softly and secretly from the arched sapling to the dwelling as the ark creeps along under it at the rate of a mile an hour, and butcher the family It will take the ark a minute and a half to pass under It will take the ninety foot dwelling a minute to pass under Now, then, what did the six Indians do? It would take you thirty years to

guess, and even then you would have to give it up I believe Therefore I will tell you what the Indians did Their chief, a person of quite extraordinary intellect for a Cooper Indian, warily watched the canalboat as it squeezed along under him, and when he had got his calculations fined down to exactly the right shade, as he judged, he let go and dropped And *missed the house!* He missed the house and landed in the stern of the scow It was not much of a fall, yet it knocked him silly He lay there unconscious If the house had been ninety seven feet long he would have made the trip The fault was Cooper's not his The error lay in the construction of the house Cooper was no architect

There still remained in the roost five Indians The boat has passed under and is now out of their reach Let me explain what the five did—you would not be able to reason it out for yourself No 1 jumped for the boat, but fell in the water astern of it Then No 2 jumped for the boat, but fell in the water still farther astern of it Then No 3 jumped for the boat, and fell a good way astern of it Then No 4 jumped for the boat, and fell in the water *away* astern Then even No 5 made a jump for the boat—for he was a Cooper Indian In the matter of intellect, the difference between a Cooper Indian and the Indian that stands in front of the cigar shop is not spacious The scow episode is really a sublime burst of invention, but it does not thrill, because the inaccuracy of the details throws a sort of air of fictitiousness and general improbability over it This comes of Cooper's inadequacy as an observer

The reader will find some examples of Cooper's high talent for inaccurate observation in the account of the shooting match in *The Pathfinder*

A common wrought nail was driven lightly into the target, its head having been first touched with paint

The color of the paint is not stated—an important omission, but Cooper deals freely in important omissions No, after all, it was not an important omission, for this nail head is *a hundred yards from* the marksmen and could not be seen by them at that distance, no matter what its color might be How far can the best eyes see a common house fly? A hundred yards? It is quite impossible Very well, eyes that cannot see a house fly that is a hundred yards away cannot see an ordinary nail head at that distance, for the size of the two objects is the same It takes a keen eye to see a fly or a nail head at fifty yards—one hundred and fifty feet Can the reader do it?

The nail was lightly driven, its head painted, and game called Then the Cooper miracles began The bullet of the first marksman chipped an edge of the nail head, the next man's bullet drove the nail a little way into the target—and removed all the paint Haven't the miracles gone far enough now? Not to suit Cooper, for the purpose of this whole scheme is to show off his prodigy, Deerslayer Hawkeye Long Rifle Leatherstocking Pathfinder Bumpo before the ladies

Be all ready to clench it, boys! cried out Pathfinder stepping into his friend's tracks the instant they were vacant. Never mind a new nail. I can see that though the paint is gone and what I can see I can hit at a hundred yards, though it were only a mosquito's eye. Be ready to clench!

The rifle cracked, the bullet sped its way, and the head of the nail was buried in the wood covered by the piece of flattened lead.

There, you see, is a man who could hunt flies with a rifle, and command a ducal salary in a Wild West show today if we had him back with us.

The recorded feat is certainly surprising just as it stands, but it is not surprising enough for Cooper. Cooper adds a touch. He has made Pathfinder do this miracle with another man's rifle, and not only that, but Pathfinder did not have even the advantage of loading it himself. He had everything against him, and yet he made that impossible shot, and not only made it but did it with absolute confidence, saying, "Be ready to clench." Now a person like that would have undertaken the same feat with a brickbat, and with Cooper to help he would have achieved it, too.

Pathfinder showed off handsomely that day before the ladies. His very first feat was a thing which no Wild West show can touch. He was standing with the group of marksmen, observing—a hundred yards from the target, mind, one Jasper raised his rifle and drove the center of the bull's eye. Then the Quartermaster fired. The target exhibited no result this time. There was a laugh. "It's a dead miss," said Major Lundie. Pathfinder waited an impressive moment or two, then said in that calm, indifferent, know-it-all way of his, "No, Major, he has covered Jasper's bullet, as will be seen if anyone will take the trouble to examine the target."

Wasn't it remarkable! How *could* he see that little pellet fly through the air and enter that distant bullet hole? Yet that is what he did, for nothing is impossible to a Cooper person. Did any of those people have any deep-seated doubts about this thing? No, for that would imply sanity and these were all Cooper people.

The respect for Pathfinder's skill and for his *quickness and accuracy of sight* [the italics are mine] was so profound and general that the instant he made this declaration the spectators began to distrust their own opinions and a dozen rushed to the target in order to ascertain the fact. There sure enough, it was found that the Quartermaster's bullet had gone through the hole made by Jasper's, and that, too, so accurately as to require a minute examination to be certain of the circumstance, which, however, was soon clearly established by discovering one bullet over the other in the stump against which the target was placed.

They made a "minute" examination, but never mind, how could they know that there were two bullets in that hole without digging the latest one out? for neither probe nor eyesight could prove the presence of any more than one bullet. Did they dig? No, as we shall see. It is the Pathfinder's turn now, he steps out before the ladies, takes aim, and fires.

But, alas! here is a disappointment, an incredible, an unimaginable disappointment—for the target's aspect is unchanged, there is nothing there but that same old bullet hole!

If one dared to hint at such a thing ' cried Major Duncan, I should say that the Pathfinder has also missed the target!

As nobody had missed it yet, the "also" was not necessary, but never mind about that for the Pathfinder is going to speak

No, no, Major,' said he, confidently, 'that *would* be a risky declaration I didn't load the piece, and can't say what was in it, but if it was lead, you will find the bullet driving down those of the Quartermaster and Jasper, else is not my name Pathfinder

A shout from the target announced the truth of this assertion

Is the miracle sufficient as it stands? Not for Cooper The Pathfinder speaks again, as he "now slowly advances toward the stage occupied by the females"

That's not all, boys, that's not all, if you find the target touched at all, I'll own to a miss The Quartermaster cut the wood, but you'll find no wood cut by that last messenger "

The miracle is at last complete He knew—doubtless *saw*—at the distance of a hundred yards—that his bullet had passed into the hole *without fraying the edges* There were now three bullets in that one hole, three bullets embedded processionally in the body of the stump back of the target Everybody knew this, somehow or other, and yet nobody had dug any of them out to make sure Cooper is not a close observer but he is interesting He is certainly always that, no matter what happens And he is more interesting when he is not noticing what he is about than when he is This is a considerable merit

The conversations in the Cooper books have a curious sound in our modern ears To believe that such talk really ever came out of people's mouths would be to believe that there was a time when time was of no value to a person who thought he had something to say, when it was the custom to spread a two minute remark out to ten, when a man's mouth was a rolling mill, and busied itself all day long in turning four foot pigs of thought into thirty foot bars of conversational railroad iron by attenuation, when subjects were seldom faithfully stuck to, but the talk wandered all around and arrived nowhere, when conversations consisted mainly of irrelevancies, with here and there a relevancy, a relevancy with an embarrassed look, as not being able to explain how it got there

Cooper was certainly not a master in the construction of dialog Inaccurate observation defeated him here as it defeated him in so many other enterprises of his He even failed to notice that the man who talks corrupt English six days in the week must and will talk it on the seventh, and can't help himself In the *Deerslayer* story he lets Deerslayer talk the showiest kind of book talk sometimes, and at other times the basest of base dialects For instance,

when some one asks him if he has a sweetheart, and if so, where she abides, this is his majestic answer 'She's in the forest—hanging from the boughs of the trees, in a soft rain—in the dew on the open grass—the clouds that float about in the blue heavens—the birds that sing in the woods—the sweet springs where I slake my thirst—and in all the other glorious gifts that come from God's Providence!

And he preceded that, a little before, with this "It consarns me as all things that touches a fri'nd consarns a fri'nd "

And this is another of his remarks "If I was Injun born, now, I might tell of this or carry in the scalp and boast of the expl'ite afore the whole tribe, or if my inimy had only been a bear! '—and so on

We cannot imagine such a thing as a veteran Scotch commander in chief comporting himself in the field like a windy melodramatic actor, but Cooper could On one occasion Alice and Cora were being chased by the French through a fog in the neighborhood of their father's fort

'*Point de quartier aux coquins!*' cried an eager pursuer who seemed to direct the operations of the enemy

Stand firm and be ready, my gallant 60ths! ' suddenly exclaimed a voice above them, wait to see the enemy, fire low, and sweep the glacis

Father! father!" exclaimed a piercing cry from out the mist, it is I! Alice! thy own Elsie! spare, O! save your daughters!

'Hold!' shouted the former speaker, in the awful tones of parental agony, the sound reaching even to the woods, and rolling back in solemn echo ' 'Tis she! God has restored me my children! Throw open the sallyport, to the field, 60ths, to the field, pull not a trigger, lest ye kill my lambs! Drive off these dogs of France with your steel '

Cooper's word sense was singularly dull When a person has a poor ear for music he will flat and sharp right along without knowing it He keeps near the tune, but it is *not* the tune When a person has a poor ear for words, the result is a literary flattening and sharpening, you perceive what he is intending to say, but you also perceive that he doesn't say it This is Cooper He was not a word musician His ear was satisfied with the *approximate* word I will furnish some circumstantial evidence in support of this charge My instances are gathered from half a dozen pages of the tale called *Deerslayer* He uses 'verbal' for "oral", "precision" for "facility", "phenomena" for "marvels", "necessary" for "predetermined", "unsophisticated" for "primitive", "preparation" for "expectancy", "rebuked" for "subdued", "dependent on" for "resulting from", "fact" for "condition", "fact" for "conjecture", "precaution" for "caution", "explain" for "determine", "mortified" for "disappointed", "meretricious" for "factitious", "materially" for "considerably", "decreasing" for "deepening", "increasing" for "disappearing", "embedded" for "enclosed", "treacherous" for "hostile", "stood" for "stooped", "softened" for "replaced", "rejoined" for "remarked", "situation" for "condition", "different" for "differing", "insensible" for "unsentient", "brevity" for "celenty" "dis

trusted" for "suspicious", "mental imbecility" for "imbecility", "eyes" for "sight", "counteracting" for "opposing", "funeral obsequies" for "obsequies"

There have been daring people in the world who claimed that Cooper could write English, but they are all dead now—all dead but Lounsbury. I don't remember that Lounsbury makes the claim in so many words, still he makes it, for he says that *Deerslayer* is a "pure work of art." Pure, in that connection means faultless—faultless in all details—and language is a detail. If Mr. Lounsbury had only compared Cooper's English with the English which he writes himself—but it is plain that he didn't, and so it is likely that he imagines until this day that Cooper's is as clean and compact as his own. Now I feel sure, deep down in my heart, that Cooper wrote about the poorest English that exists in our language, and that the English of *Deerslayer* is the very worst that even Cooper ever wrote.

I may be mistaken, but it does seem to me that *Deerslayer* is not a work of art in any sense, it does seem to me that it is destitute of every detail that goes to the making of a work of art, in truth, it seems to me that *Deerslayer* is just simply a literary *delirium tremens*.

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SPEECHES

WHEN ANYONE writes an expository or persuasive essay, article, editorial, or book, he hopes it will find a reading public. He hopes the kind of people he wrote it for will find it, read it, and be influenced by it. But when anyone writes or prepares a speech for oral delivery, he knows that he will address a particular audience, who may be friendly or hostile, on a particular occasion, and in a particular place. You will observe that all the speeches in the small collection gathered here are dated, and it is specifically indicated whether the audience is composed of members of the British House of Commons, young people in school or college, or Daughters of the American Revolution. Faulkner makes the occasion of the Nobel Award an opportunity to speak to all young writers everywhere.

Notice how immediately and carefully each speaker made contact between himself and the audience before him, indicating that he shared a community of interest and experience with his audience, that he was well informed on the subject matter of his speech, and that he was motivated by good will.

The art of composing and delivering speeches is older than the art of writing. The art of speaking was well established as the first and most important of the arts of communication long before Aristotle analyzed and explained it in his *Rhetoric*, still a clear and accurate account of what makes for effective speaking. Speeches still seek to persuade an audience: (1) that something did or did not happen in the past and that if it happened, it was or was not just, (2) that something existing in the present is or is not praiseworthy, (3) that some course of action in the future would be possible, expedient, and honorable. Into which of these three categories does each of these speeches fall? Does any possess qualities of two or more categories?

ADDRESS

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE GETTYSBURG NATIONAL CEMETERY

NOVEMBER 19, 1863



Abraham Lincoln

FOURSCORE AND SEVEN years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure We are met on a great battlefield of that war We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth

ADVICE TO YOUTH

ABOUT 1882



Samuel L. Clemens

BEING TOLD I would be expected to talk here, I inquired what sort of a talk I ought to make. They said it should be something suitable to youth—some thing didactic, instructive, or something in the nature of good advice. Very well. I have a few things in my mind which I have often longed to say for the instruction of the young, for it is in one's tender early years that such things will best take root and be most enduring and most valuable. First, then, I will say to you, my young friends—and I say it beseechingly, urgently—

Always obey your parents, when they are present. This is the best policy in the long run, because if you don't they will make you. Most parents think they know better than you do, and you can generally make more by humoring that superstition than you can by acting on your own better judgment.

Be respectful to your superiors, if you have any, also to strangers, and sometimes to others. If a person offend you, and you are in doubt as to whether it was intentional or not, do not resort to extreme measures, simply watch your chance and hit him with a brick. That will be sufficient. If you shall find that he had not intended any offense, come out frankly and confess yourself in the wrong when you struck him, acknowledge it like a man and say you didn't mean to. Yes, always avoid violence, in this age of charity and kindness, the time has gone by for such things. Leave dynamite to the low and unrefined.

Go to bed early, get up early—this is wise. Some authorities say get up with the sun, some others say get up with one thing, some with another. But a lark is really the best thing to get up with. It gives you a splendid reputation with everybody to know that you get up with the lark, and if you get the right kind of a lark, and work at him right, you can easily train him to get up at half past nine, every time—it is no trick at all.

Now as to the matter of lying. You want to be very careful about lying, otherwise you are nearly sure to get caught. Once caught, you can never again be, in the eyes of the good and the pure, what you were before. Many a young person has injured himself permanently through a single clumsy and ill-finished lie, the result of carelessness born of incomplete training. Some authorities hold that the young ought not to lie at all. That, of course, is putting it rather stronger than necessary, still, while I cannot go quite so far as that, I do maintain, and I believe I am right, that the young ought to be temperate in the use of this great art until practice and experience shall

give them that confidence, elegance, and precision which alone can make the accomplishment graceful and profitable. Patience, diligence, painstaking attention to detail—these are the requirements, these, in time, will make the student perfect, upon these, and upon these only, may he rely as the sure foundation for future eminence. Think what tedious years of study, thought, practice, experience, went to the equipment of that peerless old master who was able to impose upon the whole world the lofty and sounding maxim that “truth is mighty and will prevail”—the most majestic compound fracture of fact which any of woman born has yet achieved. For the history of our race, and each individual’s experience, are sown thick with evidence that a truth is not hard to kill and that a lie told well is immortal. There is in Boston a monument of the man who discovered anaesthesia, many people are aware, in these latter days, that that man didn’t discover it at all, but stole the discovery from another man. Is this truth mighty, and will it prevail? Ah no, my hearers, the monument is made of hardy material, but the lie it tells will outlast it a million years. An awkward, feeble, leaky lie is a thing which you ought to make it your unceasing study to avoid, such a lie as that has no more real permanence than an average truth. Why, you might as well tell the truth at once and be done with it. A feeble, stupid, preposterous lie will not live two years—except it be a slander upon somebody. It is indestructible, then, of course, but that is no merit of yours. A final word—begin your practice of this gracious and beautiful art early—begin now. If I had begun earlier, I could have learned how.

Never handle firearms carelessly. The sorrow and suffering that have been caused through the innocent but heedless handling of firearms by the young! Only four days ago, right in the next farmhouse to the one where I am spending the summer, a grandmother, old and gray and sweet, one of the loveliest spirits in the land, was sitting at her work, when her young grandson crept in and got down an old, battered, rusty gun which had not been touched for many years and was supposed not to be loaded, and pointed it at her, laughing and threatening to shoot. In her fright she ran screaming and pleading toward the door on the other side of the room, but as she passed him he placed the gun almost against her very breast and pulled the trigger! He had supposed it was not loaded. And he was right—it wasn’t. So there wasn’t any harm done. It is the only case of that kind I ever heard of. Therefore, just the same, don’t you meddle with old unloaded firearms, they are the most deadly and unerring things that have ever been created by man. You don’t have to take any pains at all with them, you don’t have to have a rest, you don’t have to have any sights on the gun, you don’t have to take aim, even. No, you just pick out a relative and bang away, and you are sure to get him. A youth who can’t hit a cathedral at thirty yards with a Gatling gun in three quarters of an hour, can take up an old empty musket and bag his grandmother every time, at a hundred. Think what Waterloo would have been if

one of the armies had been boys armed with old muskets supposed not to be loaded, and the other army had been composed of their female relations The very thought of it makes one shudder

There are many sorts of books, but good ones are the sort for the young to read Remember that They are a great, an inestimable, an unspeakable means of improvement Therefore be careful in your selection, my young friends, be very careful, confine yourselves exclusively to Robertson's Sermons, Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, *The Innocents Abroad*, and works of that kind

But I have said enough I hope you will treasure up the instructions which I have given you, and make them a guide to your feet and a light to your understanding Build your character thoughtfully and painstakingly upon these precepts, and by and by, when you have got it built, you will be surprised and gratified to see how nicely and sharply it resembles everybody else's

ADDRESS

TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION¹

APRIL 21, 1938



Franklin D Roosevelt

I THOUGHT OF PREACHING on a text, but I shall not I shall only give you the text and I shall not preach on it I think I can afford to give you the text because it so happens, through no fault of my own, that I am descended from a number of people who came over in the *Mayflower* More than that, every one of my ancestors on both sides—and when you go back four generations or five generations it means thirty two or sixty four of them—every single one of them, without exception, was in this land in 1776 And there was only one Tory among them

The text is this Remember, remember always that all of us, and you and I especially, are descended from immigrants and revolutionists

I am particularly glad to know that today you are making this fine appeal to the youth of America To these rising generations, to our sons and grandsons and great grandsons, we cannot overestimate the importance of what we are doing in this year, in our own generation, to keep alive the spirit of American democracy The spirit of opportunity is the kind of spirit that has led us as a nation—not as a small group but as a nation—to meet the very great problems of the past

¹ Reprinted from Volume 5 of *The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D Roosevelt* (1941) compiled by Samuel I Rosenman

We look for a younger generation that is going to be more American than we are. We are doing the best that we can and yet we can do better than that, we can do more than that, by inculcating in the boys and girls of this country today some of the underlying fundamentals, the reasons that brought our immigrant ancestors to this country, the reasons that impelled our Revolutionary ancestors to throw off a fascist yoke.

SHOULD STUDENTS STUDY?



William T. Foster

This address was delivered at the University of Maine in 1939 to students and faculty assembled on Scholarship Day to honor students who had achieved distinction in their courses during the academic year.

"DO NOT LET YOUR STUDIES interfere with your college education." This motto is the student's semi-humorous way of expressing his semi-conviction that studies do not count—that the thing to go in for is "College Life."

Upon entering college a boy pursues his studies in the philosophy of education under the tutelage of a sophomore. His tutor informs him that the object of education is the all-round man. The faculty and the curriculum, he explains, are obstacles, but the upper classes rescue the poor freshman from pentagonal shapes and round him out with smokers, hazing, initiations, jamborees, and visits to the big city, where he makes the acquaintance of drinks and ladies far more brilliant-hued than those of his somber native town.

The "Old Grad," furthermore, adds his wisdom to that of the sophomore. "I tell you, boys," cries the Old Grad, warming his feet by the fire and his imagination by the wonder of the freshman, "it is not what you learn in your classes that counts. Books, lectures, recitations—you will forget all that. Nobody cares after you graduate whether you know any Latin or algebra or literature or philosophy. But you will remember College Life as long as you live. Remember," he continues, "A Gentleman's Grade of 'C' is good enough. 'Tis better to have come and loafed than never to have come at all.'"

President Hyde of Bowdoin College expressed a different view in an address to freshmen. "Put your studies *first*," he said. "After three months of college you will stand better with your fellows. Although at first you may think that there are cheaper roads to distinction, their cheapness is soon found out. Scholarship alone will not give you the highest standing with your fellows, but you will not get their highest respect without showing that you

can do well something that is intellectually difficult Your future career really depends upon it ”

But does your future career really depend upon it? This may well be answered with something more than opinions

Is it a fact that good students in high school are more likely than others to become good students in college? Professor Walter F. Dearborn compared the records of hundreds of students at the University of Wisconsin with their records in various high schools He found that above 80 per cent of those who were in the first quarter of their high school classes were in the upper half of their college classes throughout the four years, and that above 80 per cent of those who were in the lowest quarter in their high school classes failed in college to rise above mediocre scholarship The parallelism is striking Except in scattered cases, promise in high school becomes performance in college Indeed, only one student out of five hundred in this investigation who fell among the lowest quarter in the high school attained the highest rank in the university

But why strive for high rank in college? Why not wait for the more practical studies of the professional school? Most students admit that they must settle down in studies of law, medicine, and engineering Even the boy who is content with mediocrity in college intends to exchange a habit of loafing for a habit of working Does he often make the exchange?

Not often, according to the records of the graduates of Harvard College who, during a period of twenty years, entered the Harvard Law School Of those who were graduated with no special honors, only 6½ per cent attained distinction in the Law School Of those who were graduated with honors, 22 per cent attained distinction in the Law School, of those who were graduated with great honor, 40 per cent, and those who graduated with highest honor, 60 per cent

Sixty per cent! Bear that figure in mind a moment, while we consider the 340 who entered college ‘with conditions’ and graduated from college without honors Of these men, not 3 per cent won honor degrees in law

A more recent study, reported by President Conant, covers 803 Harvard College graduates, who, in a seven year period, entered the Harvard Law School Of those among them who did not have a full “C” average in college, three fourths failed to graduate from Law School

If a college undergraduate is honest with himself, he must say, “If I am content with mediocre work in college, it is likely that the men in my class with honors will have *three* times my chances of success in the Law School, and the men in my class with the highest honors will have nearly *ten* times my chances of success ” So difficult is it for a student to change his habits after the crucial years of college that not one man in twenty years who was satisfied in Harvard College with grades of “C” or lower gained distinction in the studies of the Harvard Law School

But why strive for high standing in professional school? Does such success give promise of success in life?

If, by success, we mean distinction in position and in salary, what do the records show? What can we say of the 420 living graduates of the ten Wesleyan University classes from 1890 to 1899? Just this. Of the men in that group who graduated with highest honors, 60 per cent are now regarded as distinguished either by *Who's Who in America* or by the judgement of their classmates. Of those who were elected to Phi Beta Kappa, 30 per cent of those who won no honors in scholarship, only 11 per cent.

Looking at the records in still another way, we observe that about 15 per cent of all college graduates are Phi Beta Kappa men. If rank in college has nothing to do with success in life, we should expect to find that 15 per cent of the graduates in *Who's Who* were Phi Beta Kappa men. But they surpass this expectancy by nearly 100 per cent. In even larger measure have the very highest scholars fulfilled the promise of their college years. Of the Yale valedictorians, 56 per cent are included in *Who's Who*. That is to say, a man at the head of his class appears to have more than twenty five times as many chances of distinction as a man selected at random.

But suppose we had a *Who's Who in America* which included only those college graduates who make the most money. What would that tell us about promise and performance? It would show that hard headed business men pay the poor students little, the medium students more, and the best students most. Consider the graduates of the Harvard Business School in four groups: low pass, pass, high pass, and distinction. In every year following graduation, except the first, the poorest students as a group have the lowest salaries, the next group next, and the next group next, while *in every year the highest salaries go to the group which was graduated with distinction*.

Walter Gifford, President of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, gives us the conclusion of his own studies in an article entitled "Does Business Want Scholars?" He says that of the 3806 employees of the Telephone Company whose records were studied, 498 had graduated in the first tenth of their respective college classes. By about the fifth year of their employment this group began to earn more than the other college men. They continued to increase their advantage, little by little, until they were twenty five years out of college. Then they began to go ahead still more rapidly. *The longer the best students are in business, the more rapidly their earnings rise. The longer the poorer students are in business, the slower their earnings rise.* Mr. Gifford concludes that a man from the first tenth of his college class has about four times the chance of reaching the highest salary group that a man has who was in the lowest third of his class.

There are, to be sure, exceptions to the rule. A boy who has sauntered along the primrose paths of college life contrives to graduate. Suddenly he faces death, or loses his property, or falls in love, or goes to war, and forthwith he

is as a man born again Yes, there are exceptions As an undergraduate, you have as much right as any man to count on being an exception, and if you are lazy it is the most comforting thought you can cherish The law of chance is overwhelmingly against you, but for the moment nobody can prove that you are wrong

If all these statistics prove anything, they prove that there is a long chain of causal connections, binding together the achievements of a man's life and explaining the success of a given moment Luck is about as likely to strike a man as lightning, and about as likely to do him good In a saloon at a prairie station in Montana is the sign, "Luck beats science every time" That is the motto of the gambler—in the saloon and in the classroom But the men who have won durable distinction are proof that science—as long as there are laws of heredity and habit—is likely to have the edge on luck

The undergraduate who is eager to excel in his life work and who is brave enough to face the facts will take down that sign "Do not let your studies interfere with your college education," and replace it with this one "Do not let your college life interfere with your life's ambition" The boy without ambition will take for his motto, "Let well enough alone," oblivious to the fact that boys who are content to "let well enough alone" never do "well enough"

REBUILDING THE HOUSE OF COMMONS¹

A SPEECH TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

OCTOBER 28, 1943



Winston S Churchill

I BEG TO MOVE,

'That a Select Committee be appointed to consider and report upon plans for the rebuilding of the House of Commons, and upon such alterations as may be considered desirable while preserving all its essential features'

On the night of 10th May, 1941, with one of the last bombs of the last serious raid, our House of Commons was destroyed by the violence of the enemy, and we have now to consider whether we should build it up again, and how, and when We shape our buildings, and afterwards our buildings shape us Having dwelt and served for more than forty years in the late Chamber, and having derived very great pleasure and advantage therefrom, I,

¹ Reprinted from *Onward to Victory*, by permission of Cassell & Company Ltd publishers

naturally, should like to see it restored in all essentials to its old form, convenience, and dignity. I believe that will be the opinion of the great majority of its Members. It is certainly the opinion of His Majesty's Government, and we propose to support this Resolution to the best of our ability.

There are two main characteristics of the House of Commons which will command the approval and the support of reflective and experienced Members. They will, I have no doubt, sound odd to foreign ears. The first is that its shape should be oblong and not semi-circular. Here is a very potent factor in our political life. The semi-circular assembly, which appeals to political theorists, enables every individual or every group to move round the centre, adopting various shades of pink according as the weather changes. I am a convinced supporter of the party system in preference to the group system. I have seen many earnest and ardent Parliaments destroyed by the group system. The party system is much favoured by the oblong form of Chamber. It is easy for an individual to move through those insensible gradations from Left to Right, but the act of crossing the Floor is one which requires serious consideration. I am well informed on this matter, for I have accomplished that difficult process, not only once but twice. Logic is a poor guide compared with custom. Logic, which has created in so many countries semi-circular assemblies with buildings that give to every Member, not only a seat to sit in, but often a desk to write at, with a lid to bang, has proved fatal to Parliamentary Government as we know it here in its home and in the land of its birth.

The second characteristic of a Chamber formed on the lines of the House of Commons is that it should not be big enough to contain all its Members at once without overcrowding, and that there should be no question of every Member having a separate seat reserved for him. The reason for this has long been a puzzle to uninstructed outsiders, and has frequently excited the curiosity and even the criticism of new Members. Yet it is not so difficult to understand if you look at it from a practical point of view. If the House is big enough to contain all its Members, nine tenths of its Debates will be conducted in the depressing atmosphere of an almost empty or half-empty Chamber. The essence of good House of Commons speaking is the conversational style, the facility for quick, informal interruptions and interchanges. Harangues from a rostrum would be a bad substitute for the conversational style in which so much of our business is done. But the conversational style requires a fairly small space, and there should be on great occasions a sense of crowd and urgency. There should be a sense of the importance of much that is said, and a sense that great matters are being decided, there and then, by the House.

We attach immense importance to the survival of Parliamentary democracy. In this country this is one of our war aims. We wish to see our Parliament a strong, easy, flexible instrument of free Debate. For this purpose a small Chamber and a sense of intimacy are indispensable. It is notable that

the Parliaments of the British Commonwealth have to a very large extent reproduced our Parliamentary institutions in their form as well as in their spirit, even to the Chair in which the Speakers of the different Assemblies sit. We do not seek to impose our ideas on others, we make no invidious criticisms of other nations. All the same we hold none the less tenaciously to them ourselves. The vitality and the authority of the House of Commons, and its hold upon an electorate based upon universal suffrage, depend to no small extent upon its episodes and great moments, even upon its scenes and rows, which, as everyone will agree, are better conducted at close quarters. Destroy that hold which Parliament has upon the public mind and has preserved through all these changing, turbulent times, and the living organism of the House of Commons would be greatly impaired. You may have a machine, but the House of Commons is much more than a machine, it has earned and captured and held through long generations the imagination and respect of the British nation. It is not free from shortcomings, they mark all human institutions. Nevertheless, I submit to what is probably not an unfriendly audience on that subject that our House has proved itself capable of adapting itself to every change which the swift pace of modern life has brought upon us. It has a collective personality which enjoys the regard of the public, and which imposes itself upon the conduct not only of individual Members but of parties. It has a code of its own which everyone knows, and it has means of its own of enforcing those manners and habits which have grown up and have been found to be an essential part of our Parliamentary life.

The House of Commons has lifted our affairs above the mechanical sphere into the human sphere. It thrives on criticism, it is perfectly impervious to newspaper abuse or taunts from any quarter, and it is capable of digesting almost anything or almost any body of gentlemen, whatever be the views with which they arrive. There is no situation to which it cannot address itself with vigour and ingenuity. It is the citadel of British liberty, it is the foundation of our laws, its traditions and its privileges are as lively to day as when it broke the arbitrary power of the Crown and substituted that Constitutional Monarchy under which we have enjoyed so many blessings. In this war the House of Commons has proved itself to be a rock upon which an Administration, without losing the confidence of the House, has been able to confront the most terrible emergencies. The House has shown itself able to face the possibility of national destruction with classical composure. It can change Governments, and has changed them by heat of passion. It can sustain Governments in long, adverse, disappointing struggles through many dark, grey months and even years until the sun comes out again. I do not know how else this country can be governed than by the House of Commons playing its part in all its broad freedom in British public life. We have learned—with these so recently confirmed facts around us and before us—not to alter improvidently the physical structures which have enabled so remarkable an

organism to carry on its work of banning dictatorships within this Island, and pursuing and beating into ruins all dictators who have molested us from outside

His Majesty's Government are most anxious, and are indeed resolved, to ask the House to adhere firmly in principle to the structure and characteristics of the House of Commons we have known, and I do not doubt that that is the wish of the great majority of the Members in this the second longest Parliament of our history. If challenged, we must take issue upon that by the customary Parliamentary method of debate followed by a Division. The question of Divisions again relates very directly to the structure of the House of Commons. We must look forward to periods when Divisions will be much more frequent than they are now. Many of us have seen twenty or thirty in a single Parliamentary Sitting, and in the lobbies of the Chamber which Hitler shattered we had facilities and conveniences far exceeding those which we are able to enjoy in this lordly abode. I am, therefore, proposing in the name of His Majesty's Government that we decide to rebuild the House of Commons on its old foundations, which are intact, and in principle within its old dimensions, and that we utilise so far as possible its shattered walls. That is also the most cheap and expeditious method we could pursue to provide ourselves with a habitation.

The House owes it to itself, it owes it to the nation, to make sure that there is no gap, no awkward, injurious hiatus in the continuity of our Parliamentary life. I am to day only expressing the views of the Government, but if the House sets up the Committee and in a few months' time the Committee gives us their Report, we shall be able to take decisions together on the whole matter, and not be caught at the disadvantage in what must inevitably be a time of particular stress and crisis at the end of the war, from a Parliamentary point of view. Therefore, I ask that the Committee should be set up, and I feel sure that it will be able to make a good plan of action, leaving the necessary latitude to the Government as to the time when this action can be taken and the speed at which it can be carried into effect, having regard to the prime exigencies of the war. We owe a great debt to the House of Lords for having placed at our disposal this spacious, splendid hall. We have already expressed in formal Resolution our thanks to them. We do not wish to outstay our welcome. We have been greatly inconvenienced by our sojourn on these red benches and under this gilded, ornamented, statue-bedecked roof. I express my gratitude, and my appreciation of what we have received and enjoyed, but

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home

NOBEL PRIZE AWARD SPEECH¹

1949

*William Faulkner*

I FEEL THAT this award was not made to me as a man but to my work—a life's work in the agony and sweat of the human spirit, not for glory and least of all for profit, but to create out of the materials of the human spirit some thing which did not exist before. So this award is only mine in trust. It will not be difficult to find a dedication for the money part of it commensurate with the purpose and significance of its origin. But I would like to do the same with the acclaim too, by using this moment as a pinnacle from which I might be listened to by the young men and women already dedicated to the same anguish and travail, among whom is already that one who will some day stand here where I am standing.

Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: when will I be blown up? Because of this, the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat.

He must learn them again. He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid, and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old ventrises and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed—love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice. Until he does so he labors under a curse. He writes not of love but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope and worst of all without pity or compassion. His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the glands.

Until he relearns these things he will write as though he stood among and watched the end of man. I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure, that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking. I refuse to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inex-

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haustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's, duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past. The poet's voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props, the pillars to help him endure and prevail.

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EXPOSITION

EXPOSITION, as you doubtless know means 'explaining' Whenever you ask a stranger for directions, raise your hand in class to ask your instructor to clarify his remarks, or use your dictionary to find the definition of an unfamiliar word, you indicate your need of exposition Magazine articles, newspaper reports, text books, cookbooks, handbooks—anything that answers 'What is it? How does it work? Why is it good? What is it for?' 'What does it mean?' 'How do I make it?' 'Where did it come from?' —anything that answers these and similar questions is more than likely to be exposition Description tries to reproduce the way the world looks, sounds, smells, or seems, narration tries to answer the question, 'What happened?', argument tries to convince us of the truth of something, tries to persuade us to change our minds or to act in a certain way, exposition tries to explain or clarify

Since clear explanation is its purpose, exposition makes its primary appeal to the understanding Of course, if it is good exposition, it gives pleasure to the reader—the pleasure of understanding something that was more or less obscure before or of understanding another person's view on the matter Even when the information is false or the interpretation doubtful, the clarity, sincerity, and taste of its presentation may give pleasure Nevertheless, the main purpose of exposition remains practical to widen the reader's knowledge and understanding Narrative, description, humor may be introduced to give flavor, or to illustrate a point, but solid information or trenchant interpretation there must be Whether we have a recipe for broiling chicken, a definition of fascism, a complete report on Boulder Dam, a textbook on philosophy, no matter how charmingly written, it must be judged largely by its practical value, its fidelity to fact, and its clarity

The expositions which follow have all been chosen because they present stimulating facts and ideas and because they afford examples of clarity and system Once you have read through the first group—Simple Exposition—you may question the 'simplicity' of White's reflections at a county fair, or of De Sales' ironic observations on love in America But can you question the clarity and system of their presentation? Just so with the remaining selections in this group—they all illustrate time honored expository patterns: definition, classification and division, illustration, comparison and contrast, causal and functional analysis Thus, the first few selections clearly exemplify the pattern of definition McGinley and White have developed their subjects by division, Barnett and T. H. Huxley by illustration, De Sales and the anonymous author of 'Auvergne and New England' by comparison and contrast, Adams and St. John by causal analysis, Belloc, Morphy, and Langewiesche by functional analysis—how it operates, how to do it One can see from these few examples how difficult it is to classify expository patterns Wilson defines, but he also illustrates T. H. Huxley illustrates, but he also analyzes Some of these selections refuse to fit easily into even the most loosely defined patterns Study all these selections, however—some rich in literary flavor, some frankly no more than utilitarian—and you will find expository patterns that are common to

all good explanatory writing. Familiarize yourself with the simpler patterns, and you will discover them used over and over again in complex combinations in the longer selections that appear later.

There are three things you may do, therefore, with these selections: read them for the pleasure which any intelligent creature takes in absorbing fresh information and significant ideas; examine them to see whether the information and the ideas are sound and applicable to your own intellectual and practical life; study the literary expression as a model for your own writing. Here is the most practical type of literature, for it should have appreciable consequences in your own action and it is the simplest instrument for influencing the actions of others.

SIMPLE EXPOSITION

WHAT IS LIBERTY? ¹



Woodrow Wilson

I HAVE LONG HAD an image in my mind of what constitutes liberty. Suppose that I were building a great piece of powerful machinery, and suppose that I should so awkwardly and unskillfully assemble the parts of it that every time one part tried to move it would be interfered with by the others, and the whole thing would buckle up and be checked. Liberty for the several parts would consist in the best possible assembling and adjustment of them all, would it not? If you want the great piston of the engine to run with absolute freedom, give it absolutely perfect alignment and adjustment with the other parts of the engine, so that it is free, not because it is let alone or isolated, but because it has been associated most skillfully and carefully with the other parts of the great structure.

What is liberty? You say of the locomotive that it runs free. What do you mean? You mean that its parts are so assembled and adjusted that friction is reduced to a minimum, and that it has perfect adjustment. We say of a boat skimming the water with light foot, "How free she runs," when we mean, how perfectly she is adjusted to the force of the wind, how perfectly she obeys the great breath out of the heavens that fills her sails. Throw her head up into the wind and see how she will halt and stagger, how every sheet will shiver and her whole frame be shaken, how instantly she is "in irons," in the expressive phrase of the sea. She is free only when you have let her fall off again and have recovered once more her nice adjustment to the forces she must obey and cannot defy.

Human freedom consists in perfect adjustments of human interests and human activities and human energies.

¹ Reprinted from *The New Freedom* by Woodrow Wilson. Copyright 1913 by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

CRITICISM¹



Archibald MacLeish

CRITICISM in a free man's country is made on certain assumptions, one of which is the assumption that the government belongs to the people and is at all times subject to the people's correction and criticism—corrections and criticism such as a man gives, and should give, those who represent him and undertake to act on his behalf. Criticism of the government made upon that basis is proper criticism, no matter how abusive. But abuse of a representative government made, not upon that assumption, but upon the assumption that the government is one thing and the people another—that the President is one thing and the people who elected the President another—that the Congress is one thing and the people who elected the Congress another—that the executive departments are one thing and the people whom the departments serve another—abuse of a representative government made with the implication that the government is something outside the people, or opposed to the people, something the people should fear and hate—abuse of that kind is not "criticism" and no amount of editorial self justification can make it sound as though it were.

WHAT ARE THE MAMMALS?²



Ivan T Sanderson

ALL *Mammals* are animals—for they are manifestly neither vegetables nor minerals—but all *Animals* are not mammals. How then may we define mammals? A scientist would define mammals as those backboned animals with warm blood, that bear live young which they suckle with milk developed in their own bodies, and have hairs. However, to answer this question it is better to state what they are not and simply to say that they are those animals with backbones made up of little separate bones, or vertebrae, which are neither birds, reptiles, amphibians, nor fishes. This is easy enough to say but it is not a fact that is easy to demonstrate, even with the animal before you. The status of whales, bats, men, and the manatee has always puzzled people, so let

¹ Reprinted from Archibald MacLeish *A Time to Act* (1943) by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company publishers

² Reprinted from Ivan T Sanderson *How to Know the American Mammals* (1951) by

us give some more positive definitions Mammals alone among animals suckle their young with milk produced in the mother's body, although some lay eggs—the Platypus and the Echidna Mammals have warm blood, though some of them look like fish—the Whales Mammals alone grow real hair, although some birds have whiskers and an African frog has a fringe of hair-like skin along its flanks Even whales have hairs, the porpoise has a moustache composed of just two Mammals are the most varied group of the back-boned animals and they range in size from the Pygmy Shrew of Europe, weighing less than a dime, to the greatest creature that has, as far as we know, ever lived on this planet, the Blue Whale which may weigh up to 125 tons or the equivalent of a hundred million Pygmy Shrews

GENTLEMAN ¹



James B Greenough and George L Kittredge

THE ADJECTIVE *gentle* (whence gentleman) is from the Latin *gens*, and means properly "belonging to one of the great families or *gentes* of Rome" It implied, therefore, in its first use in English, high station and what we may call 'gentle breeding,' and came, in England, to be applied to a definite rank in society, corresponding to that of the "lower" or untitled nobility of the continent ("ye *gentles* all") The adjective *gentle*, however, had acquired a secondary meaning in French before it was taken into our language It had been applied, by association of ideas, to the characteristics supposed to accompany high birth (exactly as in the case of *noble*, *generous*, *courteous* and the like), and this sense, still further limited, has prevailed in English *Gentleman*, however, has not gone quite so far In England it has retained its literal meaning of "a man of good family" Still, even there, the extension of the word has been so great that the phrase "gentleman by birth" has often been employed to prevent ambiguity Indeed, the moral or ethical sense of *gentleman* was insisted on long ago by Chaucer, who defined the true gentle man as one who always tries to "do the gentil dedes that he can" Pope's famous line "Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow," points the same distinction between *fellow* and *man* which many now make between *man* and *gentleman*, and Pope's verse correctly represents the usage in this country fifty years ago

Courtesy, however, has affected *gentleman* exactly as it has affected *lady* and many other terms of respect It has become, in vulgar use, a mere synonym for man, without regard for birth or breeding A young woman once spoke of

¹ Reprinted from James B Greenough and George L Kittredge *Words and Their Ways in English Speech* Copyright 1901 1928 by The Macmillan Company and used with the permission of The Macmillan Company

a room in an art museum as "the room where all those gentlemen are," referring to the casts of antique statuary. The incident is significant enough. It illustrates the tendency to call all men (even in plaster) "gentlemen." But it does more. It shows how free such language is from self assertion. The same lesson may be learned from the respectful formula "gentlemen," which is freely employed in addressing one's audience, even by speakers who would never be guilty of the vulgarity of making *gentleman* a mere synonym for "male human being." Courtesy, not democratic push, is the explanation of the kind of magniloquence which we have been studying. There is nothing "new" or essentially vulgar in the process demonstrated by the facts we have presented. The history of the commonest forms of address in our family of languages is precisely parallel to the latest and most amusing extension of *lady* and *gentleman*.

WHAT DO BANKS DO? ¹



Anonymous

A PRECOCIOUS CHILD whose eyes somehow had strayed to the financial pages was overheard to inquire, the other day, "What do banks do besides merge?" After the adults had their chuckles the inquisitive one was told that banks were good places to keep money, and was urged to go forth to enjoy the sunshine and fresh air. But it was a question that most of those adults whose dealings with banks are limited to depositing and almost immediately with drawing money by check would be hard pressed to answer in detail. Banks, these days, do an extraordinarily large number of things for their customers, many offer services which a sizable proportion of their customers never use because they just do not know about them.

A representative, large bank of course offers its customers the convenience of checking accounts, and accepts savings accounts (about the desirability of the latter too much cannot be said). It also provides facilities for banking by mail, so that customers at a distance from its offices (and in many places branch offices have sprung up like plantains in July, keeping pace with suburbia's growth) may in effect let the mailman go to the bank for them. It provides—in return for an annual fee—a place where valuable papers and other irreplaceable personal property in small sizes may be safely stored. Safe-deposit boxes indisputably are superior to desk pigeonholes and sugar bowls.

Most banks have facilities for transferring funds rapidly by wire to principal cities in the United States and by draft or cable to any place abroad. They may issue travelers' checks and letters of credit. The latter for some reason are

usually associated with foreign travel, but they are equally useful to travelers in this country who are in need of large funds. Many customers of good sized banks are not aware that they may have access to a travel department which will plan and make reservations for travel anywhere. Banks may issue and redeem certain Government bonds and provide a place for buying and selling securities.

Banks also lend money to individuals for almost any worthy purpose—to pay bills, to paint, repair and modernize homes, to buy cars or household appliances. They also have special lending programs for large and small businesses—short term credits for financing seasonal requirements and longer term loans for all sorts of purposes. Banks with trust departments provide services in the realm of estate planning, executorship and administration, trusteeship, guardianship and custodianship—all somewhat different and subdivided into categories which, to the layman, may seem to be unduly complex but which really are not. They just sound complex—a throwback perhaps to the days when banks and bankers generally were much more aloof and austere than they are today.

Banks provide special checking services for businesses, prepare and pack age payrolls, make available night depositories for businesses finding it expedient to deposit funds at off hours. They are a source of credit information on thousands of business concerns. They collect payments due at faraway points through their correspondent banks. They distribute dividends, manage investments, act as corporate trustees, serve as withholding agents for taxes, administer insurance plans, act as trustees for pension or profit sharing plans.

That by no means exhausts the everyday functions of a large bank. But it is a beginning. The customer may well wonder how, with all these—and more—activities going on, his bank will manage to catch his three dollar overdraft in such short order. But it will—every time.

ALBATROSSES ¹



William Beebe

THE FIRST TIME I ever saw an albatross was at dawn far out in the Indian Ocean. It was that hour at sea when perspective does not exist, and, like the houses of a tropical coastal city, everything appears flat and on one plane. I was observing a small flock of petrels from the rail of my vessel when a lighter colored bird appeared above them, apparently of the same size. As I watched, it grew larger and larger, until, to my amazement, it joined the petrels, and in the same instant they were dwarfed to insect size while this white bird

¹ Reprinted from *The Arcturus Adventure* by William Beebe by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons. Copyright 1926 by William Beebe.

assumed relatively gigantic proportions, and I knew that I was seeing the effortless flight of an albatross

For years thereafter my eyes were always on the lookout for these birds in southern seas and in the north Pacific one may hope to find them, but not on our own boreal Atlantic. A great many years ago, however, long before man began to have sufficient perspective of his ancestry to worry about it, albatrosses were calmly winging their way over our northern seas, and we find their fossil bones both in England and America. A vast amount has been written about their flight but today we watch them with quite as much ignorance of how they contrive it as when the first mariner saw and marvelled. So close to the water they skim, so automatically they rise and fall, outlining the unpredictable movements of waves, that they seem to possess all the secrets of white shadows. When we watch closely and less emotionally we begin to see the part which wind plays in the support of this relatively heavy mass of flesh and feathers, throughout the tens of thousands of its miles of progress. The albatross is never so supreme and relaxed and effortless as when it is coasting upwind, but a breeze on the quarter is less sustaining, and when flying with the wind frequent circles and intersecting spirals are necessary to attain and sustain sufficient impetus and altitude. This is the fame of the bird, and throughout history and literature almost every mention of it has been synonymous with supremacy in flight.

Once seen and recognized, an albatross can never again be mistaken for any other bird, its great size, the unusual length and ribbon like narrowness of its wings, the large, yellow, hooked beak—all these mark it even at a distance. The ease and lack of effort of its flight are deceiving, and only when it circles and encircles a fast moving steamer do we realize the terrific speed of which it is capable.

Albatrosses are usually classified as a family in the order of birds known as Procellariiformes, or oceanic swimming birds with the nostrils arranged in two long tubes lying along the beak. Their nearest relatives are the hosts of little black and white petrels or Mother Carey's chickens which abound on every ocean and are familiar in storm and calm. In fact it would not be far from the truth were we to call petrels dwarf albatrosses, or the latter giant petrels. Diversity in size is probably as great in this group of birds as in any corresponding assemblage of animals on the earth. Within sight of one another I have collected an albatross and a petrel, the former weighing one hundred and fifty times as much as the latter, while the albatross had a spread of wing seven times as great as that of its tiny relative. There has been much written of truth and of exaggeration in regard to the wing spread of albatrosses. I am inclined to agree with the words of Dr. Lucas, who writes of the wandering albatross "it is also the largest species, having a stretch of wings of about twelve feet—an assigned dimension of seventeen and a half feet being either a great exaggeration or highly exceptional." In the Eocene, however, there lived an albatross like bird, which, judged by the size of its fossil bones, must have had a spread of wing of at least twenty two feet.

In birds so evidently related as petrels and albatrosses but differing so greatly in actual size we have most interesting evidence of possibilities of flight character. It would seem impossible for any small bird to soar for any length of time or to go for any distance without actually flapping. I can recall no bird of small size which has this ability, while such past masters of non flapping flight as vultures, pelicans, screamers and albatrosses are all large and heavy of body. I have made over three hundred flights in airplanes myself, in peace and war, close to the ground and once up to an altitude of twenty two thousand feet, yet the way of an eagle in the air is still, to me, inimitable, and always will be unless we can duplicate its great air chambers, the lightness and strength of its hollow bones, and the friction evading plumage.

SPRUCE MANOR ¹



Phyllis McGinley

TWENTY MILES EAST of New York City as the New Haven Railroad flies sits a village called Spruce Manor. The Boston Post Road, there, for the length of two blocks, becomes Main Street, and on one side of that thundering thoroughfare are the grocery stores and the drug stores and the Village Spa where teen agers gather of an afternoon to drink their cokes and speak their curious confidences. There one finds the shoe repairers and the dry cleaners and the second hand stores which sell "antiques" and the stationery stores which dispense comic books to ten year olds and greeting cards and lending library masterpieces to their mothers. On the opposite side stand the bank, the fire house, the public library. The rest of this town of perhaps four or five thousand people lies to the south and is bounded largely by Long Island Sound, curving protectively on three borders. The movie theatre (dedicated to the showing of second run, single feature pictures) and the grade schools lie north, beyond the Post Road, and that is a source of worry to Spruce Manontes. They are always a little uneasy about the children, crossing, perhaps, before the lights are safely green. However, two excellent policemen—Mr. Crowley and Mr. Land—station themselves at the intersections four times a day, and so far there have been no accidents.

Spruce Manor in the spring and summer and fall is a pretty town, full of gardens and old elms. (There are few spruces, but the village council is considering planting a few on the station plaza, out of sheer patriotism.) In the winter, the houses reveal themselves as comfortable, well kept, architecturally insignificant. Then one can see the town for what it is and has been.

¹ From *Suburbia of Thee I Sing*. Copyright © 1949 by Harper & Brothers. Reprinted by permission of the Author.

since it left off being farm and woodland some sixty years ago—the epitome of Suburbia, not the country and certainly not the city. It is a commuter's town, the living center of a web which unrolls each morning as the men swing aboard the locals, and contracts again in the evening when they return. By day, with even the children pent in schools, it is a village of women. They trundle mobile baskets at the A&P, they sit under driers at the hairdressers, they sweep their porches and set out bulbs and stitch up slip covers. Only on weekends does it become heterogeneous and lively, the parking places difficult to find.

Spruce Manor has no country club of its own, though devoted golfers have their choice of two or three not far away. It does have a small yacht club and a beach which can be used by anyone who rents or owns a house here. The village supports a little park with playground equipment and a counselor, where children, unattended by parents, can spend summer days if they have no more pressing engagements.

It is a town not wholly without traditions. Residents will point out the two hundred year old manor house, now a minor museum, and in the autumn they line the streets on a scheduled evening to watch the Volunteer Fireman parade. That is a fine occasion, with so many heads of households marching in their red blouses and white gloves, some with flaming helmets, some swinging lanterns, most of them genially out of step. There is a bigger parade on Memorial Day with more marchers than watchers and with the Catholic priest, the rabbi, and the Protestant ministers each delivering a short prayer when the paraders gather near the War Memorial. On the whole, however, outside of contributing generously to the Community Chest, Manorites are not addicted to municipal get-togethers.

No one is very poor here and not many families rich enough to be awesome. In fact, there is not much to distinguish Spruce Manor from any other of a thousand suburbs outside of New York City or San Francisco or Detroit or Chicago or even Stockholm, for that matter.

SECURITY ¹



E B White

IT WAS A FINE CLEAR DAY for the Fair this year, and I went up early to see how the Ferris wheel was doing and to take a ride. It pays to check up on Ferris wheels these days by noting the volume of business one can get some idea which side is ahead in the world—whether the airborne freemen outnumber

¹ From *One Man's Meat*. Copyright 1938 by E. B. White. Reprinted by permission of the author and Harper & Brothers publishers.

the earthbound slaves It was encouraging to discover that there were still quite a few people at the Fair who preferred a feeling of high, breezy insecurity to one of solid support My friend Healy surprised me by declining to go aloft, he is an unusually cautious man, however—even his hat was insured

I like to watch the faces of people who are trying to get up their nerve to take to the air You see them at the ticket booths in amusement parks, in the waiting room at the airport Within them two irreconcilables are at war—the desire for safety, the yearning for a dizzy release My *Britannica* tells nothing about Mr G W G Ferris, but he belongs with the immortals From the top of the wheel, seated beside a small boy, windswept and fancy free, I looked down on the Fair and for a moment was alive Below us the old harness drivers pushed their trotters round the dirt track, old men with their legs still sticking out stiffly round the rumps of horses And from the cluster of loud speakers atop the judges' stand came the "Indian Love Call," bathing heaven and earth in jumbo tenderness

This silvery wheel, revolving in the cause of freedom, was only just holding its own, I soon discovered, for farther along the midway, in a sideshow tent, a tattoo artist was doing a land office business, not with anchors, flags, and pretty mermaids, but with Social Security Numbers, neatly pricked on your forearm with the electric needle He had plenty of customers, mild mannered pale men, asking glumly for the sort of indelible ignominy that was once reserved for prisoners and beef cattle Drab times these, when the bravado and the exhibitionism are gone from tattooing and it becomes simply a branding operation I hope the art which produced the bird's eye view of Sydney will not be forever lost in the routine business of putting serial numbers on people who are worried about growing old

The sight would have depressed me had I not soon won a cane by knocking over three cats with three balls There is no moment when a man so surely has the world by the tail as when he strolls down the midway swinging a prize cane

RELATIVITY ¹



Lincoln Barnett

IN HIS GREAT TREATISE "On Human Understanding" philosopher John Locke wrote three hundred years ago 'A company of chessmen standing on the same squares of the chessboard where we left them, we say, are all in the same

¹ Reprinted from *The Universe and Dr Einstein* by Lincoln Barnett copyright 1948 by Harper & Brothers, copyright 1948 by Lincoln Barnett copyright 1950 by Lincoln Barnett by permission of William Sloane Associates Inc

place or unmoved though perhaps the chessboard has been in the meantime carried out of one room into another. The chessboard, we also say, is in the same place if it remain in the same part of the cabin, though perhaps the ship which it is in sails all the while, and the ship is said to be in the same place supposing it kept the same distance with the neighboring land, though perhaps the earth has turned around, and so chessman and board and ship have every one changed place in respect to remoter bodies."

Embodied in this little picture of the moving but unmoved chessmen is one principle of relativity—relativity of position. But this suggests another idea—relativity of motion. Anyone who has ever ridden on a railroad train knows how rapidly another train flashes by when it is traveling in the opposite direction, and conversely how it may look almost motionless when it is moving in the same direction. A variation of this effect can be very deceptive in an enclosed station like Grand Central Terminal in New York. Once in a while a train gets under way so gently that passengers feel no recoil whatever. Then if they happen to look out the window and see another train slide past on the next track, they have no way of knowing which train is in motion and which is at rest, nor can they tell how fast either one is moving or in what direction. The only way they can judge their situation is by looking out the other side of the car for some fixed body of reference like the station platform or a signal light. Sir Isaac Newton was aware of these tricks of motion, only he thought in terms of ships. He knew that on a calm day at sea a sailor can shave himself or drink soup as comfortably as when his ship is lying motionless in harbor. The water in his basin, the soup in his bowl, will remain unruffled whether the ship is making five knots, 15 knots, or 25 knots. So unless he peers out at the sea it will be impossible for him to know how fast his ship is moving or indeed if it is moving at all. Of course if the sea should get rough or the ship change course abruptly, then he will sense his state of motion. But granted the idealized conditions of a glass calm sea and a silent ship, nothing that happens below decks—no amount of observation or mechanical experiment performed *inside* the ship—will disclose its velocity through the sea. The physical principle suggested by these considerations was formulated by Newton in 1687. "The motions of bodies included in a given space," he wrote, "are the same among themselves, whether that space is at rest or moves uniformly forward in a straight line." This is known as the Newtonian or Galilean Relativity Principle. It can also be phrased in more general terms: mechanical laws which are valid in one place are equally valid in any other place which moves uniformly relative to the first.

Einstein incorporated this principle into his Special Theory of Relativity. But since Einstein was thinking not only of mechanical laws but of the laws governing light and other electromagnetic phenomena, he lumped them together in one fundamental postulate: all the phenomena of nature, all the laws of nature, are the same for all systems that move uniformly relative to one another.

THE METHOD OF SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION ¹



Thomas Henry Huxley

THE METHOD of scientific investigation is nothing but the expression of the necessary mode of working of the human mind. It is simply the mode at which all phenomena are reasoned about, rendered precise and exact. There is no more difference, but there is just the same kind of difference, between the mental operations of a man of science and those of an ordinary person, as there is between the operations and methods of a baker or of a butcher weighing out his goods in common scales, and the operations of a chemist in performing a difficult and complex analysis by means of his balance and finely graduated weights. It is not that the action of the scales in the one case, and the balance in the other, differ in the principles of their construction or manner of working, but the beam of one is set on an infinitely finer axis than the other, and of course turns by the addition of a much smaller weight.

You will understand this better, perhaps, if I give you some familiar example. You have all heard it repeated, I dare say, that men of science work by means of induction and deduction, and that by the help of these operations, they, in a sort of sense, wring from Nature certain other things, which are called natural laws, and causes, and that out of these, by some cunning skill of their own, they build up hypotheses and theories. And it is imagined by many, that the operations of the common mind can be by no means compared with these processes, and that they have to be acquired by a sort of special apprenticeship to the craft. To hear all these large words, you would think that the mind of a man of science must be constituted differently from that of his fellow men, but if you will not be frightened by terms, you will discover that you are quite wrong, and that all these terrible apparatus are being used by yourselves every day and every hour of your lives.

There is a well known incident in one of Moliere's plays, where the author makes the hero express unbounded delight on being told that he had been talking prose during the whole of his life. In the same way, I trust, that you will take comfort, and be delighted with yourselves, on the discovery that you have been acting on the principles of inductive and deductive philosophy during the same period. Probably there is not one here who has not in the course of the day had occasion to set in motion a complex train of reasoning, of the very same kind, though differing of course in degree, as that which a

¹ From *Collected Essays* (1893-1894)

scientific man goes through in tracing the causes of natural phenomena

A very trivial circumstance will serve to exemplify this. Suppose you go into a fruiterer's shop, wanting an apple,—you take up one, and on biting it, you find it is sour, you look at it, and see that it is hard and green. You take up another one, and that too is hard, green and sour. The shopman offers you a third, but, before biting it, you examine it, and find that it is hard and green, and you immediately say that you will not have it, as it must be sour, like those that you have already tried.

Nothing can be more simple than that, you think, but if you will take the trouble to analyse and trace out into its logical elements what has been done by the mind, you will be greatly surprised. In the first place you have performed the operation of induction. You found that, in two experiences, hardness and greenness in apples went together with sourness. It was so in the first case, and it was confirmed by the second. True, it is a very small basis, but still it is enough to make an induction from, you generalise the facts, and you expect to find sourness in apples where you get hardness and greenness. You found upon that a general law that all hard and green apples are sour, and that, so far as it goes, is a perfect induction. Well, having got your natural law in this way, when you are offered another apple which you find is hard and green, you say, "All hard and green apples are sour, this apple is hard and green, therefore this apple is sour." That train of reasoning is what logicians call a syllogism, and has all its various parts and terms,—its major premise, its minor premise and its conclusion. And, by the help of further reasoning, which, if drawn out, would have to be exhibited in two or three other syllogisms, you arrive at your final determination, "I will not have that apple." So that, you see, you have, in the first place, established a law by induction, and upon that you have founded a deduction, and reasoned out the special particular case. Well now, suppose, having got your conclusion of the law, that at some time afterwards, you are discussing the qualities of apples with a friend. You will say to him, "It is a very curious thing,—but I find that all hard and green apples are sour!" Your friend says to you, "But how do you know that?" You at once reply, "Oh, because I have tried them over and over again, and have always found them to be so." Well, if we were talking science instead of common sense, we should call that an experimental verification. And, if still opposed, you go further, and say, "I have heard from the people in Somersetshire and Devonshire, where a large number of apples are grown, that they have observed the same thing. It is also found to be the case in Normandy, and in North America. In short, I find it to be the universal experience of mankind wherever attention has been directed to the subject." Whereupon your friend, unless he is a very unreasonable man, agrees with you, and is convinced that you are quite right in the conclusion you have drawn. He believes, although perhaps he does not know he believes it, that the more extensive verifications are,—that the more frequently experiments have been made, and results of the same kind arrived at,—that the more

varied the conditions under which the same results are attained, the more certain is the ultimate conclusion, and he disputes the question no further. He sees that the experiment has been tried under all sorts of conditions, as to time, place, and people, with the same result, and he says with you, therefore, that the law you have laid down must be a good one, and he must believe it.

In science we do the same thing,—the philosopher exercises precisely the same faculties, though in a much more delicate manner. In scientific inquiry, it becomes a matter of duty to expose a supposed law to every possible kind of verification, and to take care, moreover, that this is done intentionally, and not left to a mere accident, as in the case of the apples. And in science, as in common life, our confidence in a law is in exact proportion to the absence of variation in the result of our experimental verifications. For instance, if you let go your grasp of an article you may have in your hand, it will immediately fall to the ground. That is a very common verification of one of the best established laws of nature—that of gravitation. The method by which men of science establish the existence of that law is exactly the same as that by which we have established the trivial proposition about the sourness of hard and green apples. But we believe it in such an extensive, thorough and unhesitating manner because the universal experience of mankind verifies it, and we can verify it ourselves at any time, and that is the strongest possible foundation on which any natural law can rest.

ON BEING THE RIGHT SIZE ¹



J B S Haldane

THE MOST OBVIOUS DIFFERENCES between different animals are differences of size, but for some reason the zoologists have paid singularly little attention to them. In a large textbook of zoology before me I find no indication that the eagle is larger than the sparrow, or the hippopotamus bigger than the hare, though some grudging admissions are made in the case of the mouse and the whale. But yet it is easy to show that a hare could not be as large as a hippopotamus, or a whale as small as a herring. For every type of animal there is a most convenient size, and a large change in size inevitably carries with it a change of form.

Let us take the most obvious of possible cases, and consider a giant man sixty feet high—about the height of Giant Pope and Giant Pagan in the illustrated *Pilgrim's Progress* of my childhood. These monsters were not

¹From J B S Haldane *Possible Worlds*. Copyright, 1928 by Harper & Brothers. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

only ten times as high as Christian, but ten times as wide and ten times as thick, so that their total weight was a thousand times his, or about eighty to ninety tons. Unfortunately, the cross sections of their bones were only a hundred times those of Christian, so that every square inch of giant bone had to support ten times the weight borne by a square inch of human bone. As the human thighbone breaks under about ten times the human weight, Pope and Pagan would have broken their thighs every time they took a step. This was doubtless why they were sitting down in the picture I remember. But it lessens one's respect for Christian and for Jack the Giant Killer.

To turn to Zoology, suppose that a gazelle, a graceful little creature with long thin legs, is to become large—it will break its bones unless it does one of two things. It may make its legs short and thick, like a rhinoceros, so that every pound of weight has still about the same area of bone to support it. Or it can compress its body and stretch out its legs obliquely to gain stability like the giraffe. I mention these two beasts because they happen to belong to the same order as the gazelle, and both are quite successful mechanically, being remarkably fast runners.

Gravity, a mere nuisance to Christian, was a terror to Pope, Pagan, and Despair. To the mouse and any smaller animal it presents practically no dangers. You can drop a mouse down a thousand-yard mine shaft and, on arriving at the bottom, it gets a slight shock and walks away. A rat is killed, a man is broken, a horse splashes. For the resistance presented to movement by the air is proportional to the surface of the moving object. Divide an animal's length, breadth, and height each by ten, its weight is reduced to a thousandth, but its surface only to a hundredth. So the resistance to falling in the case of the small animal is relatively ten times the driving force.

An insect, therefore, is not afraid of gravity, it can fall without danger, and can cling to the ceiling with remarkably little trouble. It can go in for elegant fantastic forms of support like that of the daddy long legs. But there is a force which is as formidable to an insect as gravitation to a mammal. This is surface tension. A man coming out of a bath carries with him a film of water of about one fiftieth of an inch in thickness. This weighs about a pound. A wet mouse has to carry about its own weight of water. A wet fly has to lift many times its own weight and, as everyone knows, a fly once wetted by water or any other liquid is in a very serious position indeed. An insect going for a drink is in as great danger as a man leaning out over a precipice in search of food. If it once falls into the grip of the surface tension of the water—that is to say, gets wet—it is likely to remain so until it drowns. A few insects, such as water beetles, contrive to be unwettable, the majority keep well away from their drink by means of a long proboscis.

Of course tall land animals have other difficulties. They have to pump their blood to greater heights than a man and, therefore, require a larger blood pressure and tougher blood vessels. A great many men die from burst arteries,

especially in the brain, and this danger is presumably still greater for an elephant or a giraffe. But animals of all kinds find difficulties in size for the following reason. A typical small animal, say a microscopic worm or rotifer, has a smooth skin through which all the oxygen it requires can soak in, a straight gut with sufficient surface to absorb its food, and a simple kidney. Increase its dimensions tenfold in every direction, and its weight is increased a thousand times so that, if it is to use its muscles as efficiently as its miniature counterpart, it will need a thousand times as much food and oxygen per day and will excrete a thousand times as much of waste products.

Now, if its shape is unaltered its surface will be increased only a hundred fold, and ten times as much oxygen must enter per minute through each square millimeter of skin, ten times as much food through each square millimeter of intestine. When a limit is reached to their absorptive powers their surface has to be increased by some special device. For example, a part of the skin may be drawn out into tufts to make gills, or pushed in to make lungs, thus increasing the oxygen absorbing surface in proportion to the animal's bulk. A man, for example, has a hundred square yards of lung. Similarly the gut, instead of being smooth and straight, becomes coiled and develops a velvety surface, and other organs increase in complication. The higher animals are not larger than the lower because they are more complicated. They are more complicated because they are larger. Just the same is true of plants. The simplest plants such as the green algae growing in stagnant water or on the bark of trees are mere round cells. The higher plants increase their surface by putting out leaves and roots. Comparative anatomy is largely the story of the struggle to increase surface in proportion to volume.

Some of the methods of increasing the surface are useful up to a point but not capable of a very wide adaptation. For example, while vertebrates carry the oxygen from the gills or lungs all over the body in the blood, insects take air directly to every part of their body by tiny blind tubes called tracheae which open to the surface at many different points. Now, although by their breathing movements they can renew the air in the outer part of the tracheal system, the oxygen has to penetrate the finer branches by means of diffusion. Gases can diffuse easily through very small distances, not many times larger than the average length traveled by a gas molecule between collisions with other molecules. But when such vast journeys—from the point of view of a molecule—as a quarter of an inch have to be made, the process becomes slow. So the portions of an insect's body more than a quarter of an inch from the air would always be short of oxygen. In consequence hardly any insects are much more than half an inch thick. Land crabs are built on the same general plan as insects, but are much clumsier. Yet, like ourselves, they carry round oxygen in their blood, and are therefore able to grow far larger than any insect. If the insects had hit on a plan for driving air through their tissues instead of letting it soak in, they might well have become as large as lobsters, though

other considerations would have prevented them from becoming as large as man

Exactly the same difficulties attach to flying. It is an elementary principle of aeronautics that the minimum speed needed to keep an airplane of given shape in the air varies as the square root of its length. If it is four times as big each way it must fly twice as fast. Now the power needed for the minimum speed increases more rapidly than the weight of the machine. Of the two airplanes considered above, the larger weighs sixty-four times as much as the smaller but needs one hundred and twenty-eight times its horsepower to keep up. Applying the same principles to the birds, we find that the limit to their size is soon reached. An angel whose muscles developed no more power weight for weight than those of an eagle or pigeon would require a breast projecting for about four feet to house the muscles engaged in working its wings, while to economize in weight, its legs would have to be reduced to mere stilts. Actually a large bird such as an eagle or kite does not keep in the air mainly by moving its wings. It is generally to be seen soaring, that is to say balanced on a rising column of air. But even soaring becomes more and more difficult with increasing size. Were this not the case eagles might be as large as tigers and as formidable to man as hostile airplanes.

But it is time that we passed to some of the advantages of size. One of the most obvious is that it enables one to keep warm. All warm-blooded animals at rest lose the same amount of heat from a unit area of skin, for which purpose they need a food supply proportional to their surface and not to their weight. Five thousand mice weigh as much as a man. Their surface and food, or oxygen consumption, are about seventeen times a man's. In fact a mouse eats about one-quarter of its own weight of food every day, which is mainly used in keeping it warm. For the same reason small animals cannot live in cold countries. In the arctic regions there are no reptiles or amphibians, and no small mammals. The smallest mammal in Spitzbergen is the fox. The small birds fly away in the winter, while the insects die, though their eggs can survive six months or more of frost. The most successful mammals are bears, seals, and walruses.

Similarly, the eye is a rather inefficient organ until it reaches a large size. The back of the human eye on which an image of the outside world is thrown and which corresponds to the film of a camera, is composed of a mosaic of "rods and cones" whose diameter is little more than the length of an average light wave. Each eye has about half a million, and for two objects to be distinguishable their images must fall on separate rods or cones. It is obvious that with fewer but larger rods and cones we should see less distinctly. If they were twice as broad, two points would have to be twice as far apart before we could distinguish them at a given distance. But if their size were diminished and their number increased we should see no better. For it is impossible to form a definite image smaller than a wave length of light. Hence a mouse's

eye is not a small scale model of a human eye. Its rods and cones are not much smaller than ours, and therefore there are far fewer of them. A mouse could not distinguish one human face from another six feet away. In order that they should be of any use at all, the eyes of small animals have to be much larger in proportion to their bodies than our own. Large animals on the other hand require only relatively small eyes, and those of the whale and elephant are little larger than our own.

For rather more recondite reasons the same general principle holds true of the brain. If we compare the brain weights of a set of very similar animals such as the cat, cheetah, leopard, and tiger, we find that as we quadruple the body weight the brain weight is only doubled. The larger animal with proportionately larger bones can economize on brain, eyes, and certain other organs.

Such are a very few of the considerations which show that for every type of animal there is an optimum size. Yet although Galileo demonstrated the contrary more than three hundred years ago, people still believe that if a flea were as large as a man it could jump a thousand feet into the air. As a matter of fact the height to which an animal can jump is more nearly independent of its size than proportional to it. A flea can jump about two feet, a man about seven. To jump a given height, if we neglect the resistance of the air, requires an expenditure of energy proportional to the jumper's weight. But if the jumping muscles form a constant fraction of the animal's body, the energy developed per ounce of muscle is independent of the size, provided it can be developed quickly enough in the small animal. As a matter of fact an insect's muscles, although they can contract more quickly than our own, appear to be less efficient, as otherwise a flea or grasshopper could rise six feet into the air.

And just as there is a best size for every animal, so the same is true for every human institution. In the Greek type of democracy all the citizens could listen to a series of orators and vote directly on questions of legislation. Hence their philosophers held that a small city was the largest possible democratic state. The English invention of representative government made a democratic nation possible and the possibility was first realized in the United States, and later elsewhere. With the development of broadcasting it has once more become possible for every citizen to listen to the political views of representative orators, and the future may perhaps see the return of the national state to the Greek form of democracy. Even the referendum has been made possible only by the institution of daily newspapers.

To the biologists the problem of socialism appears largely as a problem of size. The socialists desire to run every nation as a single business concern. I do not suppose that Henry Ford would find much difficulty in running Andorra or Luxembourg on a socialistic basis. He has already more men on his payroll than their population. It is conceivable that a syndicate of Fords, if

we could find them, would make Belgium Ltd or Denmark Inc pay their way But while nationalization of certain industries is an obvious possibility in the largest of states, I find it no easier to picture a completely socialized British Empire or United States than an elephant turning somersaults or a hippopotamus jumping a hedge

AUVERGNE AND NEW ENGLAND ¹



Anonymous

AUVERGNE is in many ways similar to the hilly part of New England Situated as it is in the mountainous hills in the center of France, it is snowbound in the winter and a great summer resort in the hot months Its small and turbulent brooks and rivers, like those of the New England states, are much favored by the trout fisherman But the native Auvergnat, like the Yankee farmer, has no great respect for the closed season and the bag limit He is shrewd, thrifty, industrious, and close at a bargain He remembers his friends and enemies for generations When he emigrates from his hills to the cities, as he frequently does, for like the state of Maine, Auvergne boasts that its principal product is men, he is readily recognized by the characteristic twang of his speech Not only is Auvergne the New England of France, but the Auvergnat is the French Yankee

But the likeness is not complete Auvergne is part of an older country than the United States and has a different history from that of New England The farmers, instead of living each in his own frame house on his own farm, live congregated in villages of stone cottages, usually clustered about some ruined castle, tower, or fortified abbey church, which testify to the dangers that beset the community during the wars of the middle ages The hills are not given over to wood lots and pastures with here and there a cultivated field as they are in New England, but are almost all of them cultivated to the top The hills themselves have not all been scoured to smooth curves and undulations by ancient glaciers as have those of New England, but in many places rise in steep cones and pinnacles as a result of volcanic activities more recent than the age of the great glaciers The Auvergnat himself is of a different racial stock from that of the old New Englander Instead of the tall, lanky, long headed individual who posed for the portrait of Uncle Sam, he is usually short, florid, dark, and round headed He is in general the same man as his remote ancestor who followed the great Vercingetorix, chief of the Arverni, in hopeless warfare against Julius Caesar

¹ From *A Home Study Course in Elementary Composition* Columbia University Press, 1928

LOVE AND COOKERY ¹

Raoul de Roussy de Sales

THE DIFFERENCE between an American cookbook and a French one is that the former is very accurate and the second exceedingly vague. A French recipe seldom tells you how many ounces of butter to use to make *crepes Suzette*, or how many spoonfuls of oil should go into a salad dressing. French cookbooks are full of esoteric measurements such as a *punch* of pepper, a *suspicion* of garlic, or a *generous sprinkling* of brandy. There are constant references to seasoning *to taste*, as if the recipe were merely intended to give a general direction, relying on the experience and innate art of the cook to make the dish turn out right.

American recipes look like doctors' prescriptions. Perfect cooking seems to depend on perfect dosage. Some of these books give you a table of calories and vitamins—as if that had anything to do with the problem of eating well!

In the same way, there is now flourishing in America a great crop of books which offer precise recipes for the things you should do, or avoid doing, in order to achieve happiness and keep the fires of love at a constant temperature. In an issue of *Time* magazine, four such books were reviewed together. Their titles are descriptive enough of the purpose of the authors as well as the state of mind of the readers: *Love and Happiness*, *So You're Going to Get Married*, *Marriages Are Made at Home*, *Getting Along Together*.

I have not read all these books, but, according to the reviewer, they all tend to give practical answers to the same mysterious problem of living with someone of the opposite sex. They try to establish sets of little rules and little tricks which will guarantee marital bliss if carefully followed, in the same way that cookbooks guarantee that you will obtain pumpkin pie if you use the proper ingredients properly measured.

As the publisher of one of these books says on the jacket: "There is nothing in this book about the complicated psychological problems that send men and women to psychoanalysts, but there is a lot in it about the little incidents of daily married life—the things that happen in the parlor, bedroom, and bath—that handled one way enable people to live together happily forever after, and handled another way lead to Reno."

Time's review of these books is very gloomy in its conclusion. "Despite their optimistic tone," it says, "the four volumes give a troubled picture of United States domestic life—a world in which husbands are amorous when wives are not, and vice versa, where conflicts spring up over reading in bed or rumpling the evening paper—the whole grim panorama giving the impres-

¹ Copyright 1938 by The Atlantic Monthly Company Boston Massachusetts

sion that Americans are irritable, aggravated, dissatisfied people for whom marriage is an ordeal that only heroes and heroines can bear”

But I believe that the editors of *Time* would be just as dejected if they were reviewing four volumes about American cooking, and for the same reasons. You cannot possibly feel cheerful when you see the art of love or the art of eating thus reduced to such automatic formulas, even if the experts in these matters are themselves cheerful and optimistic. Good food, the pleasures of love, and those of marriage depend on imponderables, individual taste, and no small amount of luck.

PRECIS OF “LOVE AND COOKERY”

Anonymous

AMERICAN COOKBOOKS give directions as exact as doctors’ prescriptions, whereas French cookbooks are quite vague, for the French believe that taste and experience largely determine the success of a recipe. Similarly, America publishes many books giving exact directions on how to be happy in love and marriage, as if all love and marital problems could be solved by rule. Such books give so many rules that a recent reviewer morosely concluded that American marriages must be ordeals that only the most heroic can survive. He would have been just as morose had he reviewed American cookbooks, for neither of these arts—of love and of cookery—can be reduced to formulas.

THE BIOLOGICAL ANALOGY ¹



Julian Huxley

WRITERS AND PHILOSOPHERS have often attempted to illuminate human affairs by means of biological analogies. Shakespeare, in *Coriolanus*, drew the analogy between the human body and the body politic in Menenius’ speech on the body and its members. Herbert Spencer’s code is shot through with the premise that human biology is but an extension of biology *sensu stricto*, and that, accordingly, biological analogies will in general have validity. Various German philosophers during the latter half of the past century justified war on the basis of the Darwinian conception of the struggle for existence, and the apostles of *laissez faire* in Britain found support for economic individualism in the same doctrine. Socialists, on the other hand, have pointed to the fact of mutual aid in nature, as set forth by Kropotkin. Analogies with the

¹ From *Man Stands Alone*. Copyright 1940, by Julian S. Huxley. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Brothers publishers.

social organization of ants and bees have been used, according to taste and prejudice, to glorify or to attack the doctrines of human collectivism. The Marxist thesis of progress being achieved through a reconciliation of opposites, only to lead to a new antithesis, which in turn paves the way for a new synthesis, is customarily documented in the works of communist philosophers by examples from biological evolution.

It is interesting to ask ourselves precisely what validity resides in this method of extending biological principles by analogy into human affairs. At the outset, it is clear that analogy, unless applied with the greatest caution, is a dangerous tool. This is clear to the modern scientist, but it has not always been so. Indeed, to put too great a burden on the back of analogy is a fundamental temptation of the human mind, and is at the base of the most unscientific practices and beliefs, including almost all magical ritual and much of supernaturalist superstition. During the last millennium, moralists, theologians and scholastic philosophers have often regarded analogy, even of the most far fetched kind, as the equivalent of proof.

Has analogy, then, no part to play in scientific thought? Far from it. Analogy is in the majority of cases the clue which guides the scientific explorer towards radically new discoveries, the light which serves as first indication of a distant region habitable by thought. The analogy with waves in water guided physics to the classical wave theory of light. But analogy may very readily mislead. The analogy of a stream of particles misled Newton as to the nature of light.

Analogy thus provides clues, but they may easily be false clues, it provides light, but the light may be a will o' the wisp. However pretty, however seductive, analogy remains analogy and never constitutes proof. It throws out suggestions, which must be tested before we can speak of demonstration.

But if non scientists often overrate the importance of analogy, scientists themselves tend to be over cautious and to underrate its potential value. Its value is especially great when the analogy is one between closely related subjects. The analogy between the evolution of different groups of animals is often surprisingly close, for the simple reason that both the material and the conditions are essentially similar throughout. None the less, unpredictable results are not infrequent. The parallelism in the social evolution of the quite unrelated ants and termites is truly astonishing, yet the termites have never produced grain stores or slave makers, while the ants have no system of second grade queens in reserve.

One further caveat before we pursue the biological analysis of man's social existence. Human societies, though indubitably organic, are unlike any animal organism in the mode of their reproduction. Strictly speaking, they do not usually reproduce at all, but merely perpetuate themselves. They exhibit no process of fertilization between living gametes, no distinction between mortal body and immortal germ plasm. They continue indefinitely by the aggregate reproduction of their component individuals. In their development change of structural and functional pattern can be dissociated from

growth in a way impossible to a developing animal, and social heredity operates via cultural transmission, not by the physical transmission of material potencies of development. On the other hand, the separation of phylogeny and ontogeny, the development of the race and the development of the individual, which is so evident in higher animals, is blurred in social development to such an extent that the two often coincide.

All analogies between the birth, development, and death of civilizations or nations and of animal organisms must be very heavily discounted because of this fundamental difference in the mode of their reproduction and inheritance.

Now, with these facts in mind, let us look at some of the biological analogies that lie near to hand. In the first place, there is the analogy between the societies of insects and those of man. This, however obvious and however often applied, must be rejected out of hand. The two rest on different bases—those of ants, bees, and termites on the fixity of instinct, those of man on the plasticity of intelligence. For this reason man cannot and will not ever develop specialized castes, with functions predetermined by heredity, nor will human society ever work with the machine-like smoothness of an ant hill or a termite colony. Furthermore, we must not expect that in man the altruistic instincts will ever become predominant. As Haldane has demonstrated, this can only occur when neuter castes of workers or soldiers exist. Altruism in man must be fostered by education and given fuller play by appropriate social machinery; it cannot be implanted once and for all by heredity.

The next analogy to be considered is that between the body of a higher animal and human society. This has taken two main forms. In the one, the analogy is drawn between the main classes of society and the main organ systems of the body, or, going a little further into detail, between the specialized functions of various agencies of social existence—trade, government, war, education and so forth—and those of particular bodily organs. In the other, which has been attempted only since the discovery of the cell and the rise of the cell theory, the cell within the body is compared to the individual within society. An extension of this second analogy bridges the gap between it and the first: instead of the individual cell, attention is concentrated on the different types of cells and the different resultant tissues of the body, and these, rather than the still more complex organs, each composed of numerous tissues, are compared with the various specialized trades and professions in human society.

In assessing the value and limitations of these analyses, we must begin by recalling the basic difference between the animal body and human society, namely, the far greater subordination of the parts to the whole in the former. This is especially important for the comparison between cells and human individuals. The difference here is the same basic one as that between the castes of a social insect society and the specialized aptitudes of human beings, but pushed to a much greater length. The cells of the body are irrevocably specialized during early development, and their divergent specialization is far

greater than that between even a queen and a soldier termite. Without embryological study, no one could guess that a nerve cell, with its long nerve fibre and its branching dendrites, a sperm, with condensed head and motile tail, and a fat cell, an inert lump crowded with globules of reserve fat stores, were all modifications of a single common type. Altruism, in the sense of sacrifice of the unit for the good of the whole, has also been carried to a much higher pitch. As with drone bees, only one out of many sperms can ever perform its fertilizing function, but the ratio is one to many tens of millions, instead of one to a few hundreds. The cells of the outer skin have no other function than to be converted into dead horny plates, constantly shed and as constantly renewed, the red blood cells lose their nuclei before being capable of exerting their oxygen carrying function, and have a life much more limited even than that of worker bees. Units may even be pooled. The giant nerve fibres of cuttlefish are the joint products of numerous united nerve-cells, our own striped muscle fibres are vast super units, comparable to a permanently united tug of war team.

In terms of biologically higher and lower, there is thus a radical difference between cells and human beings. Both are biological individuals which form part of more complex individualities. Cells are first order individuals, bodies second order ones, and human societies, like hydroid colonies or beehives, third order ones. But whereas the individuality of the body of higher animal, cuttlefish, insect, or vertebrate is far more developed than that of its constituent cells, that of a human society is far less so than that of its individual units.

This fact, while it makes the analogy between cell and human individual almost worthless, is of great value itself as a biological analogy, since it immediately exposes the fallacy of all social theories, like those of Fascism and National Socialism, which exalt the State above the individual.

THE FIFTH FREEDOM ¹



Seymour St John

MORE THAN THREE CENTURIES ago a handful of pioneers crossed the ocean to Jamestown and Plymouth in search of freedoms they were unable to find in their own countries, the freedoms we still cherish today, freedom from want, freedom from fear, freedom of speech, freedom of religion. Today the descendants of the early settlers, and those who have joined them since, are fighting to protect these freedoms at home and throughout the world.

And yet there is a fifth freedom—basic to those four—that we are in danger

¹ Reprinted from *Saturday Review Reader No 3* (1950) by permission of the *Saturday Review* publishers.

of losing *the freedom to be one's best* St Exupery describes a ragged, sensitive faced Arab child, haunting the streets of a North African town, as a lost Mozart he would never be trained or developed Was he free? 'No one grasped you by the shoulder while there was still time, and naught will awaken in you the sleeping poet or musician or astronomer that possibly inhabited you from the beginning ' The freedom to be one's best is the chance for the development of each person to his highest power

How is it that we in America have begun to lose this freedom, and how can we regain it for our nation's youth? I believe it has started slipping away from us because of three great misunderstandings

First, the misunderstanding of the meaning of democracy The principal of a great Philadelphia high school is driven to cry for help in combating the notion that it is undemocratic to run a special program of studies for outstanding boys and girls Again, when a good independent school in Memphis recently closed some thoughtful citizens urged that it be taken over by the public school system and used for boys and girls of high ability, that it have entrance requirements and give an advanced program of studies to superior students who were interested and able to take it The proposal was rejected because it was undemocratic! Out of this misunderstanding comes the middle muddle Courses are geared to the middle of the class The good student is unchallenged, bored The loafer receives his passing grade And the lack of an outstanding course for the outstanding student, the lack of a standard which a boy or girl must meet, passes for democracy

The second misunderstanding concerns what makes for happiness The aims of our present day culture are avowedly ease and material well being shorter hours, a shorter week, more return for less accomplishment, more soft soap excuses and fewer honest, realistic demands In our schools this is reflected by the vanishing hickory stick and the emerging psychiatrist The hickory stick had its faults and the psychiatrist has his strengths But the trend is clear *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner* Do we really believe that our softening standards bring happiness? Is it our sound and considered judgment that the tougher subjects of the classics and mathematics should be thrown aside, as suggested by some educators, for doll playing? Small wonder that Charles Malik, Lebanese delegate at the UN, writes "There is in the West"—in the United States—"a general weakening of moral fiber [Our] leadership does not seem to be adequate to the unprecedented challenges of the age"

The last misunderstanding is in the area of values Here are some of the most influential tenets of teacher education over the past fifty years there is no eternal truth, there is no absolute moral law, there is no God Yet all of history has taught us that the denial of these ultimates, the placement of man or state at the core of the universe, results in a paralyzing mass selfishness, and the first signs of it are already frighteningly evident

Arnold Toynbee has said that all progress, all development come from

challenge and a consequent response Without challenge there is no response, no development, no freedom So first we owe to our children the most demanding, challenging curriculum that is within their capabilities Michelangelo did not learn to paint by spending his time doodling Mozart was not an accomplished pianist at the age of eight as the result of spending his days in front of a television set Like Eve Curie, like Helen Keller, they responded to the challenge of their lives by a disciplined training and they gained a new freedom

The second opportunity we can give our boys and girls is the right to failure "Freedom is not only a privilege, it is a test," writes De Nouy What kind of a test is it, what kind of freedom where no one can fail? The day is passed when the United States can afford to give high school diplomas to all who sit through four years of instruction, regardless of whether any visible results can be discerned We live in a narrowed world where we must be alert, awake to realism and realism demands a standard which either must be met or result in failure These are hard words, but they are brutally true If we deprive our children of the right to fail we deprive them of their knowledge of the world as it is

Finally, we can expose our children to the best values we have found By relating our lives to the evidences of the ages, by judging our philosophy in the light of values that history has proven truest, perhaps we shall be able to produce that "ringing message, full of content and truth, satisfying the mind, appealing to the heart, firing the will, a message on which one can stake his whole life" This is the message that could mean joy and strength and leadership—freedom as opposed to serfdom

THE EFFECTS OF DEMOCRACY¹



James Truslow Adams

THE EFFECTS OF DEMOCRACY in America have been emphasized by three factors not present in any of the great democracies of Europe In the first place, the Americans started almost wholly fresh Here were no thousand year old institutions and forms of government and society to be reckoned with as impediments America was a clean slate The settlers did indeed bring with them habits, information, and memories gained in the Old World, but they brought them to a wilderness

In the second place, America has been built up exclusively by the middle and lower classes, from which practically all of us have descended Scarcely a

¹ Reprinted from *The Mucker Pose* in *Our Business Civilization* (1929) by permission of the publisher Albert & Charles Boni Inc

man has ever come and settled here who did not belong to one or the other, and the most distinguished American families form no exceptions. Every class in history has had its good and bad attributes which have varied with class, country, and period. The English middle class, upper and lower, from which the character of America, with some modifications, has essentially been built up, had admirable qualities, but it lacked some of those enjoyed by the aristocracy. For our purpose here we need mention only one. The genuine aristocrat insists upon being himself and is disdainful of public opinion. The middle class, on the other hand, has always been notoriously timid socially. It rests in terror not only of public but even of village opinion. If the religious refugees of New England be held an exception, it may be noted that the genuine ones were far fewer than used to be supposed, and that as a whole the New England immigration may be considered as part of the great economic exodus from England which took thirty thousand Englishmen to Barbados and little St. Kitts while only twelve thousand were settling Massachusetts. Religious refugees have formed an infinitesimal part of American immigration as compared with the economic ones.

The third great influence upon American democracy has been the frontier, whose line was lapped by the waves of the Atlantic in 1640 and after retreating three thousand miles to the Pacific was declared officially closed only in 1890. In the hard, rough life of the frontier manners and culture find no home. As Pastorius, the most learned man who came to America before 1700, said, "never have metaphysics or Aristotelian logic earned a loaf of bread." When one is busy killing Indians, clearing the forest, and trekking farther westward every decade, a strong arm, an axe, and a rifle are worth more than all the culture of all the ages. Not only has the frontiersman no leisure or opportunity to acquire manners and culture but, because of their apparent uselessness, and in true class spirit, he comes to despise them. They are effete, effeminate, whereas he and his fellows are the "real men." The well-dressed, cultivated gentleman becomes the "dude," object of derision, who, so far from exerting any ameliorating social or intellectual influence, is heartily looked down upon, and culture itself is relegated to idle women as something with which no real man would concern himself.

These are some of the special attributes of American democracy, and of any democracy in a new land, which it shows in addition to those it would show in any case merely as a democracy. In America it was slow in gathering into its hands the reins of power. For many generations the English aristocratic tradition in part survived, and it may be recalled that we were a part of the British Empire for a longer period than we have been independent. In general the "appeal to the people" throughout the colonial period and the years of the early republic was an appeal to "the best people" only. The first two presidents, Washington and Adams, were as little democratic in doctrine as they were by nature. Jefferson's doctrinal democracy was largely offset in practice by his being an aristocrat to his fingertips by nature, and it was not

until Andrew Jackson that "the people" in the democratic sense came into their own. At his inaugural reception in the White House his followers climbed upon the silken chairs in their muddy boots to get a look at him, rushed the waiters to grab champagne, broke the glasses, and in the joy of victory gave a number of ladies bloody noses, even the President himself had to be rescued from his admirers and hurried out through a back door. This historic episode may be taken to mark the turning point in American manners. These people had made a President. Thereafter their tastes would form one of the national influences. It is this new democracy, a hundred times richer and a shade less raw, which is in the saddle today.

PRECIS OF "THE EFFECTS OF DEMOCRACY"

Anonymous

THREE FACTORS have emphasized the effects of democracy in America. First, Americans have never been bound by ancient Old World traditions. Second, the majority of Americans have always been of the middle or lower classes, which possess many praiseworthy qualities but which are, unlike the aristocracy, frequently intimidated by public opinion. The religious settlers of New England, though seeming exceptions to this rule, were in reality far fewer than those who emigrated from England for economic reasons. Third, the hard life of the frontier, which was not closed until 1890, bred respect for the practical and the useful, and contempt for manners and culture. The democracy these factors helped create gained power only slowly, for the aristocratic tradition represented by Washington, Jefferson, and Adams persevered in the early republic. Not until the advent of Jackson did present-day democracy, rough and uncultured, gain supremacy.

THE MOWING OF A FIELD¹



Hilaire Belloc

TO MOW A FIELD well, you must start with a sharp scythe. There is an art in the sharpening of a scythe, and it is worth describing carefully. Your blade must be dry, and that is why you will see men rubbing the scythe blade with grass before they whet it. Then also your rubber must be quite dry, and on this account it is a good thing to lay it on your coat and keep it there during all

¹ Reprinted from *Hills and the Sea* (1906) by permission of Methuen & Co. Ltd publishers.

your days mowing The scythe you stand upright, with the blade pointing away from you, and you put your left hand firmly on the back of the blade, grasping it then you pass the rubber first down one side of the blade edge and then down the other, beginning near the handle and going on to the point and working quickly and hard When you first do this you will, perhaps, cut your hand, but it is only at first that such an accident will happen to you

To tell when the scythe is sharp enough this is the rule First the stone clangs and grinds against the iron harshly, then it rings musically to one note, then, at last, it purrs as though the iron and stone were exactly suited When you hear this, your scythe is sharp enough

Mowing well and mowing badly—or rather not mowing at all—are separated by very little, as is also true of writing verse, of playing the fiddle, and of dozens of other things, but of nothing more than of believing For the bad or young or untaught mower without tradition, the mower Promethean, the mower original and contemptuous of the past, does all these things He leaves great crescents of grass uncut He digs the point of the scythe hard into the ground with a jerk He loosens the handles and even the fastening of the blade He twists the blade with his blunders, he blunts the blade, he chips it, dulls it, or breaks it clean off at the tip If anyone is standing by he cuts him in the ankle He sweeps up into the air wildly, with nothing to resist his stroke He drags up earth with the grass, which is like making the meadow bleed But the good mower who does things just as they should be done and have been done for a hundred thousand years, falls into none of these fooleries He goes forward very steadily, his scythe blade just barely missing the ground, every grass falling, the swish and rhythm of his mowing are always the same

So great an art can only be learnt by continual practice, but this much is worth writing down, that, as in all good work, to know the thing with which you work is the core of the affair Good verse is best written on good paper with an easy pen, not with a lump of coal on a whitewashed wall The pen thinks for you, and so does the scythe mow for you if you treat it honourably and in a manner that makes it recognize its service The manner is this You must regard the scythe as a pendulum that swings, not as a knife that cuts A good mower puts no more strength into his stroke than into his lifting Again, stand up to your work The bad mower, eager and full of pain, leans forward and tries to force the scythe through the grass The good mower, serene and able, stands as nearly straight as the shape of the scythe will let him, and follows up every stroke closely, moving his left foot forward Then also let every stroke get well away Mowing is a thing of ample gestures, like drawing a cartoon Then again, get yourself into a mechanical and repetitive mood be thinking of anything at all but your mowing, and be anxious only when there seems some interruption to the monotony of the sound Mowing should be all of a sort and always the same, and so done that you can establish a monotony and work, as it were, with half your mind that happier half, the half that does not bother

THREE SIMPLE CASSEROLE DISHES¹

Countess Morphy

FROM THE PREFACE

I WANT TO SHOW the American housewife how women cook and eat in other countries—not the highly skilled professional cook, but just the ordinary middle class woman with limited means I want to show her how, in quite simple ways, she can vary her menu and bring about constant changes in the daily round of meals I have written my recipes as clearly as possible, so that they will be useful to the inexperienced

FRANCE

Dodine de Canard (Stewed Duck) The *dodine* is one of the oldest dishes in the repertory of French cooking, being mentioned in books of the fourteenth century Escoffier has given us an excellent modern version of the *dodine*, which is very delicious and quite easy to make

Ingredients 1 duck, 2 large onions, two small glasses of brandy (optional), 1 pint of claret, 3½ ounces of pork fat, 1 large tablespoon of olive oil, a sprig of parsley, a pinch of thyme or basil, a small piece of bayleaf, clove of garlic, ½ pound of mushrooms, salt and pepper

Method Put the duck, jointed with excess fat removed, in an earthenware crock and season with salt, pepper, and mixed spices Add the onions, chopped fine, the herbs, the brandy, and the red wine Let it stand for a few hours Then remove the duck and drain in a colander

Put the oil and pork fat in an earthenware casserole and, when hot, put in the pieces of duck and brown them for about 15 to 20 minutes Add the wine, etc., in which they have soaked, the garlic, and the mushrooms Simmer on a very gentle fire, well covered, for 1½ hours Serve in the casserole in which they were cooked Boiled noodles are served at the same time as the *dodine*

ENGLAND

Lancashire Hotpot Both England and Scotland can boast of a fine heritage of traditional plain dishes which, given the excellence of raw materials, should entitle them to hold first place in the gastronomic sphere The hotpot is a justly famous example from the West Midlands

Ingredients Two pounds of the best end neck of lamb or mutton, 3 lamb's

¹From *Recipes of All Nations* compiled and edited by Countess Morphy Copyright 1935 by Wm H Wise & Co Adapted by D L Clark who has regaled his wife and friends with these recipes for a dozen years

kidneys, 2 pounds of large potatoes, 12 or 18 oysters, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of mushrooms, 1 large onion, 1 pint of stock, 2 tablespoons of butter or drippings, salt and pepper

Method Divide the meat into cutlets and neatly trim off the skin and fat. Brown in the butter or drippings, and place in a deep fireproof baking dish, seasoning with salt and pepper. Over the cutlets place the sliced kidneys, sliced mushrooms, sliced onions, and oysters in layers, and finally the thickly sliced potatoes neatly arranged and completely covering the whole. Pour the stock over this, cover with a lid or oiled paper and bake in a moderate oven for 2 hours. About 15 minutes before serving, remove the lid or paper so that the potatoes can brown. Serve in the dish in which it was cooked. (If oysters or mushrooms are out of season, a cut up carrot may be substituted. One bouillon cube to a cup of boiling water makes a satisfactory stock.)

INDIA

The recipes I have selected for curries are chiefly those that are less hot and more adapted to ordinary tastes. The curry powder should be quite fresh.

Madras Curry

Ingredients One pound of lamb, beef, veal, or chicken wings, 2 or 3 small onions, 1 level tablespoon of curry powder, 2 cloves of garlic, the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon, two cups of stock or water, butter, salt.

Method Chop the onions and fry till a light brown in butter with the chopped garlic. Add the curry powder and season with salt. Mix all well, add the boiling stock or water, and simmer for a few minutes. Then add the meat, cut in inch lengths, and simmer closely covered for one hour till the meat is quite tender. Before serving add the juice of the $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon.

If cold left over meat is used for this, it need not be added till 20 minutes before serving.

Rice The word "curry" evokes memories of a snowy mound of rice, each grain separate from the others, soft and yet quite dry—when prepared by an Indian cook. The following method gives the best results. Put 1 cupful of long grain rice in a large saucepan of boiling salted water. Stir occasionally till the water starts to boil again. From the minute the water is again on the full boil allow exactly 17 minutes. Then put the rice in a sieve or colander, dash a little cold water over it, and let it drain a few moments before serving.

WAYS TO PREVENT MOTION SICKNESS ¹

Leonard A Stevens

AT THE THREE DIMENSIONAL MOVIE, Cinerama, a friend of mine became violently ill when a roller coaster ride was shown. That anyone should get 'sea sick' while sitting still surprised me. Subsequently, I have learned that almost any sensation of motion—even if only visual—is a potential source of sickness. Not only boats and planes but an elevator, escalator, bus or even your porch swing may affect you if you're sensitive to motion. Workers in a large tobacco factory have become ill just from watching moving lines of cigarettes.

For all sufferers from this so-called "motion sickness" two recent developments promise relief. One is a revealing symposium on the malady's causes and cures, edited by Dr. Herman I. Chinn of the U.S. Air Force. The other is the U.S. Food and Drug Administration's recent release for sale without prescription of some of the best motion sickness drugs ever known.

Dr. Chinn's symposium greatly expands our knowledge of motion sickness, evaluates remedies and suggests several preventive measures you can take without resorting to drugs. It starts by confirming what previous studies have long indicated: that motion sickness originates with the organs of balance.

Inside the head, near each ear, are three very small liquid-filled tubes, each roughly a half circle. These semicircular canals contain tiny hairs which, when you move, sway with the liquid as it sloshes around and send messages to your brain, which then uses the information to control balance. But too much involuntary motion will direct messages to that part of your brain called the "vomiting center." Only six years ago scientists located this center in animals' brains—through electrical stimulation, which caused vomiting just as motion sickness does.

Simultaneously, other parts of the brain receive messages from the canals. Nerve cells in the part that keeps you alert react by making you yawn and feel drowsy. Reactions in other brain centers may cause depression, increased perspiration and a cold feeling. In brief, you feel you've had about all you can take.

Laboratory studies show that repeated movements in several directions cause more trouble than movements in a single direction. For example, if you move only up and down, it's not as bad as moving up and down and also from side to side at the same time.

You increase your chances of becoming ill by turning and twisting your

¹ From *Ways to Prevent Motion Sickness*, *Reader's Digest*, July 1955, condensed from *Your Health*, Summer 1955, copyright 1955 by Your Health Publications, Inc. By permission of the author and the *Reader's Digest*.

head, as many people do when they begin to feel sick. A recent experiment with air borne troops in turbulent flying weather tested the effects of head movement. When these men sat in planes with special headrests which eliminated all head movement, airsickness was consistently prevented. In another experiment with subjects sitting on moving swings, illness was reduced from 61 percent to zero when they simply tilted their heads back.

When there's danger of motion sickness, therefore, medical experts advise you to *bend your head back* and *hold it still*. Lay your head against the back rest if you are seated, or lie down and tilt your head back. Don't use a pillow. These measures reduce the movement of the liquid in the semicircular canals and will often prevent nausea.

When you are in motion and can't see the horizon, you are more susceptible to motion sickness. One military test showed that when soldiers crouched in a landing craft where they could not see over the gunwales, 30 percent became ill. When they stood up and could see the horizon, only 11 percent were sick. Remember this when you take a child riding in an automobile. If he can't see out the window, change his position so he can.

The same principle may affect you in an airliner. Surveys reveal that passengers sitting on the left side are more prone to airsickness than those on the right. The reason is that the plane's captain sits on the left and, for his convenience, most turns are made in that direction. When the plane banks, left side passengers often lose sight of the horizon and see only moving earth below, a bad visual experience. At the same time, the right siders can usually keep tabs on the horizon by looking through the low windows at an angle.

Your nose can cause difficulty when you're in motion. Travelers on ships are more susceptible to seasickness in stuffy cabins than in open, fresh air. Engine fumes in a boat or car can contribute mightily. And the sickness of one passenger frequently begets sickness in others. Women are more susceptible to motion sickness than men or children. (A woman is even more sensitive to motion during her menstrual period.) Anyone suffering from a peptic or duodenal ulcer, migraine headaches, sinusitis or hypertensive vertigo is extra susceptible.

The kind of food you eat does not seem to have any effect on motion sickness. Anything which agrees with you normally will agree with you when you're in motion. However, both overindulgence and fasting may contribute to motion sickness. The best procedure is to stick to your regular diet.

Airline doctors also stress the importance of moderation with carbonated beverages when you fly. Carbonated drinks bring gas to your stomach and, as you gain altitude, in non pressurized aircraft, the change of air pressure causes the gas to expand.

Even after taking all practical precautions, some will still be hit by motion sickness. Several new drugs are available which will help most of them.

With effective drugs and scientific facts now available, long dreaded motion sickness can be forestalled.

RIVETERS¹*The Editors of Fortune*

THE MOST CURIOUS FACT about a riveter's skill is that he is not one man but four 'heater,' 'catcher,' 'bucker up,' and 'gun man.' The gang is the unit. Riveters are hired and fired as gangs, work in gangs, and learn in gangs. If one member of a gang is absent on a given morning, the entire gang is replaced. A gang may continue to exist after its original members have all succumbed to slippery girders or the business end of a pneumatic hammer or to a foreman's zeal or merely to the temptations of life on earth, and the skill of the gang will continue with it. Men overlap each other in service and teach each other what they know. The difference between a gang which can drive 525 inch and an eighth rivets in a working day and a gang which can drive 250 is a difference of coordination and smoothness. You learn how not to make mistakes and how not to waste time. You learn how to heat a rivet and how not to overheat it, how to throw it accurately but not too hard, how to drive it and when to stop driving it, and precisely how much you can drink in a cold wind or a July sun without losing your sense of the width and balance of a wooden plank. And all these things, or most of them, an older hand can tell you.

The actual process of riveting is simple enough—in description. Rivets are carried to the job by the rivet boy, a riveter's apprentice whose ambition is to replace one of the members of the gang—which one, he leaves to luck. The rivets are dumped into a keg beside a small coke furnace. The furnace stands on a platform of loose boards roped to steel girders which may or may not have been riveted. If they have not been riveted there will be a certain amount of play in the temporary bolts. The furnace is tended by the heater or passer. He wears heavy clothes and gloves to protect him from the flying sparks and intense heat of his work, and he holds a pair of tongs about a foot and a half long in his right hand. When a rivet is needed, he whirls the furnace blower until the coke is white hot, picks up a rivet with his tongs, and drives it into the coals. His skill as a heater appears in his knowledge of the exact time necessary to heat the steel. If he overheats it, it will flake, and the flakes will permit the rivet to turn in its hole. And a rivet which gives in its hole is condemned by the inspectors.

When the heater judges that his rivet is right, he turns to face the catcher, who may be above or below him or fifty or sixty feet away on the same floor level with the naked girders between. There is no means of handing the rivet over. It must be thrown. And if the floor beams of the floor above have

¹ Reprinted from *Fortune* October 1930 Copyright Time Inc. 1930

been laid so that a flat trajectory is essential, it must be thrown with considerable force. The catcher is therefore armed with a smallish, battered tin can, called a cup, with which to catch the red hot steel. Various patented cups have been put upon the market from time to time but they have made little headway. Catchers prefer the ancient can.

The catcher's position is not exactly one which a sportsman catching rivets for pleasure would choose. He stands upon a narrow platform of loose planks laid over needle beams and roped to a girder near the connection upon which the gang is at work. There are live coils of pneumatic tubing for the rivet gun around his feet. If he moves more than a step or two in any direction, he is gone, and if he loses his balance backward he is apt to end up at street level without time to walk. And the object is to catch a red hot iron rivet weighing anywhere from a pound to a pound and a half and capable, if he lets it pass, of drilling an automobile radiator or a man's skull 500 feet below as neatly as a shank of shrapnel. Why more rivets do not fall is the great mystery of skyscraper construction. The only reasonable explanation offered to date is the reply of an erector's foreman who was asked what would happen if a catcher on the Forty Wall Street job let a rivet go by him around the lunch hour. "Well," said the foreman, "he's not supposed to."

There is practically no exchange of words among riveters. Not only are they averse to conversation, which would be reasonable enough in view of the effect they have on the conversation of others, but they are averse to speech in any form. The catcher faces the heater. He holds his tin can up. The heater swings his tongs, releasing one handle. The red iron arcs through the air in one of those parabolas so much admired by the stenographers in the neighboring windows. And the tin can clanks.

Meanwhile the gun man and the buckner up have prepared the connection—aligning the two holes, if necessary, with a drift pin driven by a sledge or by a pneumatic hammer—and removed the temporary bolts. They, too, stand on loose roped boards with the column or the beam between them. When the rivet strikes the catcher's can, he picks it out with a pair of tongs held in his right hand, knocks it sharply against the steel to shake off the glowing flakes, and rams it into the hole, an operation which is responsible for his alternative title of sticker. Once the rivet is in place, the buckner up braces himself with his dolly bar, a short heavy bar of steel, against the capped end of the rivet. On outside wall work he is sometimes obliged to hold on by one elbow with his weight out over the street and the jar of the riveting shaking his precarious balance, and the gun man lifts his pneumatic hammer to the rivet's other end.

The gun man's work is the hardest work, physically, done by the gang. The hammers in use for steel construction are supposed to weigh around thirty pounds and actually weigh about thirty five. They must not only be held against the rivet end but held there with the gun man's entire strength, and for a period of forty to fifty seconds. (A rivet driven too long will develop a

collar inside the new head) And the concussion to the ears and the arms during that period is very great The whole platform shakes and the vibration can be felt down the column thirty stories below It is common practice for the catcher to push with the gun man and for the gun man and the buckner up to pass the gun back and forth between them when the angle is difficult

The weight of the guns is one cause, though indirect, of accidents The rivet set, which is the actual hammer at the point of the gun, is held in place, when the gun leaves the factory, by clips Since the clips increase the weight of the hammer, it is good riveting practice to knock them off against the nearest column and replace them with a hank of wire But wire has a way of breaking, and when it breaks, there is nothing to keep the rivet set and the pneumatic piston itself from taking the buckner up or the catcher on the belt and knocking him into the next block

Riveters work ordinarily eight hours a day at a wage of \$15 40 a day They are not employed in bad or slippery weather, and they are not usually on the regular pay roll of the erectors, but go from job to job following a foreman whom they like There is no great future for a riveter It would perhaps be more accurate to say that a riveter's future is not bright at all The rates charged for compensation insurance are generally accepted as the best barometer of risk Starrett Brothers and Eken fix, in their insurance department, a rate of \$23 45 per \$100 of pay for erecting and painting steel structures Rates of other companies run to \$30 per \$100 of pay The only higher rate is for wrecking work The next lower rate (\$15 08) is for building raising Masonry is \$6 07 and carpentry \$4 39 Figures on industrial accidents published by the United States Department of Labor bear the same connotation In one year the frequency of accidents, per 1,000,000 hours' exposure, was 228 9 for fabricators and erectors as against 54 for general building

PRECIS OF "RIVETERS"

Anonymous

RIVETERS ARE NOT individuals, they are members of a four man gang—heater, catcher, buckner up, and gun man A gang is employed, works, and learns as a unit It may outlive its original members and yet keep its skill, for the old members teach the newcomers how to perform their tasks smoothly, efficiently, accurately The process of riveting can be simply described The rivet boy, or apprentice, carries the rivets to the heater, or passer, who tends a small furnace standing on a lashed board platform Wearing heavy protective clothing and holding a pair of short tongs, the heater prepares rivets when needed He heats the rivet in white hot coals until it is ready for a perfect fit He then faces the catcher, who waits at some distance with a tin can in which to catch the rivet The catcher's position is precarious, he stands

amid pneumatic tubing on a narrow platform which allows little room for movement With little or no conversation the heater tosses the rivet into the catcher's can The catcher picks up the rivet with tongs, knocks off the glowing flakes, and pushes it into the hole which has been prepared by the gun man and buckler up The buckler up braces himself—often dangerously—against the capped end of the rivet with a heavy bar, and the gun man, with a thirty to thirty five pound pneumatic hammer, drives the rivet for forty to fifty seconds, amidst ear splitting noise and vibration The catcher, buckler up, and gun man work together on awkwardly placed rivets Accidents are caused by the gun's weight as well as by the riveter's habit of lightening the gun by substituting wire for the clips which hold the hammer head Riveters are well paid, but cannot look forward to a bright future High insurance rates indicate how risky their work is

WHY AN AIRPLANE FLIES ¹



Wolfgang Langewiesche

WHAT MAKES an airplane fly is not its engine nor its propeller Nor is it, as many people think, some mysterious knack of the pilot, nor some ingenious gadget inside What makes an airplane fly is simply its shape This may sound absurd, but gliders do fly without engines and model airplanes do fly without pilots As for the insides of an airplane, they are disappointing for they are mostly hollow No, what keeps an airplane up is its shape—the impact of the air upon its shape Whittle that shape out of wood, or cast it out of iron, or fashion it, for that matter, out of chocolate and throw the thing into the air It will behave like an airplane It will *be* an airplane

This—that its shape is what counts—is what makes the airplane so beautiful It also makes it easy to understand You don't have to open it up and look at "the works" inside as one has to do with a watch, a refrigerator or an automobile An airplane's outside appearance is its "works" If you want to understand it, simply have a look

Look at the wing It holds the airplane up entirely by its shape A wing is nothing but an air deflector, curved so and set at such an angle that it will catch the air and push it down The air, resisting, pushes back up against the wing's bottom surface and that gives it some lift At the same time—and this is more important—the wing also creates a lack of air on its top surface because of the way it is curved there Thus it sucks air down from above That air, resisting, sucks back upward on the wing's top surface and this is what gives the wing most of its lift

¹ From *Life* May 17 1943 Courtesy of *Life* Magazine Copyright *Time* Inc

And that's all there is to a wing! Man's greatest invention since the wheel and the boat—the thing that carries weights through thin air—is just a shape. As for the exact shape that will make the best wing, a whole science is concerned with that—*aerodynamics*. What counts most is the wing's cross section—what you would see if you sawed off the tips. Some 15,000 different shapes have been tested in the world's laboratories. It has been found that the wing with the highly arched top surface and a concave, scooped out under surface will carry the most weight. The early airplanes had that kind of wing. But a more nearly streamlined cross section will carry good weight too and slide through the air more easily. Hence modern fast airplanes' wings don't have that hollowed out under surface. But all such engineering refinements don't change the main idea of the wing: a wing is a shape that holds itself up by acting on the air.

It is simple. If flight seems just the same a little miraculous and, to many people, still a little unsound, it is not because the natural law involved is at all strange. The law is the old one of action and reaction: if you push against *anything*, that thing resists and pushes back against you. As the gun pushes the bullet forward, the bullet kicks the gun backward, making it recoil. What seems so strange about flying is merely that the thing we work against is air. And air is strange stuff. Because we cannot see it, we think of it as a nothing. Because we cannot pinch it between our fingers, we think of it as empty space. And thus an airplane seems to sit up there in empty space, held up by nothing.

Actually, air is real stuff, just as real as water. It has density and body. It is a thick and slightly sticky fluid, molasses like, though very thin molasses. Its tendency to stick to the skin of an airplane causes much headache to the engineers. It has weight. A cubic yard of air (a bathtubful) weighs about 2 lb. Thus if we could only see the air, all the mystery would go out of flying at once. We could then see the fierce attack with which the wing smashes into that stuff. We could see the terrific downward wallop which the wing gives to thousands of pounds of air every minute. And we could see that everywhere in the wake of an airplane, the air is in downward flow and keeps swirling and eddying for many minutes when the airplane itself is already miles farther on.

The magic shape of the wing can't have effect, of course, unless it keeps continually attacking new air. If an airplane is to keep flying, it must keep moving. It can't ever stop or even slow down much. If it slows down it sinks, if it slows down too much it sinks too fast. The wings then can no longer catch the air at the proper angle. The lift goes out of the wings like air out of a punctured tire, the airplane drops. That is what is called a stall. A "tailspin" is nothing but a fancy stall. One wing makes lift and wants to fly; the other wing is stalled and keeps dropping. Between them they twist the airplane down in a corkscrew motion. Normally, pulling back on the stick makes the airplane go up. But in the spin or stall, the harder the pilot pulls back the

more obstinately the airplane goes down. The more it goes down, the harder the pilot's self preservation instinct makes him pull back on the stick. The way to recover from a stall or spin is to get the stick forward, diving at the ground to pick up new speed. But that takes courage. A stall or spin means quite a drop—dozens of feet in a Cub, thousands of feet in a bomber. It is because a wing needs speed that airplanes need big airports. They can't fly until they have gathered speed, and they dare not slow up again until they are firmly on the ground. It is because a wing needs speed that the first rule of the art of piloting, contrary to all common sense, is this: keep your speed. If you want to be safe, *don't* go slow, go fast. When in doubt, speed up.

There are many ways to keep an airplane going. A motor and propeller are not the only way. The gliders, for instance, are pulled by a rope, the rope in turn being pulled by another airplane or by an automobile, or even (as was done in Russia) by galloping horses. Any airplane can also always maintain its speed simply by nosing down a little and coasting. This is called a glide and is the reason why an airplane doesn't crash simply because its engine quits. But a glide means a steady loss of altitude and the airplane must eventually land. Sometimes an airplane can glide in an updraft of air and, though it noses downward, the updraft may at the same time carry it up, much as a piece of paper is sometimes lifted high above the roofs. This sort of gliding is called soaring and is the most delightful of all types of flight. But updrafts are hard to find and unreliable and it takes a slow, light glider to stay in them. The sensible and businesslike way to keep the airplane going is to give it its own source of power, an engine and propeller.

Propellers are weird, doubly so, because at work they become invisible. They whirl too fast. Hence many people don't understand what a propeller really does. Some think that the propeller pulls the airplane always upward as well as forward and that this is really what keeps an airplane up. This is not true. The propeller drives the airplane forward, the wings take care of the lift. In a blimp the propeller drives the ship forward and the balloon takes care of the lift. Again, some people think that the propeller's purpose is to blow air against the wings and that this is how the wings develop lift. That isn't true either. The propeller does throw a blast of air backward, but the engineers would be only too happy to keep that air from hitting any part of the airplane. It is a nuisance. Moreover, the wings don't need a blast of air. If the airplane keeps moving they get plenty of air to work on.

And that's what the propeller does: it keeps the airplane moving forward. It doesn't lift, it drives. Mount one on a sled and it will drive the sled, mount one on a hydroplane and it will drive the hydroplane. And if you mounted one on a trolley car, it would run the trolley car.

The propeller, just like the wing, works upon the air by shape. Each propeller blade is nothing but an "air foil," a shape much like an airplane wing to catch and make use of the air. In fact, a propeller blade's cross section has exactly the same curves as a wing's cross section. The propeller blade catches the air and throws it backward and by so doing gets a forward force.

Because the propeller is driven by a motor, it is almost the same thing as an electric fan, the two look slightly different only because they are used differently. In the propeller you don't use the backward blast of air, but you use the kick and you allow it to make plenty of noise. The electric fan is designed not to make too much noise, you use the blast of air and you don't use the "kick back." In fact, most people don't know that an electric fan has a kick just like a propeller. But just set your electric fan on a toy wagon and watch it propel.

How big a propeller, how powerful an engine does it take to keep the airplane going fast enough so that it will fly? The amazing, the at first quite incredible thing is that it takes very little force. A one man glider weighing 500 lb. can be pulled through the air by a force of only 25 lb. A child in the rumble seat of the tow car could easily hold the tow rope in his hand and keep it flying. For ordinary airplanes, the figures are only a little less favorable, to keep a 10,000 lb. airplane flying takes only about 1,000 lb. of propeller pull.

The force that holds an airplane back, the force which the propeller has to overcome to keep the airplane going is called the drag. Like everything else about the airplane it depends on the shape, and hence you can see it, if you know where to look.

The wing itself makes a drag—the plowing down of air requires force. This drag—the price which we must pay for lift—is called the induced drag, and it depends much on the shape of the wing. A narrow wing of long span catches much air, gives it a gentle push and requires little force. A broad wing of short span catches less air, gives it more of a push and requires more force. This is why patrol bombers and other long distance airplanes have long narrow wings, they get more miles per gallon that way. That is also why gliders have long narrow wings, they glide more easily. Wingtip shape, too, has much to do with this induced drag—on a square wing, the tip plows too hard, and some of the rest not hard enough, a tapered wing works more easily, slides more easily.

Another drag is skin friction—the air, molasses like, clings to the skin, and the airplane can't move without dragging a lot of air around. An airplane actually won't dust itself off in flight, if it goes up dusty, it comes down still dusty. The reason is that next to the skin, the air hardly slides at all.

That's why it is important that the shape of an airplane be absolutely smooth—in an airliner or bomber even the tiny roughness of the rivet heads on the skin causes a drag force of a couple of hundred pounds. Racers and soaring gliders are polished with a cloth before each flight. Skin friction is the reason why some airplanes are of odd shape. In very fast airplanes, the designer sometimes will rather have a less efficient shape simply because it will give him less total skin surface and hence less friction.

But the biggest thing that holds the airplane back is so obvious that one doesn't think of it—the many parts of the airplane that are not wing. The wing is the airplane's essential part—it makes the lift. Yet an airplane also needs space for passengers and cargo, a pilot seat with windshield, a radiator,

a radio mast It needs a landing gear, perhaps struts and wires to stiffen the wings It needs tail fins

Each of these parts causes a drag It takes definite force to push each of them through the air, for the air, sticky dense stuff, resists their passage But unlike the drag of the wings, drag of those parts is not associated with the making of lift It is pure evil It is useless and bears the contemptuous name of parasite drag

The airplane is shaped to keep parasite drag small Hence, that sharklike look—sharks, too, are shaped to move through a dense fluid fast And hence all the little things that aren't there The most remarkable thing about a modern airplane is what you *don't* see, and what in older airplanes you used to see The engine is hidden under a smooth cowl, pilot and passengers are inside, the landing gear is tucked away in flight, the wings stick out without any struts and wires Just as those things are out of your sight, so they are out of the way of the air, and can cause no drag The dream ship of aeronautical engineers is the Flying Wing, the all wing airplane that hasn't even a fuselage any more Everything has been pulled into the wing, and the wing is all there is

Those then, as every student pilot learns, are the four forces that act on an airplane in flight 1) weight pulls it down, but 2) lift of its wings holds it up, 3) drag holds it back, but 4) pull of the propeller keeps it going In steady flight, the four forces balance and all is serene

So wonderfully is the airplane shaped that in flight it will largely take care of itself It always wants to do the right thing, whatever is necessary to keep itself flying Many people think that piloting is a balancing stunt, much like walking a tightrope Actually, the art of piloting consists of about nine tenths of doing nothing and trusting the airplane Many people think that on the slightest lapse of the pilot's attention an airplane will go into a spin Actually, a stall or a spin is brought on only by heavy misuse of the controls Generally speaking, an airplane left to itself does not want to drop, it wants to fly A careless pilot sometimes leaves his airplane standing on the airport with the engine idling while he goes for a cup of coffee—and it has happened that such an airplane has run away, taken off and flown itself, pilotless, for a couple of hours

This uncanny stability is simply a matter of shape Whenever anything is wrong, the airplane by that very fact presents a different side of itself to the onrushing air Since its shape is designed with just that idea in mind, the air will create on the new shape a new force, and the new force rights the airplane

RESEARCH PAPERS

A HOLE FULL OF DIRT *



Homer Rea

OUTLINE

- I Use of the word slough in Great Britain
 - A In England
 - 1 Johnson's definition
 - 2 Early use of the word from Bede to Chaucer
 - 3 Opinions concerning its origin
 - 4 Use of the word in England from Chaucer to Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley
 - B In Scotland
- II Use of the word in America
- III Future possibilities in the use of the word

DR SAMUEL JOHNSON'S definition of 'slough' [slau] ¹ is "a deep miry place, a hole full of dirt" ² This definition gives the literal meaning that the word has had in England for a thousand years. Besides this literal meaning, there is a figurative one, for the English speaking people have always made the most of a useful word.

It is known that the word 'slough' was in use in England in 900. In Alfred's translation of Bede's *History of the English People* (c. 900), the word is spelled 'sloh' ³ In 1023 its use was recorded by Wulfstan in his homilies ⁴ And in the fourteenth century, it was used by Gower in the *Confessio Amantis* ⁵ and also by Chaucer. Chaucer spelled the word variously in his "Friar's Tale," he wrote of getting a cart out of a "sloo", and, in the "Manciple's Prologue" there is reference to the drunken cook's difficulty in keeping out of the "slow" ⁶

The history of the word before 900, however, is uncertain. Skeat thinks that its origin may be found in the Teutonic base **slanx*, a base which still appears in the German, *schlingen*, 'to devour' or 'to swallow up' ⁷ Dr. Johnson believed that the word was Saxon in origin ⁸ On the other hand, Dr. Krapp

* This paper was written in a freshman English class at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas under the direction of Fred Eikel, Jr. Reprinted by permission from *College English* April 1948.

¹ James A. H. Murray, W. A. Craigie, Henry Bradley, and C. T. Onions, *New English Dictionary on Historical Principles* (Oxford, 1919).

² Dr. Samuel Johnson, *A Dictionary of the English Language* (8th ed. London 1779).

³ Murray et al. *op cit*

⁴ Ibid

⁵ Ibid

⁶ Ibid

⁷ W. W. Skeat, *An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language* (Oxford 1910).

⁸ Johnson *op cit*

thinks that the word is not Saxon, but Celtic. He says that "slough" is one of the few words in Modern English that we can be "reasonably certain" came from the Celtic.⁹ The editors of the *New English Dictionary* state that the origin is doubtful.¹⁰

Wherever "slough" originated, it has been, since Chaucer's time, a good word in the language. Queen Elizabeth herself, proud of her forceful command of words, used it and asked, "see you not in what a great slowe wicked things be wrapped in?"¹¹ Milton in his *History of England* (1670) used the word and found himself "Many a time enclos'd in the midst of sloughs and quagmires."¹² And in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* (1678), once read more than any other book except the *Bible*, was the miry Slough of Despond.¹³ Swift wrote of sloughs, and there is a slough in Cowper's *Task*.¹⁴ And Mrs Shelley let Frankenstein flounder in a slough of knowledge.¹⁵

The Oxford editors list another meaning of "slough." In 1685 it meant a ditch, a dike or a drain.¹⁶ Further research might reveal that greater travel and better roads had resulted in a draining of the sloughs at that time and that the name of the drained slough was then transferred to the drain itself. This meaning, however, was short lived and is no longer in use.

Outside of England, the word took on meanings that did not fit Dr. Johnson's definition. In Scotland a slough appears to have more water and less mud. Sir Walter Scott had a character in *Guy Mannering* (1815) try to get a water lily from a slough.¹⁷ And Robert Louis Stevenson, writing *The Master of Ballantrae* (1889), remembered the sloughs of Scotland and let a character slip into "a slough where it was mostly water."¹⁸

In America the transplanted word has been changed in meaning, in pronunciation [slu], and, recently, in spelling. In the northwest a slough is a reedy pond or small lake. Theodore Roosevelt, hunting in that part of the United States, tried his rifles "on the mallards in the reed sloughs."¹⁹ And in *Main Street* Dr. Kennicott and Carol "ate their sandwiches by a prairie slew, long grass reaching up out of clear water."²⁰ In the South a slough is either an inlet on the coast which holds water only in high tide or an old river or creek bed through which water flows only during high water.

It is in the American sense that the word will continue as a living word in our language. The old English sloughs went out when coaching came in, and now they are covered by strips of concrete ribbon that wind across the landscape. But there will be a need for the American word as long as there are reedy lakes in Minnesota or old river beds in the bottoms of the Brazos.

⁹ G. P. Krapp, *Modern English* (New York 1909), p. 213.

¹⁰ Murray *et al.* *op cit.*

¹¹ *Ibid.*

¹² *Ibid.*

¹³ *Ibid.*

¹⁴ Murray *et al.* *op cit.*

¹⁵ H. G. Emery and K. G. Brewster, *The New Century Dictionary* (New York 1936), II 1740.

¹⁶ Murray *et al.* *op cit.*

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HENRY FORD'S FIVE-DOLLAR DAY *



Roy K Campbell

OUTLINE

IN JANUARY, 1914, Henry Ford doubled the wages and shortened the working hours of his employees, and despite reactions among his business contemporaries ranging from skeptical distrust to outright enmity, the immediate results were sharply increased productivity and lowered personnel turnover in the Ford Motor Company, in the long run, this policy revealed a pattern whereby the laborer could be integrated into our industrial society as both a worker and a consumer

- 1 Ford's recognition of how labor's problems would affect his company led to the development of his wage and hour policy
 - A Labor's dissatisfaction with the working conditions prevalent in Detroit in the years 1910-1913 was shown by the extraordinary personnel turnover rate in the auto industry, a rate which imperiled Ford's plans for expansion
 - B After a careful study that began in 1913 and resulted in generally improved working conditions, Ford adopted a revolutionary labor policy based on profit sharing
 - 1 The essential feature of the plan was a five dollar minimum wage for an eight hour day
 - 2 The most important qualifications that the workers had to meet were six months residence in Detroit and a half year of service with the Company
 - 3 A Sociological Department was formed to administer the plan and to ensure that the higher wage would serve constructive ends for the workers

* This paper was written in a freshman English class at the School of General Studies Columbia University Reprinted by permission of the author

- ii The public response to Ford's announcement was overwhelmingly favorable, but most of the businessmen spoke against it
 - A Labor leaders, sociologists, ministers, politicians, and a few industrialists hailed the plan, many noting the connection between high wages, high production, and high consumption
 - B There were three criticisms voiced by the majority of businessmen
 - 1 The plan was unfair to less prosperous industrialists
 - 2 The idea was essentially uneconomic as a long range policy
 - 3 Its surface altruism masked a deep selfishness
- iii The immediate results confirmed Ford's statement that doubling wages was the best cost cutting move he could make
 - A In the ensuing year productivity increased sharply while labor turnover practically disappeared
 - B The company could afford to hire only the best workers because of the outstanding working conditions it offered
 - C The plan had a remarkable effect on the lives of the Ford workers, especially on the immigrants
- iv The great long run social consequence of the Five Dollar Day was that it resolved the conflict over labor's place in our society
 - A Ford believed the conventional financial practices wrong and in 1914 he was idealistic enough to want to change them
 - B The plan was based on Ford's practical recognition of the worker's dual role as producer and consumer
 - C By making the first large scale attempt to expand buying power by raising wages and cutting prices, Henry Ford changed our society's standard of living

THE AUTOMOBILE WORKER'S outlook was grim in the Detroit of 1914. The Employer's Association of Detroit boasted that the city was the open shop capital of the country.¹ Strikes had been broken, unions smashed, workers blacklisted. The going rate of pay was less than \$2.50 for a nine or often ten hour day of backbreaking, dangerous work in factories where production was the law and scant attention was paid to safety precautions.² The worker couldn't even be sure that the company he worked for would be in business the next day, for the mortality rate ran high among the pioneer auto companies. If they didn't like these conditions, the workers' only recourse was to quit and go elsewhere. And quit they did, labor's resentment was mirrored by a rate of personnel turnover that threatened the very existence of the young automobile industry.³ At this crucial time, in this atmosphere of mutual hostility, an uncommon man made an uncommon announcement. He was going to double the wages of his more than 13,000 employees while also shortening their working day to eight hours, he thought that it might cost him \$10,000,

¹ Allan Nevins, *Ford: the Times, the Man, and the Company* (New York 1954), pp. 512 ff.

² Keith T. Sward, *The Legend of Henry Ford* (New York 1948) pp. 47 f.

³ Sward pp. 47 f.

000, but he figured on getting it back through higher productivity from satisfied workers. It took a World War to get Henry Ford off the front pages that year.

Prior to Ford's announcement, the newspapers could only report that the nation was in the trough of a depression, that the 'hard times' of 1893 and 1907 had returned once more.⁴ But in Detroit the disturbance promised to be of more than just periodic nature. Organized management's antiunion campaign had embittered the workers, but of greater economic significance was labor's deep antagonism toward the introduction of mass production methods in the auto industry.⁵ The individual worker was irritated by three particular matters: the brutal, deadening pace of repetitive assembly line work, the cut in pay that always accompanied job simplification, and the loss of his status as a skilled workman. The spontaneous labor insurrection that was gathering momentum through 1912-1913 especially threatened the Ford Motor Company. Henry Ford had initiated the large scale adoption of mass production techniques.⁶ He had reinvested a major portion of the firm's earnings in specialized tools and machinery. His plans hinged on an immediate expansion of the output of a standardized product, the famous Model T. Having more at stake in the future of mass production than his rival motor manufacturers, Ford was by necessity forced to find some means of harmoniously wedding labor to the assembly line.

When Ford and his associates began seriously to study the turnover problem in 1913, they discovered it was costing the company \$3,000,000 a year, and that it was necessary to hire 963 men to expand the payroll by 100 men.⁷ The task of reversing this trend fell to John R. Lee, who had come to the company when Ford acquired the Keim Steel Works of Buffalo in early 1913. Lee, a man of ideals and sympathy, gave intelligent direction to the company's initial efforts at developing a labor policy.⁸ He reduced a chaotic wage rate structure to eight basic pay scales and assigned definite job responsibilities to each scale. He originated a plant wide survey of safety conditions and ensured the adoption of all reasonable recommendations. Finally, Lee established a new code of disciplinary procedure and eliminated the traditional policy of allowing foremen the unchallenged power of discharge. Lee's improvements announced in October, 1913, yielded immediate results, the monthly average turnover rate dropped from 40 per cent to 6.4 per cent for the remainder of the year.⁹

Despite the success of the 1913 policies, Ford was still unsatisfied. If his grandiose plans were to bear fruit, he would need more than labor's grudging acquiescence, he would need labor's enthusiastic support. It was with this thought in mind that Ford attended the annual Operating Managers' meeting in the first week of January, 1914. During the budgetary discussions, Ford

⁴ Nevins pp 542 f ⁵ Sward pp 47 f ⁶ *Ibid* chap 3 ⁷ *Ibid* p 49

⁸ Samuel S. Marquis *Henry Ford an Interpretation* (Boston 1923) pp 148 f

⁹ Nevins p 537

brought up the matter of a new pay scale. Over the heated opposition of the factory managers, but with Lee's support, Ford proposed raising the basic scale to \$4 00, then \$4 50, and then \$4 75. Finally James Couzens, the forceful Vice President and Treasurer, dared Ford to make the rate \$5 00, and Ford did so at once.¹⁰ After the details had been worked out and subsequently approved by the directors, the plan was made public on January 5, 1914.

Speaking for the Company, Ford and Couzens announced that on January 12, 1914, the Ford Motor Company would initiate "the greatest revolution in the matter of rewards for its workers ever known to the industrial world."¹¹ Believing that social justice begins at home, the company planned to double the current wage rate for common labor. It would institute, they said, a basic five dollar day, from which no qualified Ford workman would be barred, not even the lowliest laborer or the man who sweeps the floor.¹² Over and above the "profit sharing," the plan would provide for a reduction in working hours from nine to eight per day¹³ and the establishment of a Sociological Department to administer the plan and ensure that the higher wage would serve constructive ends for the workers.¹⁴ Speaking for himself, Ford said, "This is neither charity nor wages, but profit sharing and efficiency engineering," and he foresaw "a new industrial order based on reforms in the making."¹⁵

The public response to the Ford announcement was overwhelmingly favorable. Labor leaders, sociologists, ministers, politicians, and some industrialists hailed the plan in glowing terms. Many noted a possible connection between high wages, high production, and high consumption.¹⁶ However, Ford was strongly denounced by the financial press, whose criticisms pursued three general lines: the plan was unfair to less prosperous industrialists, it was essentially uneconomic as a long term policy, and its surface altruism masked a deep selfishness.¹⁷ The *Wall Street Journal* said, "Ford's injection of Biblical principles into a field where they do not belong might get advertising" but it would mean "material, financial, and factory disorganization."¹⁸ The publisher of the *New York Times* thought Ford was crazy,¹⁹ and his paper called the plan "distinctly Utopian" and "foredoomed to failure."²⁰ The *Industrial World of Pittsburgh* accused Ford of trying to monopolize the best mechanics of the industry and of planning a merciless speed up.²¹

The plan's immediate and measurable results proved Ford right and his business contemporaries wrong. The morale of the workers soared and turnover practically disappeared. The Company's average wage rate climbed from 30.16 cents per hour in December, 1913, to 55.74 cents per hour in February, 1914, and the rate eventually passed 60 cents per hour in December of that year.²² But while the average wage rate was rising 104 per cent, the labor cost

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, pp. 532 f

¹¹ Sward, p. 51

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 52

¹³ *Ibid.*

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 58

¹⁵ Nevins, p. 533

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 535

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, pp. 535 f

¹⁸ *Ibid.*

¹⁹ Garet Garrett, *The Wild Wheel* (New York, 1952), p. 9

²⁰ *New York Times*, January 7, 1914, p. 10, col. 3

²¹ Nevins, p. 536

²² *Ibid.*, p. 548

per car produced rose only 35 per cent, thus reflecting the tremendous rise in factory productivity²³ This gain in productivity could not be attributed to any one factor It was the combination of satisfied workers, no turnover, and the company's predominant position in the labor market, coupled with the most efficiently engineered productive facilities in the industry, that gave Ford the primary result he had hoped for when he instituted the Five Dollar Day

The plan also had a remarkable social impact on the lives of the Ford workers The most important conditions that the individual had to meet were six months' residence in Detroit and six months' service with the Company²⁴ According to Lee, 70 per cent of the employees qualified for the \$5.00 minimum in the first half year, and nearly nine out of ten by the end of 1914²⁵ A survey taken in 1916 revealed that the property account of the average Ford worker had risen to \$750 from a level of \$196 in 1914²⁶ Along with the money, Ford workers achieved a sense of status in their communities from their identification with a world famous company²⁷ The plan's greatest benefits were conferred on the immigrant workers, whose integration into the American social pattern was quickened by the high wage and the help and advice of the Sociological Department A measure of Ford's success in this respect was that while over two thirds of the employees were aliens in 1914, by 1916 over half of a doubled working force were citizens²⁸

The society that these new citizens joined was disturbed by subsurface conflict The burgeoning industrialism of the decade of 1903-1913 gave promise of production of goods in abundance The social conflict was over who should reap the majority of the benefits The financial mores of the time operated exclusively for the property owning class, prices were raised to the limit, wage costs held to the minimum, and corporations grossly overcapitalized, so that all the profits could be siphoned off in the form of exorbitant interest and dividend payments Henry Ford did not accept these conventional practices, his company was never in debt²⁹ and all improvements were financed from retained earnings Nor could he accept prevailing opinion on wage and price levels, he maintained that the company that did not raise wages and cut prices would destroy itself by limiting its possible customers³⁰ Ford's answer to the conflict was the Five Dollar Day

Because the Five Dollar Day paid off at once, the motives behind its establishment were held to be purely materialistic³¹ But Ford was a curious and complex mixture of practicality and idealism Voicing his opinions to his associates, he said, "All that man needs is an opportunity that has some hope in it, some promise for the years to come"³² He said he wished to show his

²³ *Ibid*²⁶ *Ibid* pp 560 f²⁴ *Ibid*, p 547²⁷ *Ibid* p 549²⁵ *Ibid*²⁸ *Ibid* p 558²⁹ Though the company was never in debt Ford had to borrow when he bought out his original associate Alex Y Malcomson in 1909 See Nevins chap 14³⁰ Henry Ford *Today and Tomorrow* (Garden City New York 1926) as quoted by Garrett p 11³¹ Sward pp 56 f³² Marquis p 153

faith in the average, unskilled worker, whose work contribution was vital, but who couldn't demand high wages because of his job position³³ He argued that the home conditions of the workers were terrible, especially for the children, and he claimed that \$5 00 a day was the least sum on which a man could raise a family in those days³⁴ He told his friend and pastor, Dean Samuel S. Marquis, that he felt the greatest service he could do for the world was to create more jobs for more men at larger pay, and that he wanted his company dominated by a just, generous, and humane policy³⁵ Such were Henry Ford's ideals in 1914

Regardless of the motivation, the Five Dollar Day had profound long run social consequences By doubling his employees' wages through profit sharing, Ford at once gained the high rate of productivity he desired, and was thereby able to lower the price and increase the sales of the Model T³⁶ But the pay raise had also boosted the buying power of his workers, whose purchases in turn increased the buying power of other people, and so on, and on And as the consumer's buying power went up, so did the sales of the Ford car, which stimulated further price cuts Ford was the first industrialist to recognize labor's dynamic position in this chain of events through the worker's dual role of producer and consumer Thus, by making the first large scale attempt to enlarge buying power by paying high wages and selling at low prices Henry Ford revealed the pattern whereby labor could be integrated into our industrial society as a group justifiably worthy to share in the profits

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³³ *Ibid* pp 149 f

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³⁶ Ford rebated \$50 00 to each buyer of a Model T in 1914 when the sales passed the 300 000 mark in December See Sward p 62

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SILICOSIS AND ITS PREVENTION *



Mary Ann Loeser

"SILICOTICS," said Dr John B Andrews, secretary of the American Association for Labor Legislation, 'are the most pitiful victims of industry's failure to safeguard the health of its workers Simple justice and the public interest demand for them full and equal protection under the law' ¹

Silicosis can be defined simply as a disease of the lungs caused by breathing air containing silica dust (SiO_2) The normal lung tissue is replaced by fibrous or scar tissue, which is useless for breathing ² Silicosis increases one's susceptibility to tuberculosis and pneumonia Some of the signs of silicosis are shortness of breath, decreased chest expansion, lessened capacity for work, and characteristic X ray nodular findings ³

It may be helpful to an understanding of the problem to state a somewhat fuller definition of the disease and its causation All silica dust below ten microns in size is harmful Quartz dust has a silica content of over ninety per cent, granite dust has a silica content of over thirty five per cent, other dusts have less silica content Much of the dust which is inhaled, especially the larger particles, is removed by the protective mechanism of the upper respiratory passages, such as the hairy lining of the nose, the secretion of the nose, pharynx, trachea, and bronchi Thus about fifty per cent of inhaled dust may be disposed of by expectoration or swallowing Some fine dust particles which get beyond the first barriers of defense of the upper respiratory tract lodge in the microscopic air sacs of the lungs Here they irritate and inflame But certain wandering "dust" cells pass through the fine membranous walls of the air sacs and attack the dust particles, take them into their bodies, proceed

* From *Vassar Journal of Undergraduate Studies* XIV (May 1941) By permission of the author

¹ John B Andrews New York Admits Silicosis Blunder *American Labor Legislation Review* xxx (1940) 29

² United States Department of Labor Division of Labor Standards Industrial Health and Safety Series No 9, *The Cause and Prevention of Silicosis* Washington, 1938 p 2

³ Adelaide Ross Smith Silicosis and Its Prevention New York Department of Labor Division of Industrial Hygiene *Special Bulletin* No 108 Albany 1938 p 9

through the air sac wall, back to the lymph channels and the blood vessels. Thus these "dust" cells try to free the lungs of the dust particles. In their journey these dust laden cells are partly retained in certain outposts of protection, the lymph nodes (a tissue similar to the adenoids) along the course of the lymphatic system in the lungs. When they are large enough, these accumulations look like rounded small masses, or nodules, and they characterize developing silicosis in the X ray. Now, if the dust deposits in the air sacs are small, the 'dust' cells can remove the dust successfully. But if the quantity of silica dust in the air sacs is very large, or after a long exposure to harmful dust, the 'dust' cells, either because their own number is too large for mobility, or because their power of motion is impaired by too heavy a load of dust, cannot keep the situation under control, they congregate in the lymph channels, and millions of them are heaped up, motionless, there. In this congestion the silica particles are partially dissolved by the alkaline tissue fluids, the soluble silica damages the adjacent tissues and scar formation (fibrosis) takes place. The resulting condition is silicosis, and becomes in time a reacting and predisposing factor to pulmonary infections, particularly tuberculosis.⁴

The likelihood of getting silicosis depends upon the amount of dust in the air, the amount of free silica in the dust, the size of the dust particles (fine dust being more dangerous), and the length of time the victim has been exposed to the dust.⁵ Under conditions of moderately severe dust exposure, the disease can develop in from two to fifteen years, seven years being the average time. However, most of the studies of silicosis have been made among men still employed in dusty trades. Such statistics do not show the late effect of short exposure, that is, silicosis which develops in men who have changed to non-dusty trades. Medical authorities are revising their opinions as to the length of exposure necessary to produce the disease. Three recent cases showed that the disease had developed after eight, twenty one, and twenty nine months of exposure to dust of high silica content.⁶

"Silicosis is strictly an occupational disease" There are no known cases where the disease has resulted from exposure to silica dust outside of an industry. Workers most likely to be exposed are abrasive powder and abrasive soap makers, sand blasters, brickmakers, coal miners (coal miners call the disease 'miners' con' or 'miners' asthma'), foundry workers, glassmakers and glass mixers, granite quarriers, pottery makers, pneumatic rock drillers, polishers, sanders, stone finishers, slate quarriers and finishers, sand pulverizers, tunnelers, and vitreous enamelers.⁷ The reason silicosis occurs in so many occupations is that about three fourths of the earth's surface contains silica in

⁴ Commonwealth of Massachusetts *Report to the General Court of the Special Industrial Disease Commission* House No. 1350 1934 pp. 44-45

⁵ Division of Labor Standards *op cit* p. 2

⁶ United States Department of Labor Bureau of Labor Statistics *Bulletin 616 Handbook of Labor Statistics* Washington 1936 pp. 349-346-47

⁷ Division of Labor Standards *op cit* p. 2 The italics in the quotation are mine

combination with other elements, it is found, for example, in sandstone, quartz, granite, and other common rocks. It has many properties giving it industrial value, for example, it resists acid, it is hard, it can act as a filtering medium, an abrasive, or a non conductor. Whenever rocks containing silica are drilled, polished, ground or processed, or wherever sand containing silica is used in manufacturing (for example, in glass making), the silica dust may escape into the air.⁸

It would be impossible to estimate exactly how many workers in the United States today have silicosis as a result of breathing harmful dust. The early symptoms are seldom recognized by the workers, many workers leave hazardous trades and are not examined for silicosis in their new employments. Workers are often afraid to let themselves be examined, for fear of discharge. Employers try to hide the facts to escape compensation payments or unfavorable publicity.⁹ From a great many surveys, however, a number of estimates on exposure to and extent of silicosis have been made, with general agreement. In 1936, of the 49,000,000 workers in the United States, about 1,000,000 were said to be exposed to silicosis hazards. About one half of these (500,000) were exposed to definitely hazardous dust. It is estimated that 110,000 had silicosis in some degree. Medical examinations of men actually at work (and here we have a source of error tending to make the figures too small, in that those permanently detached from their employment because of disabling silicosis are not included) show that from 4000 to 5000 workers are seriously affected by the disease, a percentage of them having tubercular complications. The rest (about 105,000) have silicosis, but no disability, about 900,000 are exposed to silicosis hazards, but showed (in 1936) no silicosis.¹⁰ One must not forget, however, the downward bias of these figures for the reason previously mentioned.

The New York State Department of Labor recently estimated that in New York alone 7500 workers were exposed to definitely injurious dust, between 13,000 and 14,000 to moderately harmful dust, and about 35,000 to dust of doubtful nature.¹¹ Innumerable studies have been made in recent years in various states and industries, and some of the most significant findings should be noted. Accurate statistics are necessary in order to combat the disease successfully.

The mining industry in the United States today has great silicosis hazards. In 1933 a United States Public Health Service study of 2711 anthracite miners in Pennsylvania found that 616 (22.7 per cent) had silicosis (called anthracosis) as a result of breathing a combination of coal and silica dust. The seriousness of the cases was found to vary directly with the length

⁸ *Ibid*

⁹ Bureau of Labor Statistics *op cit* p 345

¹⁰ United States Department of Labor Bureau of Labor Statistics, *Monthly Labor Review* XLIV (1937) 909-10

¹¹ Adelaide Smith *op cit* p 9

of exposure¹² An earlier study (1923) of zinc miners in Picher, Oklahoma, revealed that 30 per cent had silicosis¹³

Studies in the granite industry have revealed that this industry has the highest average dust count, except for hard and soft coal Due to the higher percentage of free silica in granite dust, however, granite cutting is the most dangerous industry as far as extent of exposure and menace to health are concerned¹⁴ Granite cutters in two Vermont counties were studied from 1900 to 1925, about 75 per cent of those studied were employed in the industry over ten years The Public Health Service found that the rate of death from tuberculosis (the end of silicosis) was 14.1 per thousand, a rate in excess of the death rate from all causes in the general population They found a marked positive correlation between the length of exposure to the dust and the prevalence of tuberculosis and deaths from tuberculosis, in this industry it usually took twenty years for the disease to set in, when it did come, it was almost invariably fatal¹⁵ The group of workers examined were of excellent physique, and their standard of living relatively high

Studies of silicosis in the foundry industry show that dust hazards have increased in the industry since 1915 when machine methods (which generated more dust) began to replace the old system of hand drilling In 1931, a Metropolitan Life Insurance Company study in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, revealed that 31 per cent of 215 foundry workers examined had silicosis, in contrast to the granite industry, however, the cases were not serious¹⁶ A Massachusetts study in 1934 of 1614 foundry workers, showed that 8.8 per cent had silicosis, and 2.6 per cent had silicosis complicated by tuberculosis¹⁷

In Amherst, Ohio, the center of the sandstone industry, 919 sandstone quarriers were examined in 1926, 30 per cent of them had silicosis, 7 per cent advanced cases, and 2 per cent had silicosis and tuberculosis¹⁸

These studies are a small indication of the extent and diversity of location of the disease If some 500,000 workers are exposed to harmful dust in the country, then their families too are in danger in case the disease develops into tuberculosis, which is contagious If the average family size is close to four, it would perhaps not be far wrong to say that 2,000,000 Americans live under the potential, if not actual, shadow of the disease Surely this is a significant national problem Once the disease has advanced into the serious

¹² International Labor Office *Studies and Reports Series F No 17*, Proceedings of the International Silicosis Conference held in Geneva 1938 published in London 1940 pp 124-33

¹³ Adelaide Smith *op cit* pp 38-39

¹⁴ United States Treasury Department Public Health Service *Public Health Bulletin No 187* The Health of Workers in Dusty Trades Part II Washington 1929 p 188

¹⁵ *Ibid*, pp 197-201

¹⁶ O. A. Sander Lung Findings in Foundry Workers *American Journal of Public Health* xxviii (1938) 601-09

¹⁷ Leonard Greenburg William Siegal and Adelaide R. Smith Silicosis in the Foundry Industry, New York, Department of Labor, Division of Industrial Hygiene *Special Bulletin No 197* Albany 1938 p 8

¹⁸ Adelaide Smith *op cit* p 39

stage, authorities say that little or nothing can be done to cure it, but it is of prime importance to note that "there no longer is any doubt that *silicosis can be prevented*"¹⁹

There are three main ways of preventing occurrence of the disease. First, one must prevent the creation of silica dust in the plant, second, one must prevent the dispersion of silica dust into the atmosphere of the plant, and third, where the first two methods are inapplicable, personal protective equipment, such as respirators, must be furnished for the workers.²⁰ The first move in dust control should always be a careful investigation of the extent and severity of the hazard in the plant.²¹

All of the studies of silicosis hazards in different industries conclude with statements to the effect that adequate safety measures can satisfactorily prevent further spread of the disease. The United States Division of Labor Standards says, for example, that "silicosis control in foundries can be accomplished by two methods, both of vital importance. First, preventing dust generated by industrial operations from entering the working atmosphere accomplished by effective local exhaust, dust collection systems, and wet methods. Second, by a number of foundry practices, including good industrial housekeeping, isolating dusty operations, and integrating dust control with production."

It has been said that good housekeeping is the cheapest single effective dust control measure.²² Good housekeeping methods, as prescribed by the Division of Labor Standards, involve proper cleaning methods, proper storage and waste disposal. Methods effective in the foundry and granite industries are, with few changes, applicable to the pottery industry, to mining (where the use of wet drills and good ventilation are especially important), and to other industries involving silicosis hazards.²³

As we have seen, where it is impossible to prevent the dispersion of harmful dust, respirators may be used, but this should be only an emergency measure either pending installation of adequate dust control equipment, or for short and infrequent operations, they should never be used as a substitute for local exhaust systems or isolation of dusty jobs.²⁴

Another modern method of dust control involves the substitution of non-silicosis producing materials in certain processes, for instance, it is possible to use the harmless aluminum oxide instead of dangerous natural stones for

¹⁹ United States Department of Labor Division of Labor Standards Bulletin No. 13 *National Silicosis Conference Summary Reports Submitted to the Secretary of Labor by Conference Committees* Washington 1937 pp. 4, 39, 40.

²⁰ United States Department of Labor Division of Labor Standards *Industrial Health and Safety Series No. 9 The Cause and Prevention of Silicosis* Washington 1938 p. 3.

²¹ Adelaide Smith *op cit*, pp. 41, 42.

²² United States Department of Labor, Division of Labor Standards *Silicosis Prevention Dust Control in Foundries* Washington 1940, p. 3.

²³ United States Department of Labor, Bureau of Labor Statistics *Handbook of Labor Statistics* Washington 1936 p. 346.

²⁴ United States Department of Labor Division of Labor Standards *Silicosis Prevention Dust Control in Foundries* pp. 3, 19.

metal grinding, in abrasive blasting non injurious metal abrasive in place of sand (which is almost pure silica) is safer, cheaper, and likely to last longer²⁵

As for the workers themselves, the United States Public Health Service now holds that workers with silicosis complicated by tuberculosis should be removed from their occupations, but workers with simple silicosis should not be withdrawn from their jobs. In the latter case, the correct procedure is to eliminate the dust from the environment, and then the disease will not get worse, and the worker may safely keep on with his trade. If, on the other hand, the worker is removed and no dust control measures taken, then the employee who takes his place is exposed to the same hazard²⁶

There is less agreement on the question of compulsory medical examinations, either as an entrance requirement or during the course of employment. Employers who fear that simple cases of silicosis are likely to advance and cause heavy compensation costs, may take advantage of X ray findings to dismiss employees,²⁷ other employers may use physical examinations as entrance requirements. Inasmuch as the United States Public Health Service opposes the dismissal of workers with simple silicosis, it would seem that compulsory medical examinations with dismissal in view are unfair to the workers. The American Federation of Labor at its fifty fifth convention in 1935 said that while they recognized the need for physical examinations in order to determine the presence of silicosis and to tell whether tuberculosis had also set in, they opposed compulsory physical examinations "unless and until the profit motive in compensation insurance is eliminated," and until all states provide compulsory workmen's compensation and rehabilitation training for victims of silicosis²⁸

Trade unions and state departments of labor have taken many important steps toward prevention of silicosis. The Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers Union, the Quarry Workers International Union, and the United Mine Workers (all CIO unions), have been active recently in helping their members guard against silicosis hazards, and have in several cases secured agreements with employers guaranteeing effective protection against silicosis²⁹

The New York State Department of Labor has devoted considerable effort towards preventing silicosis in the state. In co operation with an insurance company and the Harvard School of Public Health, they introduced in 1931 a new system for eliminating dust in rock drilling, one which involved the principle of suction at the point of origin. The results of using the new equipment were heralded as successful by engineers and state officials³⁰. In the construction of the eighty five mile long Delaware Aqueduct, the New York

²⁵ Adelaide Smith *op cit*, pp 42 43

²⁶ International Labor Office *op cit* pp 71 202 03

²⁷ Cf pp 139 40 *infra* for experience in Wisconsin on this subject

²⁸ Division of Labor Standards *National Silicosis Conference Summary Reports* p 44

²⁹ *The CIO News* December 4 1939 p 6 January 22 1940, p 3 March 11 1940

P 5

³⁰ *New York Times* June 16 1931 p 29, June 17 1931 p 24

Department of Labor took unusual precautions. They moved an X ray truck from shaft to shaft to examine the workers, they installed an elaborate ventilating system, they used special hoses on the drills to wet down the dust, safety engineers were hired to take frequent samples of the dust. After the first three years on the job, no worker showed any sign of silicosis.³¹ Wisconsin has also been active in dust control,³² and North Carolina as well.³³

Most states have statutory provisions relating to dust control, although these are usually only minimum requirements.³⁴ The state government usually includes a department of public health, a department of labor (or industrial commission), and sometimes a department of mines, and one or all of these agencies usually has the right of entry to mines and factories.³⁵ Most states have general statutory provisions providing for safe working conditions, the mining states have more specific rules for mines, sometimes the safety rules apply only where women and children work. Several states make no specific mention of dust, providing only for reasonably safe working conditions. In addition to the rather general statutory provisions, twenty states have drawn up special codes and regulations relating to dust control in particular occupations or industries. For example, New York recently adopted a code for rock drilling, Utah and Colorado regulate dust and drilling systems in metal mines, Pennsylvania has special regulations for foundries.³⁶ The labor department, board of health, or bureau of mines usually has the power to inspect and to inform the employer when he is breaking the law, but in some states there are no adequate provisions for enforcement beyond publicity. Naturally, also, the effectiveness of state inspection depends on the amount of money allotted to the department, and on the degree of freedom from political patronage in the personnel. Moreover, there is great variation in the statutory dust control provisions from state to state.

The National Silicosis Conference (a group of doctors, employers, labor leaders, insurance men, and engineers, who met with Secretary of Labor Perkins in Washington in 1936) has offered several recommendations for a model state prevention setup. First, they believe there should be within the labor department (or industrial commission) a state bureau of occupational hygiene and a bureau of inspection (the function is more important than the actual name). The bureau of occupational hygiene should include a director, one or more engineers, physicians, and chemists who have a wide knowledge of occupational disease prevention. In the inspection bureau, there should be a force of competent inspectors adequate for at least annual in

³¹ *Life* April 1, 1940 pp. 68-69.

³² See p. 141 *infra*.

³³ United States Department of Labor Division of Labor Standards *Labor Standards* April 1938 p. 6.

³⁴ Division of Labor Standards, *National Silicosis Conference Summary Reports* p. 31.

³⁵ United States Department of Labor Division of Labor Standards *Bulletin* No. 21, Part 4 *National Silicosis Conference, Report on Regulatory and Administrative Phases* Washington 1938 p. 4.

³⁶ *Ibid.* pp. 9-62 *passim*.

spection of all mines and factories with silicosis hazards Adequate funds for research, investigation, education, and enforcement should also be supplied ³⁷

While prevention is recognized as the indispensable method of combating silicosis, an important problem arises which sometimes impairs its efficacy This is the question of inter industry and inter state competition To illustrate if the coal industry has special dust control costs, and the competing oil industry is free of these costs (because of the nature of the industries), then the former industry is economically at a disadvantage A plant in one state, to cite another example, where there are no dust control laws has an advantage in costs over a similar plant in another state where dust control regulations are strictly enforced (In the latter case, however, the first plant might have higher compensation costs) The National Silicosis Conference felt that the competitive problem was a serious one, and they recommended, as a solution, more uniformity in state prevention regulations ³⁸

We see, then, that the main solution to the silicosis problem is prevention, 'the possibility of which,' says the National Silicosis Conference, "is now beyond dispute With the application of medical and engineering science, the incidence of silicosis can and will be reduced to a minimum The head way now being made with other hitherto devastating diseases such as tuberculosis, with which silicosis is so closely allied, justifies the conviction that silicosis, although presenting troublesome medical and legal aspects today, will in the not distant future cease to be a major concern of industrial hygiene and workmen's compensation authorities " ³⁹

³⁷ *Ibid* pp 4 5

³⁸ Division of Labor Standards *National Silicosis Conference Summary Reports* p 43

³⁹ *Ibid* p 45

THE "DREAM" OF KUBLA KHAN *



Elsabeth Schneider

INTERPRETATIONS of Coleridge's *Kubla Khan* have varied widely The commonest view has always been that the poem is a beautiful meaningless vision, "delicious nonsense" to be read or heard as pure music Many ingenious and some over ingenious explanations have however been published, the most extraordinary being that of Mr Robert Graves,¹ which Professor Lowes demolished with obvious gusto ² According to this theory Mrs Coleridge is

* Reprinted from *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America* September 1945 by permission of the author The poem *Kubla Khan* appears on p 983 of *Modern English Readings*

¹ *The Meaning of Dreams* (London, 1924) pp 145 158

² John Livingston Lowes *The Road to Xanadu* (New York 1927), pp 593 596

represented in the 'Abyssinian maid' whose music the poet could not remember, the 'caves of ice' are Dorothy Wordsworth, whose love for Coleridge is thus shown to be purely intellectual, and the closing lines of the poem describe Coleridge's own superego getting after him about his opium. After this pseudo Freudian flight, a mere literal interpretation will no doubt come as an anti climax. It seems necessary now, however, to revise certain traditions, most of them outgrowths of Coleridge's own note prefixed to the poem upon its publication in the *Christabel* volume of 1816. The note is too familiar to require full quotation. The poet says that he had been prescribed an "anodyne, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair" while reading Purchas's *Pilgrimage*. "The Author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence, that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines, if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as *things*, with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort." "On awaking," Coleridge continues, with what seemed a complete recollection of the whole, he "instantly and eagerly" wrote down the lines that are preserved. After an interruption by a man from Porlock on business, he was unable to recall the rest.

Critics have sometimes doubted the literal truth of Coleridge's statement. Verbatim recollection from a dream of even the fifty-four lines in the existing poem (to say nothing of several hundred) has been too much for their credulity. Coleridge himself gave a different account in a note recently discovered, which supports these critics, but which has not become as well known as it deserves.³ The note reads: "This fragment with a good deal more, not recoverable, composed in a sort of Reverie brought on by two grains of Opium, taken to check a dysentery, at a Farm House between Porlock and Linton, a quarter of a mile from Culbone Church, in the fall of the year, 1797." This note accompanied an autograph of the poem itself that differs slightly from the version published by Coleridge. The late Professor Snyder, in commenting on the autograph, is conservative. She says it "may be an early copy. All evidence surely points to its being so—certainly to its being considerably earlier than the printed version of 1816. The watermark of the paper, Professor Snyder notes, is the same as that in a letter written by Coleridge in 1796. Though possible, it is most unlikely that the same paper was being used as late as 1816, especially when one recalls Coleridge's changes of residence in the intervening years. Moreover, two variants in this new text of the poem are closer to their source in Coleridge's reading: "Kubla" is "Cubla," and "Mount Abora" is "Mount Amara."⁴ A comparison of the text of the two prefatory notes also bears out the earlier date of the newly discovered auto-

³ Alice Snyder, "The MS of Kubla Khan," *LTLS*, Aug. 2, 1934, p. 541.

⁴ For the sources here see Lowes, pp. 374-376, and Lane Cooper, "The Abyssinian Paradise in Coleridge and Milton," *Mod. Phil.* III (1906), 327-332.

graph It is scarcely conceivable, if Coleridge had actually in a 'profound sleep' dreamed his vision in words and then remembered it verbatim, that in later accounts of the experience he would tone down all the marvellousness of this fact and claim only to have composed the poem 'in a sort of Reverie' Coleridge's stories never grew smaller, though they might grow more circumstantial and definite, the farther away they got from the event⁵ One is even led to question the reality of the 'man from Porlock' and his somewhat improbable "business" Altogether, the note published by Coleridge in 1816 sounds very like his self-justifying memory in other instances He was here printing two poems written many years since and still unfinished His failure to complete his undertakings was even then notorious, as he well knew The marvellous origin in this case excused the fragmentary character of *Kubla Khan* and was a natural defense against further criticism

Many critics, most notably Professor Lowes, have been convinced that the strange quality of the poem itself proves it to have been an opium vision, composed unconsciously 'Nobody in his waking senses,' he says, 'could have fabricated those amazing eighteen [final] lines,' for they possess the distinctive attributes of dreams" He describes the 'dream wrought fabric' in which we see 'the unconscious playing *its* game alone, when the 'sleeping images flock up from the deeps' and "the will as a consciously constructive agency—was in abeyance,' with "no intervention of a waking intelligence intent upon a plan" Hence, "the linked and interweaving images irresponsibly and gloriously stream, like the pulsing, fluctuating banners of the North *And their pageant is as aimless as it is magnificent*"⁶ Other writers too have emphasized the opium character of the dream Mr Meyer Abrams, for example, says "The great gift of opium to these men [Coleridge and De Quincey] was access to a new world as different from this as Mars may be, and one which ordinary mortals, hindered by terrestrial conceptions, can never, from mere description, quite comprehend It is a world of twisted, exquisite experience" "Thus," he says later, "Coleridge's verse caught up the evanescent images of an opium dream, and struck them into immobility for all time The dream quality of 'Kubla Khan' cannot be analyzed"⁷

Literary critics, however, have usually been imperfectly familiar with modern medical literature on the effects of opium, and earlier medical literature on the subject is exceedingly unreliable Until as late as the 1920's many of even the most "scientific" accounts of opium were drawn directly from the writings of De Quincey and Coleridge (and a little from Poe) The good moralizing physicians of the Victorian age presented little but masterpieces of circular reasoning on the subject They, as well as literary critics, derived

⁵ In a few small and unimaginative details the MS note is more specific the phrase *a quarter of a mile from Culbone Church* especially

⁶ Lowes pp 93, 104, 343 363 401, 412 (italics mine)

⁷ Meyer H Abrams, *The Milk of Paradise* (Cambridge 1934), pp 4 46

their principles from De Quincey and Coleridge, and then applied them back again, showing how the drug had lured these two geniuses to destruction. An extensive body of highly unscientific writing on the subject thus grew up and is still flourishing. Medical knowledge of the physiological and psychological effects of opium is still very incomplete, but a few facts are well enough established to be summarized.

At least two ideas long current about opium require some modification. One is a belief in the inevitably destructive effect of addiction on the health and happiness of its victim, along with certain misconceptions about the character of addicts. The other relates to the immediate effects of indulgence. It is now well known that many addicted persons (no one knows how many) continue to live entirely normal lives for a normal life span. These persons do not deteriorate psychologically or physically, and they continue their work in the world like other people, provided only a regular supply of the drug is available for their "maintenance dose." They experience no marked effects from use of the drug. T. S. Blair, writing in 1919, says "It is not true that all drug addicts, nor even one fourth of them, ever become such creatures as are depicted in fiction."⁸ He adds that many addicts remain unrecognized as such, though addicted for many years. S. D. Hubbard in 1920, discussing work in the New York City Narcotic Clinic, confirms this and gives as illustration a signalman addicted for twenty five years, who had not missed a day from work, nor been reported for any neglect, nor recognized as an addict by his superior.⁹

But these cases, though frequent enough, are a small minority. It is generally agreed now that persons of unstable psychological make up are much more likely to become addicted than are stable or "normal" persons, and much less likely to be cured, they are also the ones who are unable to stabilize their lives if they remain addicted. Lawrence Kolb, on the basis of 230 cases studied with some care,¹⁰ has given perhaps the best evidence on this. His summary is sufficient here: "Drug addicts in the United States are recruited almost exclusively from among persons who are neurotic or who have some form of twisted personality. Such persons are highly susceptible to addiction because narcotics supply them with a form of adjustment of their difficulties. A very large proportion of addicts are fundamentally inebriates, and the inebriate addict is impelled to take narcotics by a motive similar to that which

⁸ Originally published in *Jour Amer Med Ass* May 1919 quoted here from C. E. Terry and M. Pellens *The Opium Problem* (New York 1920) p. 497. This latter work is the standard modern treatment of the subject.

⁹ *Ibid* p. 501 where the general statement is further confirmed by Hare and others. See also E. S. Bishop *The Narcotic Drug Problem* (New York 1920) p. 47 and Lawrence Kolb *Pleasure and Deterioration from Narcotic Addiction* (National Committee for Mental Hygiene New York 1925 Reprint No. 211) pp. 11-12.

¹⁰ His original classification was based on a much larger number of cases—more than a thousand of patients in the large U. S. hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, an institution exclusively devoted to treatment and study of drug addiction.

prompts the periodic drinker to take alcohol. Some drunkards are improved socially by abandoning alcohol for an opiate, but the change is a mere substitution of a lesser for a greater evil."¹¹ The same view is expressed by Rees "Alcoholism and drug addiction are, in almost every case the symptoms of a psychological maladjustment."¹² Rees does not mean to indicate here that the drug, taken constantly over a period of time, will not create a craving or produce "withdrawal symptoms" in a normal person. In that sense all persons are subject to addiction. But all can be got "off the drug" too, though the process is painful or unpleasant. Almost all addicts break off or take a "cure" occasionally, the stable ones tend to remain cured, the unstable to return even after their "physical" craving for the drug has disappeared.¹³

The mechanism that produces addiction is not at the present time fully understood, theories vary from the extremes of purely chemical or physiological to purely psychological, and none of them has been decisively proved or disproved. The observable non chemical effects of the drug, however, have been carefully studied, and authorities are fairly well agreed on these. "Opiates," says Kolb, 'apparently do not produce mental pleasure in stable persons, except a slight pleasure brought about in some cases by the reflex from relief of acute pain.'¹⁴ On the other hand, in most unstable persons the drug does produce pleasure during the early stages of addiction, and the intensity of the pleasure, in Kolb's observations, is in direct proportion to the degree of instability.¹⁵ 'The expressions that addicts make use of in describing their sensations illustrate better than anything else,' Kolb says, "the mental pleasure that opium gives abnormal persons."

One patient, typical of some others, 'said it caused a buoyancy of spirits, increased imagination, temporarily enlarged the brain power, and made him think of things he otherwise would not have thought of.'¹⁶ This is the nearest we come to finding evidence of creative powers in opium. The explanation lies, however, in the euphoria which it produces, the relaxation of tension and conflict, accompanied by a sense of pleasant ease, occasionally helps to release, for a time, the neurotic person's natural powers—his powers of thought or imagination or (rarely) of action—though it does not give him powers that he did not have or change the character of his normal powers. The effect of this euphoria is usually to increase the person's satisfaction with his inner

¹¹ Types and Characteristics of Drug Addicts. *Mental Hygiene* IX (1925) 312-313.

¹² J. R. Rees. Psychological Factors in the Prevention and Treatment of Alcohol and Drug Addiction. *Lancet* CCXXIII (1932) 929.

¹³ Other writers who agree with Kolb and Rees are quoted by Terry and Pellens notably Henderson Dercum, Dana Mackin, Jelliffe and White, Rhein, Neff (pp. 493-504).

¹⁴ *Pleasure and Deterioration from Narcotic Addiction* p. 20.

¹⁵ *Ibid* p. 2. Stable and unstable are used as the broadest and least controversial psychological terms. They are of course absolute names for what is properly relative and variable—every one is perhaps unstable in some sense. The general distinction, however, is clear: psychologists would disagree only on borderline cases.

¹⁶ *Ibid* p. 6.

state of well being, to turn his attention inward upon himself, while it diminishes his attention to external stimuli. Thus it sometimes *encourages the mood* in which day dreaming occurs.¹⁷

Sleeping dreams are another matter. Modern medical and psychological studies do not warrant the supposition that opium of itself either causes non dreamers to dream or transform ordinary dreams into extraordinary ones. For this latter, the chief testimony has always been that of De Quincey, whose own statements are somewhat inconsistent.¹⁸ There are, to be sure, some accounts of horrible "opium" dreams by other opium eaters than Coleridge and De Quincey in the medical literature of the 1880's and 1890's. Two of these are quoted by Professor Bald in his valuable study of Coleridge.¹⁹ The special characteristics that are traditionally associated with opium dreams, however, are all characteristics commonly found in non opium dreams especially of neurotic persons—the pleasant sense of floating,²⁰ for example, De Quincey's endless extension of time and space, and the horrible dreams of fear and guilt.²¹ These last naturally increase when persons in waking life shed their normal responsibilities as the neurotic opium addict often does.

Recent medical writers for the most part are concerned not with disproving old theories but with establishing positive truth. Hence much of the evidence on "opium dreams" is merely negative—the omission of accounts of them in otherwise full and detailed studies of symptoms, such as those already quoted from Kolb. An occasional statement, however, appears on the subject. Horatio C. Wood—more specific than most—writes, after a brief account of the euphonic effect of opium, of the "widespread idea" that moderate doses of opium produce "interesting dreams" as

an erroneous belief apparently founded largely on the writings of that famous English opium eater Thomas De Quincey. The probabilities are that De Quincey's statements about his opium dreams were pure fiction invented during the intervals when he was not under the influence of the drug. Certain it is that if they ever occurred they are a very unusual phenomenon.²²

The extent to which "opium dreams" have disappeared from medical and psychological literature is roughly indicated by the fact that in Terry and

¹⁷ R. B. Brown, "The Effect of Morphine upon the Rorschach Pattern in Post Addicts," *Amer Jour of Orthopsychiatry*, XIII (1943), 339-343, and elsewhere.

¹⁸ See the *Confessions* and the article on "Dreams" in *Collected Writings*, ed. Masson (London, 1896), XIII, 333 ff. and elsewhere.

¹⁹ Coleridge and *The Ancient Mariner* in *Nineteenth Century Studies* (Ithaca, 1940), pp. 299-309.

²⁰ Kolb, *Pleasure and Deterioration*, p. 6, for example. But these are common places in psychological literature.

²¹ It is notable for instance that the only actual dream recorded in Keats's letters (according to the index in the Buxton Forman edition, Oxford, 1931), though not an opium dream, yet exhibits several of the special opium dream features (II, 352). De Quincey and apparently Coleridge as well, was subject to dreams of fear and guilt even as a child.

²² The Story of the Use and Abuse of Opium, *Amer Jour of Pharmacy*, CIII (1931).

Pellens' compilation on opium the fairly full index contains no entry under *Dream*, though it indexes *Delirium* and *Hallucination* (phenomena to be mentioned hereafter) The same thing is true of the annual *Psychological Abstracts* for the past fifteen years several hundred studies of opium are listed during this period, and almost countless entries appear under *Dream*—but none of the latter relate to opium, and the abstracts of the former contain no references to opium dreams It is also significant that dreams (good or bad) never are mentioned by addicts when they are asked why they desire a cure or why they have relapsed afterward ²³

It is of course well known that persons under emotional stress, whether temporary or constitutional, tend to dream more often and more vividly than others It is therefore probable that a more than ordinary amount of dreaming is to be found among opium addicts because of their general instability It is also likely that those addicts who fail to control their addiction and find themselves in greater and greater emotional conflict dream more and more But these dreams would be neurotic dreams, not opium ones the opium being causative, if at all, only in quite another sense than the traditional one

There is another factor—in addition, that is, to the general neuroticism of addicts and the De Quincey tradition—that has entered into the confusion about dreams This is the confusion that long existed between the effects of *taking* the drug and the effects of *leaving off*—that is, the so called 'withdrawal' symptoms, which in extreme cases may include hysteria hallucination, or even delirium ²⁴

There are occasional clear instances of dreams associated with *withdrawal* of the drug ²⁵ Coleridge himself furnished what is probably an instance of this at the period when he composed the "Pains of Sleep" This poem, it will be recalled, described his dreams, "the fiendish crowd/Of shapes and thoughts that tortur'd me! For all was Horror, Guilt, and Woe, Life stifling Fear, soul stifling Shame! ' ²⁶ As his letters show, these lines were if anything an understatement of the actual experience he was undergoing He was attempting to do without opium at the same time that he was fighting an attack of what he described as "atonic gout Nearly all his letters from

²³ Such reasons may have been given of course but I have not met them in the literature on the subject See especially Kolb *Clinical Contribution to Drug Addiction The Struggle for Cure and the Conscious Reasons for Relapse* (reprinted from *Journal of Nervous and Mental Diseases* LXVI No 1 [July 1927]) and M J Pescor *A Statistical Analysis of the Clinical Records of Hospitalized Drug Addicts*, Public Health Reports Supplement No 143 (Washington 1938) pp 15

²⁴ The acuteness of these symptoms perhaps varies according to the degree of instability in the patient See Kolb's account of one man who had suffered from hallucinations before he became addicted and who heard voices during his cure from addiction (*Pleasure and Deterioration* p 12 also his *Clinical Contribution* p 8)

²⁵ E.g. Kolb *Clinical Contribution* p 17 Such dreams are a natural consequence of the acute emotional as well as physical disturbances regularly associated with withdrawal

²⁶ I quote from the version sent by Coleridge in a letter to Southey September 10 1803 (*Letters* ed E H Coleridge [Boston 1895] I 436)

about the middle of August to the middle of October 1803 describe his miseries,²⁷ and nearly all these miseries are classical symptoms of opium withdrawal, although Colendge lacked the modern medical knowledge which would have made this clear. In his letter to Southey which enclosed the poem he tells of the horror of his dreams and the "misery foot thick, that makes me sit by my bedside of a morning and cry—I have abandoned all opiates, except ether be one" ²⁸ To his wife he writes, somewhat confusedly, on September 3, "Twas an affair altogether of the body, not of the mind That I had, it was true, a torturing pain in all my limbs, but that this had nothing to do with my tears which were hysterical and proceeded from the stomach" ²⁹ To Tom Wedgwood on September 16 he repeats and elaborates his symptoms, physical and mental, adding, "I eat but little bread, and take nothing, in any form, spiritual or narcotic, stronger than Table Beer" ³⁰ By November 26, if not before, he was again purchasing opium ³¹ A passage in Colendge's notebook, written shortly after this (early December) and printed by Professor Bald³² perhaps also testifies to his having broken away—wholly or nearly so—from opium recently. It records the characteristic euphoria which is experienced even by the neurotic, chiefly during early stages of addiction or after a temporary or partial "cure," though it is sometimes also recaptured in the midst of addiction by the taking of occasional "enormous doses" ³³

Colendge writes of other effects of opium in two further passages from his notebooks ³⁴ In one of these he speaks of the drug as making him "capable of conceiving & bringing forth Thoughts, hidden in him before," great enough to impress his best contemporaries. He then wonders whether this may not be merely because "for a delusive time" it "has made the body, i.e. the *organization*, not the articulation (or instruments of motion) the unknown somewhat, a fitter Instrument for the all powerful Soul" In the other passage he remarks how a "state of affection or bodily Feeling" that repeats or resembles a former one will revive forgotten memories connected with that former state, as when old age brings back memories of infancy ³⁵ Opium, he says, "probably by its narcotic effect on the whole seminal organization, in a large Dose, or after long use, produces the same effect on the *visual & passive* memory" Opium carries one back, he seems to mean, to one's forgotten past—in a sort of day dream perhaps, but a passive one without disturbing emo-

²⁷ From others' accounts of Colendge's behavior at this time we may doubt that his abstinence from opium was complete or systematic. In the light however of his more recently published letters (*Unpublished Letters* ed E. L. Griggs [New Haven 1933] I 272-295) there can be no doubt that he was doing without it much of the time.

²⁸ *Letters* I 435

²⁹ *Unpublished Letters* I 272-273

³⁰ *Ibid.* p. 280

³¹ *Unpublished Letters* I 297

³² *Loc. cit.* p. 41

³³ Kolb *Pleasure and Deterioration* p. 1

³⁴ Bald *loc. cit.* p. 36

³⁵ The date is given as October 1803 by Bald, who apparently understands the passage in a different sense.

tions and without what would now be called kinesthetic accompaniment. In these passages, though he perhaps attributes to opium a slightly more active power than we should do today, Coleridge is far from giving it the magic powers of the De Quincey tradition. It is especially noteworthy that in the first of these passages he states his suspicion that the opium does not actually produce his fine thoughts but merely puts his body into a state which makes those thoughts possible.

The foregoing exposition has taken us far from *Kubla Khan*, and a perhaps over ponderous engine has been raised up for the destruction of shadows. But a tradition so firmly established requires a good deal of investigation if it is to be questioned. I would not myself say that modern medicine has *proved* that opium could not possibly *ever* be responsible for *any* dream. Few things in medicine and far fewer in psychology are ever proved in that sense.³⁶ But we should not be led therefore to ignore the findings of medical and psychological observers. What these findings do, in the present instance, is *at the very least* to place the burden of proof on the other side. We should require that new facts be discovered about the poem, and—more important—that new and conclusive medical experiments be found to lead unmistakably in the opposite direction, before we should again entertain the belief that *Kubla Khan* is an ‘opium dream,’ or that Coleridge’s process of composition in this poem was radically different from that in other poems. Very likely Coleridge was in a sort of “Reverie” as his holograph note says, and no doubt he had been taking opium. Perhaps too the euphoric effect of opium rendered his process of composition more nearly effortless than usual. But he was wide enough awake, we must suppose, to write down his poem more or less as he composed it, and we cannot assume that the opium was the cause of the particular character of the poem.

There is one further obstacle to believing in the dream composition or in any other extremely remarkable form of automatic composition of *Kubla Khan*—such as a complete semi-waking vision in which words and images created themselves for several hundred lines and were afterwards merely transcribed from memory. In view of Coleridge’s intense interest in mental processes, it is unlikely that this experience could have occurred without his writing around to all his friends about it. Coleridge habitually told the same story in letters to various people and did not confine himself to events that had occurred merely the day before he happened to be writing. The chance of his not having recorded this once or, more likely, several times is small, and such letters would be less likely destroyed than most. Coleridge did, in fact, experience one dream of verse—in a very small way—and this may have given him his idea for the similar note in 1816 about *Kubla Khan*. Though he dreamed but four lines of doggerel, he recorded the event with considerable

³⁶ The difficulty if not the impossibility, of securing a conclusive proof founded on controlled experiments with such subjective phenomena as dreams will be obvious to anyone familiar with experimental techniques.

interest in a letter to Thomas Wedgwood in September 1803, without making the slightest reference to the infinitely more remarkable (if it were true) case of *Kubla Khan* five or six years earlier

To diversify this dusky letter I will write as a Post script an Epitaph which I composed in my sleep for myself, while dreaming that I was dying To the best of my recollection I have not altered a word

The verses and a final comment follow beneath Coleridge's signature

Here sleeps at length poor Col and without Screaming,
Who died as he had always liv'd a dreaming
Shot dead, while sleeping, by the Gout within
Alone, and all unknown, at E nbro in an Inn

It was on Tuesday Night last at the Black Bull Edinburgh ³⁷

Kubla Khan itself, shorn of its prefixed note, does not in any event require a special origin to account for it. The imagery is a little more shifting than that of most poems of the period,³⁸ but the poem has throughout a perfectly normal poetic meaning, one that is as conscious and logical—and also as obvious—as that of other consciously composed poems. This is evident once we cease to be dazzled by the familiar prefatory note and *Kubla's* bewitching scenery. Indeed, one hesitates even to explain the meaning because of its obviousness and because it must be a commonplace to many readers. The prestige of Professor Lowes, however, has held most readers to the view of the poem as a "pageant," "as aimless as it is magnificent," the meaning of which, if it exists at all, is altogether undiscoverable by the conscious mind, and in which the "sole factor that determined the form and sequence which the dissolving phantasmagoria assumed, was the subtle potency of the associative links."³⁹ To lay such a potent ghost as this, we have to labor the obvious.

The beginning is merely the picture that everyone knows of the strange and beautiful pleasure grounds, an enriched and poeticized scene from Purchas and Bartram. The poet leaves off, presumably dissatisfied with his presentation of this paradise. The concluding lines may be summarized thus. In a vision the poet once heard a song, which, if he could revive it, would give him such joy as would enable him *really* to recreate the scene of *Kubla's* paradise, in poetry that would be truly immortal. He would then be looked upon with awe as one of the inspired Great—the Poet Prophets of the world. Here are the lines

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw
It was an Abyssinian maid,

³⁷ *Unpublished Letters* I 281. This is in the same letter that informs Wedgwood of his taking nothing spiritual or narcotic stronger than Table Beer.

³⁸ Cf. however, Shelley's *Marianne's Dream*, which is much more laborious, less expert and much less poetic, but which makes *Kubla Khan* look like an exercise in logic.

³⁹ Lowes pp. 400-401, 412.

And on her dulcimer she played,
 Singing of Mount Abora
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
 That with music loud and long,
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome! Those caves of ice!
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise

Part of the idea here is related to Coleridge's later *Dejection* ode. The dejection is not deep and hopeless as in the ode, but Coleridge feels the need of the same thing—joy or delight—to make him truly creative. In the familiar passage from *Dejection* Coleridge says

thou needst not ask of me
 What *this strong music in the soul* may be!

This beautiful and beauty-making power
Joy, virtuous Lady! joy that ne'er was given,
 Save to the pure,

Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power, etc.⁴⁰

Compare this with *Kubla Khan*

Could I revive *within me*
Her symphony and song,
 To such a *deep delight* 'twould win me
 That *with music loud and long,*
 I would build that dome in air, etc.⁴¹

The elements are the same: joy is represented as an *inner music* which inspires the poet to creation. Coleridge says the same thing elsewhere, in *A Tombless Epitaph*

And with a natural gladness, he maintained
 The citadel unconquered, and in joy
 Was strong to follow the delightful Muse.⁴²

⁴⁰ *Dejection: an Ode* Section V (italics mine)

⁴¹ Ll. 42-46 (italics again mine)

⁴² *Poems* (ed. E. H. Coleridge, p. 413). The idea appears also in Coleridge's letters.

If, then—to return to *Kubla Khan*—the writer only had this inspiration which has its roots in joy, "with music I would build that dome those caves of ice! And all who heard [my music] should see them [domes, caves] there, And all should cry, Beware! "

The figure with 'flashing eyes' and "floating hair" in the final lines Professor Lowes traces to a combination of Bruce's king of Abyssinia whose hair on one occasion was floating,⁴³ and certain "youths" who were followers of Aloadine.⁴⁴ These figures may have influenced the imagery slightly, but their connection is much more doubtful than is the case with most of Lowes's findings. The primary source for these lines Professor Lowes must have missed only because it was too obvious, for the picture is merely the ancient conventional description of the poet with his 'eye in a fine frenzy rolling'. This conception was old even in Plato's day, and practically every detail used by Coleridge was a commonplace in it. The descriptions borrowed much from accounts of persons possessed by the god in Dionysus worship—flashing eyes and streaming hair, as well as honey, milk, magic, holiness, and dread. It was of course all perfectly familiar to Coleridge. Plato's *Ion* contains probably the most famous passage of this kind, and at the risk of further laboring the obvious it is quoted here. It does not itself mention every detail that Coleridge uses, but the parallel will be clear enough.

In like manner the Muse first of all inspires men herself, For all good poets, epic as well as lyric, compose their beautiful poems not by art, but because they are inspired and possessed. And as the Corybantic revellers when they dance are not in their right mind, so the lyric poets are not in their right mind when they are composing their beautiful strains: but when falling under the power of music and metre they are inspired and possessed,⁴⁵ like Bacchic maidens who draw milk and honey from the rivers when they are under the influence of Dionysus but not when they are in their right mind. And the soul of the lyric poet does the same, as they themselves say: for they tell us that they bring songs from honeyed fountains, culling them out of the gardens and dells of the Muses: they, like the bees, winging their way from flower to flower. And this is true. For the poet is a light and winged and holy thing, and there is no invention in him until he has been inspired and is out of his senses, and the mind is no longer in him, when he has not attained to this state, he is powerless and is unable to utter his oracles.⁴⁶

Coleridge's inspiration, music, holiness inspiring awe, milk and honey—are all here, as well as "gardens and dells" (or "glens," as is sometimes given) faintly suggesting the beginning of *Kubla Khan*.

The precise significance of the "Abyssinian maid" "singing of Mount Abora" is still not satisfactorily explained. Professor Lowes found much source

⁴³ Lowes p. 378

⁴⁴ In Purchas. See Lowes pp. 361, 362.

⁴⁵ Cf. Coleridge's line in *Dejection* addressed to the wind: "Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold!"—Section VII.

⁴⁶ The usual Jowett translation is given here, since Coleridge himself presumably used the Greek.—*Dialogues of Plato* (Oxford, 1942) third ed. I, 501, 502.

material that provided associative links in the imagery but that threw no light on her function in the poem.⁴⁷ An earlier identification by Professor Lane Cooper, of Mount Abora with Milton's Amara,⁴⁸ now reinforced by Coleridge's autograph copy of the poem which uses the latter name, makes certain that she was singing of a Paradise. She no doubt in some sort takes the place of the classical Muse, much altered in her romantic context and her singing of Paradise relates to the idea of delight or joy as essential to poetic inspiration. The trouble is, however, that she does not seem important enough for her function—a discrepancy not accounted for by any of the discovered sources. Possibly these five lines given to the 'damsel' are in a less finished state than the rest of the poem, for it is notable that three of them are the only unrhymed lines in the whole piece.

One thing particularly to be observed in the poem is the perfectly clear rhetorical—and even grammatical—sequence in the lines beginning with the "damsel." The pronouns have obvious antecedents, and the progress of thought from line to line is altogether clear and orderly. It seems impossible not to read the poem as sense, once the connections have been made. In thus criticizing what may loosely be called the "magical" view of both the origin and the meaning of *Kubla Khan*, I would not be understood to reflect upon its poetic quality. This "Dream" possesses the same kind of "magic" that we find in all good poetry—but no other kind. And a meaning never hurt, though it never made, a poem. Meaning having been granted, then—a conscious, not an unconscious symbolic meaning—one is almost irresistibly tempted to speculate on the unwritten portion. One possibility is interesting: that of a three-part musical form with a more beautiful and heightened return to the original garden theme—the Inspired Poet now demonstrating what he could really do. The poem might in that case have remained incomplete in consequence of Coleridge's inability to transcend what he had already done. But such speculations are idle about any poet and particularly so about Coleridge, whose progress through the world was marked by more fragments than *Kubla Khan*.

⁴⁷ Lowes, pp. 374, 376, 590, 591.

⁴⁸ *Loc. cit.*

DISCUSSIONS OF MODERN PROBLEMS

FOUR KINDS OF THINKING¹



James Harvey Robinson

WE DO NOT THINK enough about thinking, and much of our confusion is the result of current illusions in regard to it. Let us forget for the moment any impressions we may have derived from the philosophers, and see what seems to happen in ourselves. The first thing that we notice is that our thought moves with such incredible rapidity that it is almost impossible to arrest any specimen of it long enough to have a look at it. When we are offered a penny for our thoughts we always find that we have recently had so many things in mind that we can easily make a selection which will not compromise us too nakedly. On inspection we shall find that even if we are not downright ashamed of a great part of our spontaneous thinking it is far too intimate, personal, ignoble or trivial to permit us to reveal more than a small part of it. I believe this must be true of everyone. We do not, of course, know what goes on in other people's heads. They tell us very little and we tell them very little. The spigot of speech, rarely fully opened, could never emit more than dribblets of the ever renewed hogshead of thought—*noch grosser wie's Heidelberger Fass*. We find it hard to believe that other people's thoughts are as silly as our own, but they probably are.

We all appear to ourselves to be thinking all the time during our waking hours, and most of us are aware that we go on thinking while we are asleep, even more foolishly than when awake. When uninterrupted by some practical issue we are engaged in what is now known as a *reverie*. This is our spontaneous and favorite kind of thinking. We allow our ideas to take their own course and this course is determined by our hopes and fears, our spontaneous desires, their fulfillment or frustration, by our likes and dislikes, our loves and hates and resentments. There is nothing else anything like so interesting to ourselves as ourselves. All thought that is not more or less laboriously controlled and directed will inevitably circle about the beloved Ego. It is amusing and pathetic to observe this tendency in ourselves and in others. We learn politely and generously to overlook this truth, but if we dare to think of it, it blazes forth like the noontide sun.

The reverie or "free association of ideas" has of late become the subject of scientific research. While investigators are not yet agreed on the results, or at least on the proper interpretation to be given to them, there can be no doubt that our reveries form the chief index to our fundamental character. They are a reflection of our nature as modified by often hidden and forgotten experiences. We need not go into the matter further here, for it is only necessary to

¹ From *The Mind in the Making* (1921). Copyright, 1921 by Harper & Brothers publishers, copyright 1949, by Bankers Trust Company.

observe that the reverie is at all times a potent and in many cases an omnipotent rival to every other kind of thinking. It doubtless influences all our speculations in its persistent tendency to self magnification and self justification, which are its chief preoccupations, but it is the last thing to make directly or indirectly for honest increase of knowledge. Philosophers usually talk as if such thinking did not exist or were in some way negligible. This is what makes their speculations so unreal and often worthless.

The reverie, as any of us can see for himself, is frequently broken and interrupted by the necessity of a second kind of thinking. We have to make practical decisions. Shall we write a letter or no? Shall we take the subway or a bus? Shall we have dinner at seven or half past? Shall we buy U S Rubber or a Liberty Bond? Decisions are easily distinguishable from the free flow of the reverie. Sometimes they demand a good deal of careful pondering and the recollection of pertinent facts, often, however, they are made impulsively. They are a more difficult and laborious thing than the reverie, and we resent having to 'make up our mind' when we are tired, or absorbed in a congenial reverie. Weighing a decision, it should be noted, does not necessarily add anything to our knowledge, although we may, of course, seek further information before making it.

A third kind of thinking is stimulated when anyone questions our beliefs and opinions. We sometimes find ourselves changing our minds without any resistance or heavy emotion, but if we are told that we are wrong we resent the imputation and harden our hearts. We are incredibly heedless in the formation of our beliefs, but find ourselves filled with an illicit passion for them when anyone proposes to rob us of their companionship. It is obviously not the ideas themselves that are dear to us, but our self esteem, which is threatened. We are by nature stubbornly pledged to defend our own from attack, whether it be our person, our family, our property, or our opinion. A United States Senator once remarked to a friend of mine that God Almighty could not make him change his mind on our Latin American Policy. We may surrender, but rarely confess ourselves vanquished. In the intellectual world at least peace is without victory.

Few of us take the pains to study the origin of our cherished convictions, indeed, we have a natural repugnance to so doing. We like to continue to believe what we have been accustomed to accept as true, and the resentment aroused when doubt is cast upon any of our assumptions leads us to seek every manner of excuse for clinging to them. *The result is that most of our so called reasoning consists in finding arguments for going on believing as we already do.*

I remember years ago attending a public dinner to which the Governor of the state was bidden. The chairman explained that His Excellency could not be present for certain "good" reasons, what the "real" reasons were the presiding officer said he would leave us to conjecture. This distinction between

"good" and "real" reasons is one of the most clarifying and essential in the whole realm of thought. We can readily give what seem to us "good" reasons for being a Catholic or a Mason, a Republican or a Democrat, an adherent or opponent of the League of Nations. But the "real" reasons are usually on quite a different plane. Of course the importance of this distinction is popularly, if somewhat obscurely, recognized. The Baptist missionary is ready enough to see that the Buddhist is not such because his doctrines would bear careful inspection, but because he happened to be born in a Buddhist family in Tokio. But it would be treason to his faith to acknowledge that his own partiality for certain doctrines is due to the fact that his mother was a member of the First Baptist church of Oak Ridge. A savage can give all sorts of reasons for his belief that it is dangerous to step on a man's shadow, and a newspaper editor can advance plenty of arguments against the Bolshevik. But neither of them may realize why he happens to be defending his particular opinion.

The 'real' reasons for our beliefs are concealed from ourselves as well as from others. As we grow up we simply adopt the ideas presented to us in regard to such matters as religion, family relations, property, business, our country and the state. We unconsciously absorb them from our environment. They are persistently whispered in our ear by the group in which we happen to live. Moreover, as Mr. Trotter has pointed out, these judgments, being the product of suggestion and not of reasoning, have the quality of perfect obviousness, so that to question them

is to the believer to carry skepticism to an insane degree, and will be met by contempt, disapproval, or condemnation according to the nature of the belief in question. When therefore we find ourselves entertaining an opinion about the basis of which there is a quality of feeling which tells us that to inquire into it would be absurd, obviously unnecessary, unprofitable, undesirable, bad form or wicked, we may know that that opinion is a nonrational one and probably therefore, founded upon inadequate evidence.

Opinions, on the other hand, which are the result of experience or of honest reasoning do not have this quality of "primary certitude." I remember when as a youth I heard a group of business men discussing the question of the immortality of the soul, I was outraged by the sentiment of doubt expressed by one of the party. As I look back now I see that I had at the time no interest in the matter, and certainly no least argument to urge in favor of the belief in which I had been reared. But neither my personal indifference to the issue, nor the fact that I had previously given it no attention, served to prevent an angry resentment when I heard *my* ideas questioned.

This spontaneous and loyal support of our preconceptions—this process of finding "good" reasons to justify our routine beliefs—is known to modern psychologists as "rationalizing"—clearly only a new name for a very ancient thing. Our "good" reasons ordinarily have no value in promoting honest en-

lightenment, because, no matter how solemnly they may be marshaled, they are at bottom the result of personal preference or prejudice, and not of an honest desire to seek or accept new knowledge

In our reveries we are frequently engaged in self justification, for we cannot bear to think ourselves wrong, and yet have constant illustrations of our weaknesses and mistakes So we spend much time finding fault with circumstances and the conduct of others, and shifting on to them with great ingenuity the onus of our own failures and disappointments *Rationalizing is the self exculpation which occurs when we feel ourselves, or our group, accused of misapprehension or error*

The little word *my* is the most important one in all human affairs, and properly to reckon with it is the beginning of wisdom It has the same force whether it is *my* dinner, *my* dog, and *my* house, or *my* faith, *my* country, and *my* God We not only resent the imputation that our watch is wrong, or our car shabby, but that our conceptions of the canals of Mars, of the pronunciation of "Epictetus," of the medicinal value of salicine, or the date of Sargon I, are subject to revision

Philosophers, scholars, and men of science exhibit a common sensitiveness in all decisions in which their *amour propre* is involved Thousands of argumentative works have been written to vent a grudge However stately their reasoning, it may be nothing but rationalizing, stimulated by the most commonplace of all motives A history of philosophy and theology could be written in terms of grouches, wounded pride, and aversions, and it would be far more instructive than the usual treatments of these themes Sometimes, under Providence, the lowly impulse of resentment leads to great achievements Milton wrote his treatise on divorce as a result of his troubles with his seventeen year old wife, and when he was accused of being the leading spirit in a new sect, the Divorcers, he wrote his noble *Areopagitica* to prove his right to say what he thought fit, and incidentally to establish the advantage of a free press in the promotion of Truth

All mankind, high and low, thinks in all the ways which have been described The reverie goes on all the time not only in the mind of the mill hand and the Broadway flapper, but equally in weighty judges and godly bishops It has gone on in all the philosophers, scientists, poets, and theologians that have ever lived Aristotle's most abstruse speculations were doubtless tempered by highly irrelevant reflections He is reported to have had very thin legs and small eyes, for which he doubtless had to find excuses, and he was wont to indulge in very conspicuous dress and rings and was accustomed to arrange his hair carefully Diogenes the Cynic exhibited the impudence of a touchy soul His tub was his distinction Tennyson in beginning his *Maud* could not forget his chagrin over losing his patrimony years before as the result of an unhappy investment in the Patent Decorative Carving Company These facts are not recalled here as a gratuitous disparagement of the truly

great, but to insure a full realization of the tremendous competition which all really exacting thought has to face, even in the minds of the most highly endowed mortals

And now the astonishing and perturbing suspicion emerges that perhaps almost all that has passed for social science, political economy, politics and ethics in the past may be brushed aside by future generations as mainly rationalizing John Dewey has already reached this conclusion in regard to philosophy Veblen and other writers have revealed the various unperceived pre-suppositions of the traditional political economy, and now comes an Italian sociologist, Vilfredo Pareto, who, in his huge treatise on general sociology, devotes hundreds of pages to substantiating a similar thesis affecting all the social sciences This conclusion may be ranked by students of a hundred years hence as one of the several great discoveries of our age It is by no means fully worked out, and it is so opposed to nature that it will be very slowly accepted by the great mass of those who consider themselves thoughtful As a historical student I am personally fully reconciled to his newer view Indeed, it seems to me inevitable that just as the various sciences of nature were, before the opening of the seventeenth century, largely masses of rationalizations to suit the religious sentiments of the period, so the social sciences have continued even to our own day to be rationalizations of uncritically accepted beliefs and customs

It will become apparent as we proceed that the fact that an idea is ancient and that it has been widely received is no argument in its favor, but should immediately suggest the necessity of carefully testing it as a probable instance of rationalization

This brings us to another kind of thought which can fairly easily be distinguished from the three kinds described above It has not the usual qualities of the reverie, for it does not hover about our personal complacencies and humiliations It is not made up of the homely decisions forced upon us by everyday needs, when we review our little stock of existing information, consult our conventional preferences and obligations, and make a choice of action It is not the defense of our own cherished beliefs and prejudices just because they are our own—mere plausible excuses for remaining of the same mind On the contrary, it is that peculiar species of thought which leads us to *change* our mind

It is this kind of thought that has raised man from his pristine, subsavage ignorance and squalor to the degree of knowledge and comfort which he now possesses On his capacity to continue and greatly extend this kind of thinking depends his chance of groping his way out of the plight in which the most highly civilized peoples of the world now find themselves In the past this type of thinking has been called Reason But so many misapprehensions have grown up around the word that some of us have become very suspicious of it I suggest, therefore, that we substitute a recent name and speak of

"creative thought" rather than of Reason *For this kind of meditation begets knowledge, and knowledge is really creative inasmuch as it makes things look different from what they seemed before and may indeed work for their reconstruction*

In certain moods some of us realize that we are observing things or making reflections with a seeming disregard of our personal preoccupations. We are not preening or defending ourselves, we are not faced by the necessity of any practical decision, nor are we apologizing for believing this or that. We are just wondering and looking and mayhap seeing what we never perceived before.

Curiosity is as clear and definite as any of our urges. We wonder what is in a sealed telegram or in a letter in which some one else is absorbed, or what is being said in the telephone booth or in low conversation. This inquisitiveness is vastly stimulated by jealousy, suspicion, or any hint that we ourselves are directly or indirectly involved. But there appears to be a fair amount of personal interest in other people's affairs even when they do not concern us except as a mystery to be unraveled or a tale to be told. The reports of a divorce suit will have "news value" for many weeks. They constitute a story like a novel or play or moving picture. This is not an example of pure curiosity, however, since we readily identify ourselves with others, and their joys and despairs then become our own.

We also take note of, or "observe," as Sherlock Holmes says, things which have nothing to do with our personal interests and make no personal appeal either direct or by way of sympathy. This is what Veblen so well calls "idle curiosity." And it is usually idle enough. Some of us when we face the line of people opposite us in a subway train impulsively consider them in detail and engage in rapid inferences and form theories in regard to them. On entering a room there are those who will perceive at a glance the degree of preciousness of the rugs, the character of the pictures, and the personality revealed by the books. But there are many, it would seem, who are so absorbed in their personal reverie or in some definite purpose that they have no bright-eyed energy for idle curiosity. The tendency to miscellaneous observation we come by honestly enough, for we note it in many of our animal relatives.

Veblen, however, uses the term "idle curiosity" somewhat ironically, as is his wont. It is idle only to those who fail to realize that it may be a very rare and indispensable thing from which almost all distinguished human achievement proceeds, since it may lead to systematic examination and seeking for things hitherto undiscovered. For research is but diligent search which enjoys the high flavor of primitive hunting. Occasionally and fitfully idle curiosity thus leads to creative thought, which alters and broadens our own views and aspirations and may in turn, under highly favorable circumstances, affect the views and lives of others, even for generations to follow. An example or two will make this unique human process clear.

Galileo was a thoughtful youth and doubtless carried on a rich and varied reverie. He had artistic ability and might have turned out to be a musician or painter. When he had dwelt among the monks at Vallombrosa he had been tempted to lead the life of a religious. As a boy he busied himself with toy machines and he inherited a fondness for mathematics. All these facts are of record. We may safely assume also that, along with many other subjects of contemplation, the Pisan maidens found a vivid place in his thoughts.

One day when seventeen years old he wandered into the cathedral of his native town. In the midst of his reverie he looked up at the lamps hanging by long chains from the high ceiling of the church. Then something very difficult to explain occurred. He found himself no longer thinking of the building, worshipers, or the services, of his artistic or religious interests, of his reluctance to become a physician as his father wished. He forgot the question of a career and even the *graziosissime donne*. As he watched the swinging lamps he was suddenly wondering if mayhap their oscillations, whether long or short, did not occupy the same time. Then he tested this hypothesis by counting his pulse, for that was the only timepiece he had with him.

This observation, however remarkable in itself, was not enough to produce a really creative thought. Others may have noticed the same thing and yet nothing came of it. Most of our observations have no assignable results. Galileo may have seen that the warts on a peasant's face formed a perfect isosceles triangle, or he may have noticed with boyish glee that just as the officiating priest was uttering the solemn words, *ecce agnus Dei*, a fly lit on the end of his nose. To be really creative, ideas have to be worked up and then put over, so that they become a part of man's social heritage. The highly accurate pendulum clock was one of the later results of Galileo's discovery. He himself was led to reconsider and successfully to refute the old notions of falling bodies. It remained for Newton to prove that the moon was falling, and presumably all the heavenly bodies. This quite upset all the consecrated views of the heavens as managed by angelic engineers. The universality of the laws of gravitation stimulated the attempt to seek other and equally important natural laws and cast grave doubts on the miracles in which mankind had hitherto believed. In short, those who dared to include in their thoughts the discoveries of Galileo and his successors found themselves in a new earth surrounded by new heavens.

On the 28th of October, 1831, three hundred and fifty years after Galileo had noticed the isochronous vibrations of the lamps, creative thought and its currency had so far increased that Faraday was wondering what would happen if he mounted a disk of copper between the poles of a horseshoe magnet. As the disk revolved an electric current was produced. This would doubtless have seemed the idlest kind of an experiment to the stanch business men of the time, who, it happened, were just then denouncing the

child labor bills in their anxiety to avail themselves to the full of the results of earlier idle curiosity. But should the dynamos and motors which have come into being as the outcome of Faraday's experiment be stopped this evening, the business man of to day, agitated over labor troubles, might, as he trudged home past lines of "dead" cars, through dark streets to an unlighted house, engage in a little creative thought of his own and perceive that he and his laborers would have no modern factories and mines to quarrel about had it not been for the strange practical effects of the idle curiosity of scientists, inventors, and engineers.

The examples of creative intelligence given above belong to the realm of modern scientific achievement, which furnishes the most striking instances of the effects of scrupulous, objective thinking. But there are, of course, other great realms in which the recording and embodiment of acute observation and insight have wrought themselves into the higher life of man. The great poets and dramatists and our modern story tellers have found themselves engaged in productive reveries, noting and artistically presenting their discoveries for the delight and instruction of those who have the ability to appreciate them.

The process by which a fresh and original poem or drama comes into being is doubtless analogous to that which originates and elaborates so called scientific discoveries, but there is clearly a temperamental difference. The genesis and advance of painting, sculpture, and music offer still other problems. We really as yet know shockingly little about these matters, and indeed very few people have the least curiosity about them. Nevertheless, creative intelligence in its various forms and activities is what makes man. Were it not for its slow, painful, and constantly discouraged operations through the ages man would be no more than a species of primate living on seeds, fruits, roots, and uncooked flesh, and wandering naked through the woods and over the plains like a chimpanzee.

The origin and progress and future promotion of civilization are ill understood and misconceived. These should be made the chief theme of education, but much hard work is necessary before we can reconstruct our ideas of man and his capacities and free ourselves from innumerable persistent misapprehensions. There have been obstructionists in all times, not merely the lethargic masses, but the moralists, the rationalizing theologians, and most of the philosophers, all busily if unconsciously engaged in ratifying existing ignorance and mistakes and discouraging creative thought. Naturally, those who reassure us seem worthy of honor and respect. Equally naturally those who puzzle us with disturbing criticisms and invite us to change our ways are objects of suspicion and readily discredited. Our personal discontent does not ordinarily extend to any critical questioning of the general situation in which we find ourselves. In every age the prevailing conditions of civilization have appeared quite natural and inevitable to those who grew up in them. The cow asks no questions as to how it happens to have a dry stall and

a supply of hay The kitten laps its warm milk from a china saucer, without knowing anything about porcelain, the dog nestles in the corner of a divan with no sense of obligation to the inventors of upholstery and the manufacturers of down pillows So we humans accept our breakfasts, our trains and telephones and orchestras and movies, our national Constitution, our moral code and standards of manners, with the simplicity and innocence of a pet rabbit We have absolutely inexhaustible capacities for appropriating what others do for us with no thought of a 'thank you' We do not feel called upon to make any least contribution to the merry game ourselves Indeed, we are usually quite unaware that a game is being played at all

SOME POPULAR DELUSIONS¹



Bergen Evans

SUPERSTITIONS, as Bacon said, like bats, fly best in twilight, and the twilight of a confused liberalism seems particularly favorable to them Certainly we are suffering, or enjoying, a period of unusual supernatural activity Mysterious writings and rappings, rocking chairs that keep on rocking, wild rushings of the sun about the sky, roses that never fade, barrels that never run dry, coffeepots ditto, leaves that grow pictures, statues that sweat and weep, abominable snowmen, corpses that stay fresh and fragrant for fifty years, horses that answer three questions for a dollar, flat tires that repair themselves, monsters and sea serpents, half ton stones that drag themselves across deserts, ghostly hitchhikers who suddenly disappear and are later discovered to have been persons long dead—in news stories, in table talk, in radio and television interviews, from pulpit, press, rostrum, forum, microphone, street corner, classroom, bar, and parlor, these stories descend upon us in an uninterrupted stream

The common man's history is largely a collection of anecdotes, and most of these anecdotes have an element of fiction in them In antiquity there are Diogenes with his tub and lantern and Horatius at the bridge The knowing tell you that Cæsar was born of a Cæsarean operation, the romantic sigh over Cleopatra's love for Antony and her death at the adder's fang, and the unco' guid still glower at Nero for fiddling while Rome burned

The persecution of the Christians under Nero led to his exaltation in the Middle Ages to the position of the baddest man that ever was There is hardly any wickedness imaginable—and as imaginers of wickedness the chroniclers were unsurpassed—which was not ascribed to him and depicted

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in vivid detail. In time the propaganda overdid itself, and he became funny. Even today there is an aura of comedy about him.

Not content with the crimes he did commit, his detractors loaded him with the most ingenious horrors. It was said that he ripped open his mother's womb merely to gratify a whimsical curiosity about the place of his origin. A question arising as to whether rest or exercise was the more healthful after eating, he commanded two slaves to be fed, had the one rest and the other exercise, and then had both eviscerated to see which had digested his meal the better. And so on.

Of all these delightful anecdotes all that remains today is the belief that he fiddled, in fiendish exultation or callous indifference, while Rome burned. Some, aware that fiddles were not known in ancient Rome, say that he played the lyre or lute.

Tacitus, now regarded as the soundest authority, states emphatically that at the time of the conflagration Nero was at his villa at Antium, fifty miles from Rome. He hurried back to the city, took every measure possible to check and control the fire, and set up shelters and public relief measures for the victims. And after the fire he rebuilt the city in an intelligent and much improved way. Nero's life was dissolute and dreadful, but his conduct in relation to the fire (except in accusing the Christians of having started it) seems to have been the brightest spot in it.

William Tell seems unassailable because his legend is so detailed and specific. It was on November 18, 1307, that the intrepid mountaineer refused to do obeisance to the hated Gessler and was condemned to shoot the apple from his son's head. Of his marksmanship, of the second bolt intended for Gessler had the first killed the boy, of the hero's bold defiance, his arrest, escape, killing of the tyrant, and firing the desire for freedom that established Switzerland, the whole world knows in song, story, opera, painting, and sculpture. The very rock on which he leaped ashore is pointed out to tourists, and several boys are injured every year when their friends attempt to emulate the famous shot.

But alas, for all the exactness of time, name and place, the story is a myth. It was told in Norway, in several forms, in the eleventh century. There are Danish and Icelandic versions, and by the twelfth century it appeared in Persian. In no contemporary Swiss or Austrian record is there any mention of either Tell or Gessler. Sixty years ago the Canton of Schuyz ordered the story to be expunged from its schoolbooks.

Those who feel that removal of these heroes lessens the world's very limited supply of noble examples must comfort themselves with the reflection that it also lessens the supply of villainous examples, for every hero must have an opposing villain. If we take Horatius from the bridge, we also take Sextus from the bridgehead. If Tell's particular heroism is banished from credence, so is Gessler's particular inhumanity.

Among the moral monsters that skepticism has dissipated is Lucrezia Bor-

gia The incestuous murderess seems wholly a creation of prurience and malice Although the actual Lucrezia was married four times before she reached the age of twenty two, and one of her husbands, the Duke of Bisceglie, was murdered, she does not appear to have been more than a pawn in the hands of her ambitious father and unscrupulous brother Discouraging as it may be to romantic conceptions of her wickedness, Lucrezia's fault was an insipid, almost bovine, good nature She was famed in her own time for a sort of lady bountiful piety, and Dr Erskine Muir says that the only time in her life when she was known to show the least force of character was when on her wedding journey to Ferrara she insisted on holding up the progress while she washed her hair

Of our own American heroes the most shadowy is probably Henry Hudson, who is so universally believed to have been a Dutchman that his name is often spelled Henrick But he was an Englishman He was certainly a great navigator, but it so happens that he did not discover the river, the straits, or the bay that bear his name

For one who occupies more space on maps than all but two or three men who ever lived, he is an extraordinarily vague figure The exact circumstances of his birth and his death are unknown He appears on the stage of history for only four years—and even then is largely an offstage voice, for he was at sea most of that time He is first mentioned in 1607, when, appointed master of the *HOPEFUL* by the Muscovy Company, he attempted unsuccessfully to sail from England to China by way of the North Pole In 1608 he attempted, again unsuccessfully, to find a Northeast Passage In 1609 he entered the service of the Dutch East India Company and, as master of the now famous *HALF MOON*, again attempted to find a passage to the Orient by sailing east along the north coast of Russia It was on this voyage that he made his trip up the Hudson That would seem to be somewhat out of the way of his intended course, but his crew had mutinied off the coast of Nova Zembla, and as he was thus prevented from continuing his search for the Northeast Passage, he had decided to have a go at the Northwest Passage, and had simply turned around, sailed across the Atlantic, explored the coasts of North America, and gone up the great river that is named after him to a point (about the present site of Albany) where it became clear beyond doubt that it was not a passage

His next and last voyage was again in the service of the English He was a man of headstrong will and, apparently, of a morose and suspicious nature After a winter of incredible hardships and bitter quarreling, his crew mutinied and set him, his son, and seven other men ashore on the edge of the bay that bears his name and probably his bones In school book illustrations the son is sometimes depicted as a little boy He was between twenty and twenty-two and, it would appear, was very much his father's son

If Hudson is a real figure dimly seen, Betsy Ross is an unreal figure fixed in the popular mind with detailed clarity For all the facts that her house

is preserved in Philadelphia and visited as a shrine and that a special stamp was issued in 1952 to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of her birth, the legend that she sewed the first American flag in accordance with a design which George Washington submitted to her seems to be a myth. The red and white stripes, with the union jack where we now have white stars on a blue ground, was in use in the British navy long before the Revolutionary War, and the substitution of the starred jack would appear to have been an adaptation of the flag of Rhode Island. The story of Betsy Ross was first promulgated by her grandson in 1870, and is utterly lacking in any contemporary support. None the less, the chances are that she is in history to stay.

Sayings are more often ascribed to those who, in the popular estimate, *ought* to have made them than to those who did. It does no good to insist that it was Charles Dudley Warner who said "Everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it." The epigram has been transferred to Mark Twain, and there it will remain. Horace Greeley repeatedly and publicly disclaimed having said "Go west, young man, go west." He even reprinted the article, by John L. Soule of the *Terre Haute Express*, in which the phrase had first appeared. But the phrase is stuck to Greeley, and Greeley is stuck with the phrase.

Louis XIV often longed, no doubt, to say "*L'Etat, c'est moi*" but it is highly unlikely that he ever did. Not in public, anyway. He was far from being the absolute ruler he would have liked to be. At the height of his power he could not even get *Tartuffe* played openly. Also, the phrase expresses his arrogance and self-esteem too neatly. It has more style to it than one would expect from a king. It reflects too patly the enlightened eighteenth century's idea of the Grand Monarch, and was probably made up by Voltaire.

But if Louis XIV's most famous phrase was made up by Voltaire, Voltaire's was made up by S. C. Tallentyre in the twentieth century. Voltaire's actual witticisms are still too bold to be popular, but "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it" has just enough exaggeration to be striking and enough paradox to seem vaguely witty. And as Voltaire was a passionate champion of freedom of speech, it is "in keeping."

In reality, however, Voltaire clung to his life with great zest and was not prepared to give it up to defend any piece of senseless babble. What he actually said in his "Essay on Tolerance," the words that Miss Tallentyre "paraphrased" into the rather pompous utterance so often attributed to him, was "Think for yourselves and let others enjoy the privilege to do so too." That is something different.

Successful propaganda passes as news in the present tense and history in the past and, as the best lies are those that depart least from the truth, the most effective coloring of the past often consists of nothing more than

the change of a single word or the transferring of a remark from one context to another or even from one person to another

The famous "Let 'em eat cake" appeared first in the sixth book of Rousseau's *Confessions*, where it is attributed to "a great princess" The date of composition of the *Confessions* is uncertain, but 1766 is commonly accepted for at least this part of it This was four years before Marie Antoinette, then a child of eleven, came to France And from the context it is plain that Rousseau had heard the saying by 1740, eleven years before her birth "Cake," by the way, is an improvement on the original, which was "*brioche*"

The remark that the English were "a nation of shopkeepers" is invariably ascribed to Napoleon, and he may well have uttered the comment But if he did he was simply quoting Adam Smith, who had first used the phrase in his *Wealth of Nations*

That "God is always on the side of the big battalions" has also come to rest to Napoleon's credit, or discredit, though remarks of a similar nature have been expressed by various authors clear back to Tacitus Its earliest dated appearance in its present form is in a letter of Voltaire's written in 1770 The same wording, however, is used in an undated letter of Frederick the Great's which most authorities think was written ten years before Voltaire's and as Frederick wanted so badly to be a writer, it would be a shame to deprive him of any epigram to which he has a reasonable claim

Few soldiers have uttered as many quotable (and unquotable) sayings as the Duke of Wellington, and it is a pity that so great a stylist and so uncompromising a realist should have foisted upon him the snobbish, inaccurate, and absurd remark that the Battle of Waterloo was "won on the playing fields of Eton"

It is true that the Duke attended Eton as a boy, but, according to his great grandson, the seventh duke, his career there was "short and inglorious," and he never had any particular affection for the place Indeed, affection for your college is a fairly modern product, largely the work of American alumni secretaries, and the belief that college athletics foster "those qualities in men that make good soldiers" is more recent still When Wellington was at Eton there were fields and the young gentlemen played in them, but there were no playing fields in the modern sense of the term and no organized sports, no teamwork, no stiff upper lip

One of the most frequently voiced opinions in popular criminology is that crime is caused by "secularized" education and that the one sure cure for it is 'a religious upbringing' The late Fulton Oursler said that "secularized education in our public schools" must be held accountable for "much" of the "more than eighty per cent increase" in our prison population in the last ten years The Division of Christian Education of the Protestant Council of the City of New York is of the opinion that children not receiving religious education "are a menace to society, to themselves, to our country and our

country's future " The national Reform Association says that we must restore religion to the schools 'or perish through secularism and crime Mr J Edgar Hoover has stated frequently that attendance at Sunday school is the solution for juvenile delinquency Father Robert I Cannon, president of Fordham University, gave the old assertion a new and grim touch when he said that for every [public school] classroom that was built, it was necessary to build two cells for the insane and one gallows

These are bitter words and would make a man wonder if a public school commencement is any more than a witches Sabbath, were it not that statistics fail to support them For the facts—established in a dozen surveys, many of them reported in religious journals—are that most criminals have *had* a religious upbringing The vast majority of convicts claim a sectarian affiliation The percentage of the "religious" in prisons is far in excess of their percentage in the general population Despite Mr Hoover, most delinquents have "been inside a church," and many are constant attendants Seventy two per cent of the more than six thousand boys apprehended for criminal activities in Detroit in 1950 attended church, forty five per cent of them regularly Nor is this solely an American phenomenon, studies have shown much the same situation in England, Holland, and Australia And Westermarck quotes Mohammedan authorities to show that it pertains in Islam too

This, emphatically, does not mean that a religious upbringing leads to crime—though if the statistical tables were reversed, much would probably be made of it It may even be argued that they are to the churches' credit, since they indicate how largely they work among the poor, from whom most criminals are recruited

If it were true that a religious upbringing prevents crime, there ought to be little crime at those times and in those places where the entire education is religious The Middle Ages, for example, ought to have been practically free from crime, and the jails in Spain and Italy ought to be almost empty But—if we may trust the homilists, and that's about all we have to go on—the Middle Ages were times of dreadful violence and debauchery, and the jails of those lands that support a sectarian education seem to be just as crowded as those of less fortunate countries

Legal phraseology is usually infuriating to the common man, who doesn't see why a plain fact shouldn't be plainly stated"—though the common man will hear commercials refer to a product as "superior" or "better" without demanding to know "superior to *what*?" or "better than *what*?"

Swift, with his usual vigor, expressed the popular view in *Gulliver*

It is likewise to be observed, ' Gulliver tells his Houyhnhnm master, ' that this society [of lawyers] hath a peculiar cant and jargon of their own that no other mortal can understand, wherein all their laws are written, which they take special care to multiply, whereby they have wholly confounded the very essence of truth and falsehood of right and wrong "

The old law French, which was still somewhat in use in Swift's day, would have justified the first part of this charge, but the second is a cherished fallacy. Half the civil suits that come before our courts grow out of the obscurity of 'plain' language. The wording of legal documents may be tedious, polysyllabic, repetitious, cacophonous, and humorless, but to anyone not panic-stricken at the sound of 'whereas,' it usually makes the meaning clearer than it otherwise would be. 'The party of the second part' may be cumbersome, and it may be exasperating to have to pay a lawyer to write it, but 'him' will eventually fatten a dozen lawyers.

None the less, to the aggrieved litigant legal terminology remains studied pedantry, a part and parcel of the mentality that delights in quibbling and finds a typographical error sufficient reason for reversing a decision.

Actually, cases are never reversed on trifling grounds, though sometimes, more so formerly than today, trifling grounds were used to justify changes that had deeper motivations. Thus, a century or so ago in England, when the bloody book of the law was being read to its cruelest letter, when children were being hanged for stealing rabbits and laborers deported for trying to form labor unions, savage verdicts were sometimes reversed on technicalities. But in most of these cases the error, as Max Radin has said, "was only a pretext." Today appellate courts from time to time reverse verdicts in criminal cases, but never on such trivial grounds as is popularly imagined.

Serious grounds may, of course, seem trivial to the untrained or prejudiced mind, and the papers, in presenting an account of any reversal, 'play up' the popular delusion if they can. Thus even the *New York Times* in its report of the dismissal of a first degree manslaughter indictment against James Harrison, by Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz, in 1948, shaped the whole story to emphasize the fact that it was the "omission of a question mark in a stenographic report of an alleged statement" made by Harrison, after his arrest for the fatal stabbing of his wife, that led to Judge Leibowitz's action. This is exactly the sort of thing that the indignant layman expects, and the headlines must have caused many a snort and exclamation of disgust. But the full story made it plain that the question mark was by no means a trifle. In the stenographic record Harrison was made to say 'I had intentions of stabbing her—,' a clear admission of that premeditation which can make all the difference between life and death for the accused. Whereas, it seems, he had actually exclaimed in horror, rejecting a suggestion of premeditation in a rhetorical question 'I had intentions of stabbing her?' So that the question mark was not a mere flourish of punctuation, but something which made the distinction between a confession and a denial.

The weight that precedent carries with judges is often another source of annoyance to the layman—unless, of course, the precedent happens to be in his favor. And again Swift has given the layman's resentment one of its clearest expressions.

It is a maxim among lawyers,' Gulliver went on, that whatever hath been done may legally be done again and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice and the general reason of mankind These under the name of *precedents*, they produce as authorities, to justify the most iniquitous opinions and the judges never fail of directing accordingly'

Even when the worst case possible is made out against appeal to precedent, however, it remains the lesser of two evils and, despite its limitations, is one of the cornerstones of justice Law is what the courts will say it is, and men risk their fortunes every day on the assumption that the courts will be consistent 'Consistency,' Max Radin has said in *The Law and Mr Smith*, "is a real and powerful constituent of justice and [an] abstract consideration of justice that does not take that fact into account misses the essence of its search" Appeal to precedent may sometimes perpetuate injustice, but a disregard of precedent would produce chaos and destroy all justice

NEWS AND THE WHOLE TRUTH¹



Elmer Davis

EACH SPRING the members of the American Newspaper Publishers Association assemble in convention and spend a great deal of their time eulogizing themselves Conventions of editors and reporters, whether for newspapers or radio news, are more practical and less complacent The American news business, press and radio, certainly deserves some eulogies, it is the most copious in the world, and I think its average quality is at least as good as any other's But it is not yet good enough Too often we tell the customers not what is really going on, but what seems to be going on And I am not referring to the small minority of newspapers, and the smaller minority of newspapermen, who don't want to tell the truth, but to the great majority who do want to tell the truth but often fall short

Too much of our news is one dimensional, when truth has three dimensions (or maybe more), we still have inadequate defenses against men who try to lead the news with propaganda, and in some fields the vast and increasing complexity of the news makes it continually more difficult—especially for us Washington reporters—to tell the public what really happened Some of these failings are due to encrusted habits of the news business, which can be changed only slowly, but which many men are now trying to change, some of them will be harder to cure because they are only the reverse side of some of our

¹ From *But We Were Born Free* by Elmer Davis copyright © 1954 used by special permission of the publishers The Bobbs Merrill Company Inc

greatest merits, and it is difficult to see how to get rid of them without endangering the merits too

The merits which entail the worst drawbacks are competition and the striving for objectivity and we should be much worse off without either. But objectivity often leans over backward so far that it makes the news business merely a transmission belt for pretentious phonies. As for competition, there is no doubt that the nation is much better served by three wire services—the Associated Press, the United Press, and the International News Service, sometimes supplemented by the English Reuters—and by several radio networks than it would be by monopoly in either field. But competition means an overemphasis on speed, as has been noted by the Associated Press Managing Editors (not the editors of the AP but the men who use its service), and sometimes it leads to an exaggerated build up.

Like most radio newsmen, I am heavily dependent on the wire services. I am supposed to be aware of all the world's news, and to report what seems to me most important or that to which I can add something in the way of interpretation. But I can't cover it all myself—not even all that happens in Washington, usually I cover about one story a day on foot, get angles or elucidations on half a dozen others by telephone, and must depend on the wire services for the rest. Experience has taught me, when the versions of the same story given by two wire services differ materially, to prefer the less picturesque, the other might have been souped up to beat the competition.

President Truman announced his decision not to run again at the end of his speech at the Jefferson Jackson Day dinner on March 29, 1952—an extemporaneous addition to a script distributed several hours in advance. All the wire services sent out the text, of course, early edition of the Sunday papers were going to press and had to have it at the earliest moment. The UP and INS merely sent out the text, the AP, desirous of making everything clear (and maybe of getting the jump on the competition), prefaced it with a lead saying that the President made no disclosure of his intentions. Papers carrying that lead were on the street as he was disclosing his intentions. At least one radio station—a good one, too—writing its eleven o'clock news out of the AP, went on the air and said that he had made no disclosure of his intentions, whereas many of the listeners a few minutes earlier had heard the President say he wouldn't run.

I do not suppose that any of the wire services ever consciously sacrifices accuracy to speed, but speed is what counts most, because what every wire service wants is to get newspapers to use its story rather than its competitors' stories. I have seen many service messages on press association wires boasting about how many minutes, or even how many seconds, they were ahead of the competition, how their story got the play. I have seldom if ever seen a message saying, "While our story was unfortunately a few minutes behind time, it had more truth in it." Yet these outfits live, and must live, by competition, and we are better off with that competition, whatever its shortcomings, than we

should be without it. One of the wire services has a motto, "Get it there first—but first get it right." I am sure they all try to do that, I am not sure that a wire service which actually succeeded in doing it would last long against the competition.

Nine days before the Germans surrendered in 1945 there was a great, though brief, flurry over an AP report from San Francisco—where the constituent assembly of the United Nations was then meeting—that they had surrendered and an announcement could be expected at any moment. The story was sent by one of the ablest reporters in the country, he got it from a person described as a high American official, who wouldn't let his name be used—something that happens every day, and it may have been mass self delusion that persuaded many people that the high official was the Secretary of State, who would have known. Actually it was Senator Connally, but he might have known too, and if the reporter had stopped to check up with the Secretary of State or anybody else, the competition might have got the story out ahead of him. So it was left to the President of the United States to do the checking up, and find out that the story was false.

That time, the AP got a beat on a surrender that didn't happen, nine days later it got a beat on the one that did happen—because one of its correspondents broke a release date that fifteen other correspondents observed. Now some of those hold for release regulations of the SHAEF public relations officers—imposed in an endeavor to get simultaneous release in all Allied capitals—may have seemed ridiculous, the German radio was already announcing the surrender, nevertheless the sixteen correspondents who had covered the actual ceremony had all promised to hold the story till a certain hour. Fifteen of them did, one of them did not. If that incident had been repeated once or twice it would have made it extremely difficult for any correspondent to get any news.

Here the fault clearly lay with the pressure of competition. I am told, by a man who should know, that the three principal AP correspondents on the western front had identical instructions, besides competing with everybody else they were competing with one another, presumably on the theory that that would keep them up on their toes. It is not surprising that one of them got so far up on his toes that he fell over on his face.

It was the United Press that ended the old war four days early in 1918—an incident now remembered chiefly because Roy Howard, who was responsible for what was then the greatest boner in American news history, was able enough to live it down. He happened to be in a position to see, quite legitimately, what appeared to be an official dispatch, and he flashed it without checking up on it. It was in contradiction to the known intention of ending the war four days later, but I do not suppose there was or is a reporter for any wire service, American or foreign, who would not have done what Roy Howard did. It is hard to say how much actual harm was done, aside from taking the edge off the celebration of the real armistice, but there is some

reason to believe that the message that fooled Howard was planted by a German agent in Paris, who presumably hoped that it would do harm

Now these were not bad reporters they were all good reporters, among the best, but they were all in too big a hurry, for fear somebody else would beat them to it We have seen many forecasts of what will happen in the next war, if we have one I do not know what the course of operations will be, the one thing I feel safe in predicting is that some American reporter will end it a few days before it actually ends, and the families of men who were killed after he said it was over will, for the rest of their lives, be convinced that you can't believe what you see in the papers

II

Most Russian propaganda nowadays needs no fumigation in this country, it defeats itself The Russians appear to regard us as enemies, and their routine propaganda is put out with no expectation that it will have any effect on us, but may only help to keep other nations as neutral as possible as long as possible There is one outstanding exception—the occasional answers that Stalin vouchsafes to inquiries from American correspondents

Certainly, an "interview" with Stalin would be a great journalistic achievement But you don't interview Stalin, ask him questions face to face You send in your questions in writing and he answers them or not, according to whether the answers would do some good to Stalin The kind of questions he will answer is the kind asked him by Kingsbury Smith of INS three years ago last winter, during the Berlin blockade The questions were Would Russia join the United States in a declaration that we had no intention of going to war with each other? (Russia has made such promises to other nations, and broken them, in somewhat altered form, this proposal is a staple of Russian propaganda in the United Nations) Would Russia join us in gradual disarmament toward that end? (The Russians always say they are for disarmament, on their terms) Would Russia lift the Berlin blockade if the Western Powers would abandon the establishment of a West German state? (Prevention of that establishment was obviously the principal purpose of the Berlin blockade) And would Stalin meet the President to discuss such a 'pact of peace'?—a project which the President was known to regard as useless

It has been reported—and so far as I know, not denied—that Kingsbury Smith had been tipped off that Stalin would answer those questions, and presumably no others Whether or not Stalin wrote the questions, they were exactly the questions he would have written to get his propaganda arguments before the world He could have done that by a statement in *Pravda*, but this would have had much less authority and got much less attention than one coming through an American news service Most editorial pages, of course, analyzed the Stalin statement as what it was, but those editorials were read by far fewer people than saw the statement itself under big headlines on the front page Yet American newsmen keep asking Stalin the kind of question

he likes to answer Stalin is an important man, if he wants to say something, let him say it, but why give him the build up?

Reporting of the Korean war has in general been very good—some of it, such as Homer Bigart's dispatches in the early months to the New York *Herald Tribune*, exceedingly good, but we have let the enemy slip a few fast ones past us. There are two English speaking Communist correspondents, the Englishman Alan Winnington and the Australian Wilfred Burchett, who had been with the Communist armies and then came down to Panmunjom to cover the truce talks. British and Australian correspondents would have nothing to do with them, but some of the Americans were innocent enough to suppose, at first, that they were just newspapermen like themselves, and quoted them as authorities not only for conditions behind the enemy lines, but for what was going on in the truce talk tents. I am told by correspondents returned from Korea that sometimes they had to use what they got from Winnington and Burchett because they could get nothing out of our public information officers. But what did they get out of Winnington and Burchett? Not objective truth, you may be sure, unless by accident.

Lately we haven't heard so much from Winnington and Burchett, but enemy propaganda still makes hay with photographs—many of them taken by an American, Frank Noel, an AP photographer who is a prisoner, but transmitted to our side of the lines, of course, by the Communists. According to those photographs the life of a prisoner of war in North Korea is indeed a happy one. We see groups of prisoners, warmly dressed against the Korean winter, fat, well fed, and smiling. Well—a man who knows that his picture is going to be printed in the American papers where his family will see it wants to look cheerful, they feel bad enough about his being a prisoner and would feel worse if they thought he was mistreated.

It seems possible that among the American prisoners there are some who are not well fed and warmly dressed, I shouldn't be surprised if Frank Noel has a whole packet of pictures of men like that buried somewhere, for publication if he ever gets out. But that is not the kind of pictures that the Communists pass on for publication in the American press.

III

The United Nations Commission on Freedom of Information has been trying to work out an international code of ethics for newsmen, not an easy task in view of the different concepts of news (and of ethics) on the two sides of the Iron Curtain. At this writing they have adopted only one article of the code, and that one by a vote of six to nothing with five abstaining. It says only that reporters, editors, and commentators shall do their best to make sure that the information the public receives is factually accurate, with no fact wilfully distorted and no essential fact deliberately suppressed.

I don't know why the American delegate abstained from voting for that innocuous declaration, unless the reason was that it doesn't go far enough.

What is factual accuracy? Not merely what a man says, for sometimes he has said the contradictory thing in times past, and sometimes, indeed, what he says is known to be false. Truth has three dimensions, but the practices of the American news business—practices adopted in a praiseworthy ambition to be objective—too often give us only one dimensional news, factually accurate so far as it goes, but very far indeed from the whole truth.

There was not much objectivity in the American press through most of the nineteenth century, if a story touched on the political or economic interest of the editor or owner, it was usually written so as to make his side look good. Some papers still follow that practice, but most of them, for some decades past, have accepted the principle that they ought to try to be objective in the news columns, leaving argument to the editorial page. Publish everything that is said on both sides of a controversial issue, and let the reader make up his mind. A noble theory—but suppose that men who talk on one side (or both) are known to be lying to serve their own personal interest, or suppose they don't know what they are talking about. To call attention to these facts, except on the editorial page, would not, according to most newspaper practice, be objective. Yet in the complex news of today how many readers have enough personal knowledge to distinguish fact from fiction, ignorance from knowledge, interest from impartiality?

This practice is perhaps not quite so prevalent now as it was twenty five years ago—in the golden age of Calvin Coolidge, when it was the general opinion that things are what they seem. In those days, if the Honorable John P. Hoozis was an important person, you were likely to see him quoted at length in the newspapers on almost any subject, with no indication that he knew nothing at all about it, or no indication that he had a strong personal interest in getting people to believe what he said—even if the editor who printed the story happened to know it. He was an important man, he had made a statement, and it would not have been objective not to print it. We have been getting away from that dead pan objectivity of late years—or were, till the rise of Senator McCarthy.

In the opinion of Professor David Manning White of Boston University, writing in the *Nieman Reports* of Harvard, McCarthy in the beginning was largely created by the newspapers. (I don't think they could help it, the violent Senate debate over his first attacks on the State Department was news that could not be ignored.) Anyway, says Professor White, McCarthy has got away from them now like Frankenstein's monster, reporters may not believe him but they have to go on reporting what he says because everybody else will. The result is that "a cult of incredulity has permeated the American press", the newspapers have become "unwitting or unwilling accomplices in creating an atmosphere in which prejudice, half truths, and misinformation bloom with a noisome stench."

McCarthy may be a unique case but he is far from the only case in which the press (and radio) misinforms the nation through the habit of regarding

anything that the Honorable John P. Hoozis says as news. Take an example more to the point, since there seems no question of any deliberate intention to mislead. Last year Pat Hurley was testifying in the MacArthur hearings—former Major General, former Secretary of War, former Ambassador to China. Pat Hurley. About military affairs and Chinese politics he may be supposed to know something—though even that may be open to doubt in view of his remark, some years ago, that Chinese Communists are just like Oklahoma Republicans except that they carry guns. Somehow he had got off the subject and into criticism of some hearings by Congressional committees, which had acquitted people whom he considered guilty.

"For instance," he said, "the hearings on the atomic energy organization. I read the report of the committee that heard that case, and it was a clean bill of health, a certificate of purity and patriotism for everybody in the organization. Yet less than six months, just a little after, Dr. Klaus Fuchs confessed in London, and the result is that they were not pure, they were not patriotic in that organization, and two of them are under sentence to death at this moment."

This of course was completely false, though the falsehood may presumably be charged to General Hurley's defective memory. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, sentenced to death, did their spying (as Fuchs did practically all of his) when the atomic energy program was operated by the Manhattan Engineering District under General Groves—two years or more before the Atomic Energy Commission (which had received the "certificate of purity" that Hurley mentioned) was established, indeed before it was even thought of. Further more, the Rosenbergs never worked even for Groves, let alone for the Atomic Energy Commission. Yet a prominent man had said that in an important hearing, so it was news, it ran in one or more editions of the evening papers, and doubtless on some news broadcasts, before it was corrected.

Who should have corrected it? Well, you would think any Senator would remember that Hurley was completely wrong, but nobody said so. Two members of the committee who certainly knew, Senators McMahon and Hickenlooper, happened not to be in the committee room when Hurley made the statement. McMahon was told about it, came back while Hurley was still on the stand, and managed to get it into the record that Hurley had made "a downright misstatement of facts." That duly got into the newspapers and on the radio, a Senator had said it, so it was news.

But any competent news editor must have known that it was a downright misstatement of facts, yet I doubt if there was a newspaper in the country, printing Hurley's statement before McMahon's correction, that followed it with a bracketed insert, "This simply is not so." To do that would have been editorializing, interpreting the news, failing in objectivity. You can do it to Stalin, you could do it to Hitler in his day, but tradition forbids doing it to one of our fellow citizens when he is engaged in controversy. Failure to make such

a correction may salve a man's conscience about his loyalty to the ideal of objectivity. But how about his loyalty to the reader, who buys a newspaper thinking (or at least hoping) that it will tell him the truth? The newspaper is not giving him his money's worth if it tells him only what somebody says is the truth, which is known to be false.

IV

It was the realization that objectivity had leaned so far over backward that it had become unobjective which led to the rise of the syndicated newspaper column and a little later of the radio news commentary. These are both news and interpretation, our listeners, or readers, understand that we are saying, "This is the news and this is what I think it means." But even for us, with much more latitude than the ordinary reporter, it is becoming harder and harder to get at the three dimensional truth in Washington—partly because the news becomes more and more complex, partly because so much of it is coming to consist of never ending serial melodramas, like soap operas on the radio, or those newspaper cartoon strips that used to be comic.

Especially is this true of Congressional committee hearings, where the same witnesses appear and reappear. Adequate coverage of such stories entails reporting not only what a man says now, but the very different thing he may have said last year—or last week.

Most people may remember that McCarthy said that there are 205, or 57, or 81 Communists in the State Department. But this is only one of McCarthy's many self contradictions. Who can keep track of them all? I have a stack of his speeches two feet thick on my office shelf, but when he says something that stirs a vague recollection that he once said something very different, I seldom have time to run through his speeches. I can't afford to hire a full time specialist to keep up with what McCarthy has said, and if I had a McCarthy specialist I should also have to hire a Louis Budenz specialist, a Harold Stassen specialist. For these favorite witnesses of Congressional committees are, like McCarthy, gifted with self refreshing recollections, if the first story doesn't stand up they have no trouble remembering something better. And their talents have been given an open field by that new doctrine of Congressional jurisprudence, perpetual jeopardy.

It was written into the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution that no man shall be subject, for the same offense, to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb. The men who wrote that did not foresee that Congressional committees would take over much of the judicial process, and would not be bound by the constitutional limitation since they deprive no man of life or limb—only (unless he is foolish enough to perjure himself, or to refuse to answer their questions) of his good name and his opportunity to earn a living. Acting on the principle that nothing is ever settled till it is settled right, they can disregard the fact that a man has been examined and found guiltless by another Con

gressional committee—or by more than one—not to mention grand juries, loyalty boards and so on. They just keep on setting committees till they find one that will get him.

Senator McCarran's Internal Security Committee seems to have undertaken to correct any errors that anyone else may have made in the direction of leniency, and it carries on the good work by procedures that are, so far, novel and indeed unique—at least on this side of the Iron Curtain. A witness before the McCarran Committee—especially if he is a witness for the prosecution—knows what is expected of him. He doesn't have to stop and think about his answer, it is usually handed to him wrapped up in the question—"You would say this is an indication of Communist sympathies, wouldn't you?" And this technique is made more effective by a new investigatory instrument known as the pertinent excerpt.

V

The pertinent excerpt is a refined and modernized version of our old friend, the sentence taken out of context. (One pertinent excerpt from a document used against Owen Lattimore turned out to be two sentences eleven pages apart, but put together.) Sometimes it is a line from a letter written fifteen years ago, read out of context to the man who wrote it (and didn't keep a carbon) with a demand that he explain what it means, but it is most effective when read to a man who didn't write it, indeed may never have seen it before, but is expected to say what it means with no idea of the reasoning of which it was a part. How does he know—or how does a reporter know who is covering the hearing—that in context it might have a quite different meaning?

Some years ago Lattimore wrote a book called *Solution in Asia*. John Carter Vincent had read it—years ago. When the McCarran Committee had him on the stand they read him a number of pertinent excerpts from chapters about Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan—statements about Russia, which they kept trying to get him to stigmatize as party line stuff, and eventually he had to say that some of it did seem to indicate an inclination toward Communism. Not till that evening, when Vincent had a chance to look at the book again, did he realize that these pertinent excerpts came from a chapter which began, "To all of these peoples Russia and the Soviet Union has a great attraction. *In their eyes*, etc. (The italics are mine, not the McCarran Committee's.) They had seemed to be asking him about what Lattimore thought, actually they were asking him about what Lattimore believed other people thought. I had read that book—but years ago, and hurriedly, as I have to read most books, I had forgotten all about it, and I doubt if any other reporter at the hearing had read it at all. So the story had to go out that evening that Vincent had found Communist leanings in Lattimore's book.

I am not here concerned with the ethics of this sort of thing—though that is a topic on which much might be said—but with its effect on a reporter's

endeavor to give the public a reasonably accurate story. Reporters covering the McCarran hearings are continually in danger of giving the public a false report, not of what is actually said in their hearing, but of the three dimensional truth of which what they hear is only one dimension. But who can read all the books or documents from which 'pertinent excerpts' may be drawn? Who could remember them all, if he did?

William S. White of the *New York Times* happened to remember that there were material discrepancies in emphasis if not in content, between General Wedemeyer's testimony before the McCarran Committee and his testimony in the MacArthur hearings three months earlier—because White had covered them both and the memory had not had time to fade.

What is remarkable about that episode is that the *Times* permitted White to report that discrepancy—something which many editors would regard as objective. But White seems to have more latitude than most reporters. Harold Stassen told the McCarran Committee that at a conference of consultants to the State Department some years earlier, Lattimore had headed a "prevailing group" which recommended a ten point program following the Communist line. When the stenographic record of the conference was published White analyzed it and demonstrated that there was hardly even a chemical trace of truth in Stassen's story. The *Times* published his analysis, few papers would.

But to analyze and find the truth require not only a good memory but time. How does the average reporter get at the truth in cases like this, if he has to sit all day in a committee hearing and then come back and write his story with no time to check up on the witness' past testimony or on the validity of the pertinent excerpts? How do I do it, compelled as I am to keep an eye on all the world's news, pouring in at the end of the day, besides the story that is right in front of me? Yet, unless we try it, we give the public only one dimension of the truth—a mere surface, under which something very different may lie concealed.

The McCarran Committee is very sensitive to anything that might seem an imputation against its motives. I know nothing of its motives, what concerns me is that its procedures make it extremely difficult for reporters to find out the truth and pass it on to the public. Objectivity requires me, however, to report that those procedures have been praised by many people, including the Daughters of the American Revolution and (though somewhat absently minded) the American Bar Association.

VI

I have dwelt at length on the McCarran Committee because it is a remarkable phenomenon and so far unique. But it is not the only committee whose doings have encouraged, in reporting, another habit that is likely to mislead the public—the use of loaded words. One of those loaded words is "names." Now when a man is named as a Communist by Budenz, or named as a grafter by some of the witnesses before committees investigating corruption, that

means nothing at all without corroboration. Yet if that man keeps appearing in the news the tag will stick to him, he has been named. A defendant on trial before a Congressional committee does not often, any more, say anything, he admits it, he acknowledges it. I have seen stories that came pretty close to saying, "The witness admitted that last year Christmas came on December 25."

Yet, searching my conscience while I was compiling these criticisms of others, I had to realize that lately I used an unloaded word when a loaded one would have been more accurate. That loaded word is "lobbying." There is nothing at all illegitimate about lobbying, there can be lobbying for good causes as well as bad, and by good or bad methods—though the most effective method, for the righteous as well as the wicked, is to convince a member of Congress that if he doesn't do what you want him to do, it will cost him votes. Nevertheless there has been so much lobbying for bad causes, by bad methods, that the word has become loaded, it means something evil.

The most effective job of lobbying that was done on Capitol Hill this past winter—out in the open, anyway—was done by the Citizens Committee for the Hoover Report, in persuading the Senate to accept the President's plan to put the Bureau of Internal Revenue under civil service. I happen to be in favor of that reform, as well as most of the recommendations of the Hoover Report, and when I reported these operations of the Citizens Committee, subconsciously realizing that "lobbying" has become a four letter word, I said that they had reasoned with the Senators. But I am afraid that if this had been an outfit that I didn't like, working for a measure I didn't favor, I should have called its operations lobbying, which they were. *Mea culpa*, I shall try to reform, and lead a better life.

One more example, which shows how the complexity of the news can lead to downright though quite unintentional misrepresentation. There are no more honest newspapers in the country than the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune* and the *Washington Post*, perhaps no better newspapers either. Yet one morning last year they all made the same mistake—and a mistake which happened to give support to their editorial policies. General Marshall had been testifying in the MacArthur hearings about MacArthur's personal and unilateral peace proposal of March, 1951, and the next morning the top line of the *Times's* eight column head told us, "Marshall Says MacArthur Upset Peace Move", and the eight column heads were substantially the same in the *Post* and *Herald Tribune*.

Now General Marshall hadn't said that, he had said that MacArthur had lost "whatever chance there may have been" of making peace at that time. This verbatim quotation appeared in the lead of every story, of course, but there was room in the headline only for a very misleading simplification. Misleading because actually the chance of making peace at that time was infinitesimal—almost non-existent. There was no agreement among the nations with troops in Korea as to what peace terms ought to be, and there is no in

dication that the Chinese ever even thought about it till they had taken a couple more first class lickings. This fact was known to the State Department reporters for the *Post*, the *Times*, and the *Herald Tribune*, but they weren't covering the MacArthur hearings, they were busy on their beats. It was not known to the men who were covering the hearings, or to the men who edited their stories, and it was nobody's business to tell them. I know of no news paper which has a regular system of lateral internal communication by which one man tells another what he ought to know (unless they are both assigned to the same story) indeed he probably doesn't know the other man needs to know it. And news has become so complex that it is just good luck if any one man knows all he should know to cover his story properly.

There was of course far graver distortion of the testimony in the MacArthur hearings in some other newspapers. I have selected this instance only because the papers involved are technically among our best, and ethically above suspicion of slanting the news to support their editorial policies. Yet that is what, quite inadvertently, they did.

VII

What to do? More and more, from inside as well as outside the trade, there is a demand for interpretive reporting, which puts into the one dimensional story the other dimensions that will make it approximate the truth. But this entails serious dangers. I have seen some undeniably well intentioned endeavors to put in those other dimensions, but the dimensions were derived, not from the evidence, but from the opinions or prejudices of the reporter and if the practice were to become general they might in some cases be derived from the opinions and prejudices of the publisher, as they so often used to be. One *Chicago Tribune* is enough. And even if a man's conscience is as rigorous, his mind as relentlessly objective, as the weights and measures in the Bureau of Standards, he may still fall short of doing as accurate a job as he means to do because he doesn't know all the angles, or hasn't time to get around to them under the pressure of covering what is in front of him and writing a story about it.

No wonder then that editors are slow to accept the need of interpretation. Last fall Senator Alexander Smith of New Jersey, a very moral and religious man, was a member of a subcommittee passing on the fitness of persons nominated as delegates to the United Nations Assembly, including Philip Jessup. McCarthy and Stassen had accused Jessup of Communist affiliations and sympathies, and after two weeks of hearings, the committee rejected Jessup by a vote of three to two. Senator Smith said he had absolute confidence in Jessup's ability, integrity, and loyalty, he explicitly repudiated any belief in the charges against him, yet, because Jessup was a "controversial figure" and for other reasons quite irrelevant to the issues before the committee, he voted against Jessup and for McCarthy.

The committee approved the appointment of Dr. Channing Tobias, Negro

religious leader, against whom similar charges had been brought, he admitted that he was a joiner and had sometimes been careless about what he joined, but he brandished the Negro vote at them. Whether there is a Negro vote is open to doubt, but Senators scare easily. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that Jessup too would have been approved if he had only been black.

One of the best reporters in Washington thought of beginning his report of that episode "Yesterday afternoon Senator Alexander Smith wrestled with his conscience. He won." He didn't because he was afraid his paper wouldn't print it. But it might have printed it, in any case it seems to me an objective report of what happened, it is unthinkable that so high minded a man as Senator Smith would have come to such a decision without wrestling with his conscience, and he certainly pinned it to the mat. Yet it could be argued that if that had been printed, it might have encouraged more freewheeling interpretation by reporters of less ability or less integrity.

The good newspaper, the good news broadcaster, must walk a tightrope between two great gulfs—on one side the false objectivity that takes everything at face value and lets the public be imposed on by the charlatan with the most brazen front, on the other, the "interpretive" reporting which fails to draw the line between objective and subjective, between a reasonably well established fact and what the reporter or editor wishes were the fact. To say that is easy, to do it hard. No wonder that too many fall back on the incontrovertible objective fact that the Honorable John P. Hoozis said, colon quote—and never mind whether he was lying or not.

Yet more and more newsmen, in press and radio both, are coming to realize that we ought to do better than we are doing. Perhaps their thinking will bring some agreement on the answer, and that answer will be more dependable if we all remember that our primary responsibility is to the man who buys his newspaper, or turns on his radio, expecting us to give him, in so far as is humanly possible, not only the truth and nothing but the truth, but the whole truth.

TOO MUCH FOOTBALL¹



Allen Jackson

FOOTBALL is a complicated game, and the intense competition fostered by the business practices of big time college football causes this complication to be increased. The result is that the players, if they wish to play the game at all, must spend more time on the gridiron than they bargained for. However, any

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spectator will tell you there are certain benefits connected with playing college football, such as being part of a school's football tradition, learning fair play, having one's character built, traveling to different parts of the country, and being glorious. All of these compensate the athlete for the loss of school time. But after having played four years at guard for the University of Michigan, which possesses the largest college football stadium in the world, I can see that the supposed benefits of big time football are either grossly exaggerated or completely imaginary, and it seems to me that most of the enormous amount of time I spent on the gridiron was wasted.

One of the most harmful aspects of the highly organized and regimented athleticism which is the result of a college sport having become "big time" is that the spontaneity has been taken out of the sport. In professional athletics the individual player expects to devote his whole person to his game because his livelihood depends upon consistent, professional performance. But the college athlete is primarily a student, not a professional, and when he is forced into the overorganization and overperfection which the big time game demands, he can no longer decide for himself whether he should study or play football on a particular day.

Probably few of the freshmen who try out for the team realize how much of their time will eventually be exacted by football. I remember discovering with dismay, as a freshman, that if I were to keep up with the rest of the men who were competing for positions on the varsity I would have to report for spring practice. Practicing football for six weeks during the warm and budding spring did not strike me as being either a glorious or a worthwhile occupation, but I needed to do it during both my freshman and sophomore years if I was to get in the line up. I was engaged in actual practice on the field for about twenty hours a week during the spring semester, and during the fall my working week was boosted to about twenty-eight hours. Of course this includes only the time actually spent on the field, and does not include such things as evening movies of the next week's opponent, study time wasted because of fatigue, extra time demanded by game trips to other schools, and time spent in whirlpools and under heat lamps in the training room.

The four year total actually spent on the field, counting three extra weeks of Rose Bowl practice, comes to about 1350 hours. Although it was hard for me to realize it at the sophomore height of my athletic zeal, my reason now tells me that football is only a single, minor, and unacademic part of a college education, and that it should not be more important than other single parts of college—such as, for example, the study of history. At Michigan I took six courses in history, each of them meeting three times a week for fifteen weeks, and each requiring an average of two hours of study for each hour in class. The total number of hours here is 810, about half of the time that I spent on the gridiron.

Of course many of the men on the Michigan team receive excellent grades despite their football playing. Last year the team average was higher than the

school average, and the two players with the highest grades were an engineer and a premedical student. But these very men have agreed with me that high grades do not mean satisfactory learning, and that football interferes with learning. Besides demanding that the student forgo concerts, visiting lecturers, and outside reading during the football semester, big time football also requires students with heavy loads to take part of their courses in summer school, and to skimp and cram their way through the fall semester as best they can.

A significant little adage which circulates in Michigan athletic circles says in effect that there are three aspects of college life at Michigan—intellectual, social, and athletic—but that the student has time for only two. This idea can circulate only where athletics have become, or are thought to have become, as important as the academic work of the University. The student who plays football is expected to sacrifice his studies for the sake of the game, and he is very darkly frowned upon if he misses practice for the sake of his studies. When after one Saturday game I limped off the field with a twisted ankle, I knew that I would be expected to spend a good deal of Sunday in the training room taking treatment for the injury. But since Sunday was the only time that I was able to study for a coming examination, I stayed away from the training room. As a result the ankle stiffened and on the practice field I was made to feel guilty for the rest of the week. The coaches are aware that in theory studies come first, but they are also aware that, in a big time league, if studies actually come first, second rate teams are likely to be the result.

One of my teammates, a philosophy student who at the time played fourth string, possessed a scholarship which would have enabled him to study in Europe. However, if he made use of this scholarship he would be unable to return in time to play football the following season. He asked the coaches' advice on this, hoping that they would tell him to go to Europe by all means, and come back and play for them when he was ready. But instead it was hinted that if he stayed he might well get to the "top" the next season, whereas if he took the scholarship it was quite possible that someone else would have his place when he got back. These suggestions were further implemented by numerous long distance telephone calls from alumni who were amazed that anyone should consider taking a trip to Europe when there was a chance he might make the Michigan team. So he stayed, and the next season played third string.

Another teammate of mine decided during his junior year to use his GI Bill to cultivate a long standing desire to study the piano. He had already earned a varsity letter as a sophomore center on Michigan's '48 National Championship team, and was looking forward to playing first string in his senior year, inasmuch as the man ahead of him was graduating. But during the following spring semester he became so engrossed in his piano playing that, although he still intended to play football in the autumn, he decided not to turn out for spring practice. Consequently, when he returned for prac

tice in the fall of his senior year he was promptly and without explanation assigned to the fifth string. He was replaced by men who had practiced the previous spring and who because of this were evidently considered better gambles toward a winning combination.

The reasonable and sensible thing to do in such a situation would be to quit football because it was now obvious that he had fallen from favor and would never make the first team. But it is impossible to be sensible in the midst of people who are afflicted with football. Making what the fanatic football alumnus would call a courageous display of determination, he decided to try to win back his position, a decision which he now thinks foolish and wasteful. The result of his efforts was that by the end of the season he was still nothing more than a third string center, and with the exception of two non-conference games and the waning, reserve flooded minutes of the other games he spent most of his time sitting on the bench.

II

While examining the nature of big time football it will be necessary for me at times to criticize the position of the coaches. I wish to make the point here that it is not the individual but the position with which I find fault, and that this position must be criticized because it is one of the major means through which big time football accomplishes its distortion of the sporting spirit.

One of the ideas most thoroughly drummed into the heads of young Michigan football players is that it is a very valuable thing to be associated with Michigan football tradition. These men talk about Michigan's record, the fine men who have played for Michigan, in a manner almost liturgical, and the implication is that such things happen only at Michigan. Although much of this talk is sincere it is nevertheless misguided, it ignores the fact that Michigan tradition means basically that Michigan has always won more games than it has lost, and it means to keep on doing so.

At Michigan to win is of utmost importance, fair play and sportsmanship are fine, but to win is of utmost importance. Judging from the loud noises I have heard from chauvinistic, unathletic alumni from other big football schools, the Michigan people are not unique in proclaiming a "We're the best" athletic philosophy. But thanks to Fielding H. Yost and his point-a-minute teams of 1901 through 1905, the Michigan alumni have a better record to boast of than do the alumni of most other schools.

Yost was one of the first coaches to begin the custom of ensuring a winning record by encouraging large men to come to Michigan primarily to play football—a custom which is still zealously fostered. He was so successful in obtaining skillful players that between 1901 and 1905 his teams won 55 games in a row, and each year averaged 548 points to the opponents' 8 points. Most of the old time Michigan alums will tell you that Fielding Yost was successful because he was ahead of his time as a coach, and this is certainly true. In pioneering player recruitment and in consciously or unconsciously promoting

a public acceptance of the idea that winning, and winning by a big score, is an end in itself, Yost acted in strict accordance with some of the most basic elements in modern football

I do not quarrel with Yost's winning record as such, but I do quarrel with the tendency in modern football to *emphasize* winning as an end in itself, and the tendency toward a "kick him when he's down" attitude which such an emphasis fosters. Such an attitude, it seems to me, was more evident than the good sportsman's attitude when Yost's teams consistently ran up scores like 128 to 0, 88 to 0, and 130 to 0 against little schools without recruiting systems, such as Buffalo, West Virginia, and Ferris Institute. Such records, of course, are possible only when the public gives prestige to those who trample weak competition.

Whether big-time football distorts the values of the football following public by its win emphasis or whether the public makes possible such emphasis by giving prestige to the teams which trample weak competition is a problem similar to the chicken and egg question. But whatever the cause, the result is that teams which feel the need of strengthening their reputation do so by keeping their reserves on the bench and running up the score on the first weak opponent encountered.

When the 1947 Michigan team went to the Rose Bowl there was a difference of opinion, among football experts, over whether Michigan or Notre Dame had the greatest team in the world. This controversy probably had much to do with the fact that most of the Michigan first team was kept in the Rose Bowl game until the latter part of the fourth quarter, by which time it had run up a score of 49 to 0 on the weaker Southern California team. But even with this large accumulation of points there was almost a full team of Michigan reserve players who did not get into the game or who played for only a few seconds—the reason being, clearly, that if Southern Cal was prevented from scoring, the record would look much more impressive, and it would be obvious to the football experts that Michigan undoubtedly had the greatest team in the world.

III

The prestige which the college football business has succeeded in gaining for schools with winning records often produces an unsavory bigotry which goes beyond ordinary pride among both the players and students from a big football school. At Michigan one of those bigotries fostering tradition-conscious pre game speeches which were impressive to sophomores but tiresome to seniors was to this effect: "The men whom we were about to play would be battling *Michigan*, they would as a result be intimidated, and we should take advantage of this fine opportunity to dominate them. As a psychological device this idea was probably useful in giving confidence to sophomore players—but whether it worked or not, the point is that good sportsmen do not emphasize the use of their grandfathers' reputations to intimidate an opponent."

"When Michigan loses, someone has to pay." I heard the first of many rep

etitions of this illogical idea in 1949 when Michigan's 25 game winning streak was decisively broken by Army. Since then I have heard it repeated with dogged monotony by the coaches after each Michigan loss, including Michigan's loss to Michigan State last fall. During the practice week following this game I personally counted forty three repetitions of the slogan. This one slogan symbolizes to me the perversion of the sporting spirit which has been produced by big time football. The slogan not only implies that Michigan *shouldn't* have lost, but it also suggests that the loss was caused by some thing wrong somewhere—perhaps something shady on the part of the other team.

The point of view suggested by this slogan becomes positively unchristian in its implication that revenge will be sought at the expense of next week's opponent. This desire for revenge is doubly evil in that it cannot be directed at the people who seem to have inflicted the injury but must be spent upon the first innocent victim who happens along. But the brass tacks meaning of "When Michigan loses, someone has to pay" is simply that since Michigan prestige and Michigan gate receipts depend upon a spectacular winning record, a lost game must be counteracted, if possible, with a larger than usual winning score the following Saturday. And the slogan is successful in arousing these attitudes. Many of the players continue to deify the coaches long after they should have outgrown this, and to them everything said on the field is gospel. Those who do not care for much of what goes on are in the game too deep to get out, and if they wish to stay on the team they must close their minds to reason and allow themselves to be directed.

I do not wish to imply that the players are actually taught unfair tactics at Michigan—this is certainly not true. But the Michigan coaches find it necessary to emphasize winning to a much greater degree than is natural or reasonable, and in a game like football this sort of emphasis is bound to lead to unsportsmanlike conduct. Indeed, the feeling that it is terribly necessary to win is so strong, and the resultant feeling of relief after having won a game is so pronounced, that if any questionable tactics have been used by Michigan men during the game they are merely laughed off.

Virtually all of my teammates on last year's squad were very clean players, but the atmosphere of big football often turned team spirit into mob spirit when the group as a whole accepted actions which to the individual would seem unsportsmanlike. One of the key players on last year's team was noted for his feats in the boxing ring and for his quick temper. When on Monday afternoons the team would watch movies of the preceding Saturday's game, this player would occasionally be seen landing a seemingly accidental left hook on an opposing player's chin. Of course the movies of any football game are likely to show up actions which appear to be underhanded, but the point here is that such actions—especially by the hotheaded boxer—would invariably strike the coaches as funny, and they would run the play over again in slow motion so that everyone could see and laugh.

The assembled players took their cues from the coaches and also laughed

heartily to see such fun. Then, a few plays later on the screen, the coaches would solemnly draw our attention to the fact that the other team was 'gang tackling,' and that we would have to look for just "this sort of thing" from our next week's opponent because it was *that* kind of team. Michigan's maize and blue players are not encouraged to "gang tackle" of course, they are simply ordered to cover the opposing ball carrier with "a blanket of blue."

IV

Another bromide which the big time football votaries like to administer to promising young athletes is that there is something wonderful about being part of the 'team spirit' found in big name teams. Human beings have long since proved themselves social animals, and it seems reasonable that they should enjoy team games. But big football has perverted the team spirit as well as the sporting spirit.

In the first place the competition for individual positions on big teams is altogether too stiff, and this does more to break down than to build up team spirit. The bigness of the game, the publicity and prestige which go along with a first team position, and the large number of grim and intense young athletes who are drawn to the gridiron by these abnormalities cause a spirit of internecine conflict to be as much in evidence as *esprit de corps*.

Besides this, the increasing specialization demanded by big time football does nothing toward engendering social cohesion on the team. The compulsion to win generated by the game's big business aspect demands that the individual players become precise and accurate in their various specialties to a degree unnatural in college athletics. On the Michigan practice field the ends, backs, and linemen all spend much of their time in separate corners of the field, performing their various specialties with monotonous repetition. During the week there are only one or two hour long scrimmages, on the average, and the rest of the time is devoted to various forms of dummy practice, running of signals, and practicing specialties. All of this is necessary to produce a winning team in a big time league, but it is not much fun. Any sport which requires a week's practice of specialties for each sixty minute game has become too mechanized to allow the spontaneous sort of team spirit which would seem to be the special value of college football.

Everyone has seen football teams gather in the center of the field just before the opening kickoff for a last minute handshake, and this sight, plus the stock sport page photographs of men on the bench who are "trying just as hard as the men in the game," seems to indicate that team spirit is an actual and worthwhile reality in big time football. I should like to state plainly and emphatically that much of the huddled hand shaking and bench emotion is artificial. The players know that in order to win it is necessary to get "worked up" for the game, whether they feel like it or not. Also, the bigness and complexity of modern football produces a decrease in team homogeneity and a corresponding decrease of spontaneity. The players sense that they will be less

effective without such homogeneity, and they attempt to regain this feeling on the practice field and in the big game by an artificial emphasis upon such devices as the pre game handshake and the bench chatter

My first experience with the automaton spirit which big time coaches often find it necessary to enforce in order to make their teams efficient winning machines was when, as a freshman, I was used as a human dummy to test the proficiency of the '47 Rose Bowl varsity. Occasionally, when one of my freshman or reserve teammates would be laid out by the businesslike efficiency of the varsity, in such a way that play could not be resumed until the field was cleared, the coaches would promote big time football's party line attitude toward such a situation by reciting this slogan "Well, move the ball or move the body." The varsity players, tickled by such wit, would then move the ball to an uncluttered part of the field and resume play.

When I became a varsity player I began to notice other evidences that big time football cannot afford to depend upon spontaneous team spirit. At the training table on the Friday night before a game the Michigan players were expected to show that they were in the process of "stomping it up" for the next day's contest by eating their meal with a quiet intensity which precluded laughter or any evidence of high spirits. Probably there were a few players who actually felt a sort of judgment day taciturnity, but for many of the players it was an artificially imposed atmosphere, and bad for the digestion. If, as often happened, some of the lighter hearts would forget for a moment that they were supposed to be grim on Friday evenings, there would be ominous and foreboding looks from the coaches' table—and if the unwholesome gaiety persisted, the coaches would silence it by uttering with gloomy irony, "We hope you'll all be this happy tomorrow night."

Another instance in which the Michigan players had an attitude externally imposed upon them will serve also to exemplify the pernicious effect which big time football has had upon the reputations of schools which sponsor big name teams. A few days before we started on our Rose Bowl journey we were summoned for an orientation lecture, a surprising amount of which was devoted to our table manners and general deportment while in Pasadena. It seemed that many of the teams which had in the past gone to the Rose Bowl had been guilty of ungentlemanly conduct—one team, we were told, had been fond of throwing bread rolls the length of a table in the hotel dining room and flipping squares of butter against the ceiling, where they stuck. But Michigan, we were told, did not do that sort of thing. Although it was good to hear that Michigan did not do that sort of thing, neither I nor my teammates had ever been in the habit of throwing butter at the ceilings of plush hotels, and we wondered why we were being so energetically told to act in a normal manner.

The reason was that the big time football system has unconsciously superimposed a mercenary stereotype upon the college football player, and people often *expect* a visiting football team to be rowdy because of this the coaches

were at pains to impress us with lurid examples, of questionable authenticity, of how not to act. In Pasadena we conducted ourselves with a normal amount of gentility—neither better nor worse than the average of the teams which preceded us, a waitress told me. But the Michigan players heard themselves complimented profusely on their conduct.

The point of all this is that when an entire athletic group, like college football players, has such a reputation that players who conduct themselves with ordinary grace are looked upon as above average, there is something wrong with the system. Moreover, schools which sponsor big name teams, and so associate themselves with this bad reputation, subtly lose prestige in the eyes of the general public. Big time football has promoted a syllogism something like this: football players are something less than students, therefore, universities which sponsor big football teams, though famous, are something less than universities.

V

In order to exhibit one of big time football's most unscrupulous practices, I shall have to explain the nature and function of the "red shirts," as they are called at Michigan. The generally used term is "cannon fodder." Because modern football is such a complicated game, the head coaches are able to attend to only the first two or three teams, called "blues" at Michigan. However, it is necessary to have at least two more teams, the red shirts, against whom the blues can scrimmage, or who can hold the dummies for the blues to block. The blues do not play amongst themselves because they are likely to hurt one another and be lost for the big game on Saturday. Also it is necessary for the varsity blues to feel their power and be able to march up and down the field through the weaker red shirts.

A few of the red shirts know that they will never rise in the varsity hierarchy, and they are still content to come out for practice season after season to be used by the blues. But there are not enough of these men. The rest of the red shirts are players who dream of making at least the third string varsity one day, but who the coaches are reasonably sure will never make the grade. Instead of telling these men that their chances of making the varsity are extremely small, the coaches, because they need men on whom their varsity can sharpen its claws, encourage the red shirts to return each year to try again. Of course all this is a matter of subtle suggestion, it is impossible to prove actual misrepresentation of facts, but I have spoken to and played against a number of disenchanted red shirts who for four years held dummies and waited their turn to be mashed by the blues, only because it was hinted that they might make it one day.

To a young boy who is fresh out of high school—where he was a big man because of his football playing—the slightest hint by a big college coach that he might make the varsity is enough to set the home town buzzing and to increase the player's illusion of prestige. When he fails to make the varsity team, it seems one of life's most terrible tragedies.

Two years ago, such a player came to Michigan. As a great high school star and a holder of state records in track he was looked upon by his friends and home town supporters as a potential All American. And when the Michigan coaches watched him operate on the freshman team they seemed to agree. The following season—last fall—the player's picture was in every sporting magazine in the country, and since such publicity could occur only with the coaches' sanction it was assumed that he would do great things. Then the football season began, and game after game the highly publicized player was left sitting on the bench. Although he dressed for all the games, and made all the trips, for some reason unknown to himself or to his teammates he was never allowed to play, except for a few seconds in one game, and by the end of the season it was apparent that he would not make a varsity letter. When Michigan prepared to make its second trip to the Rose Bowl, a trip on which ten more than the usual number of players were taken, so that even some of the red shirts went along, the coaches refused to take him, and in so doing as much as told him that he would never play for Michigan.

To a boy who had been heralded as a second Tom Harmon this was a crushing blow, especially since any reasonable person would assume that the football system, after publicizing the player with such vigor, would feel honor bound to take him along on the Rose Bowl trip. What happened to this boy represents in concentrated form what happens to most of the students who play big time football. They are first deluded into thinking that they are great and that football is great, then they are used by the system and finally discarded with at best nothing to show but a scrapbook full of redundant and inaccurate clippings.

Of course such build up and subsequent disappointment occurs elsewhere in life, particularly in a professional sport like baseball. But this is all part of the professional scene, and it has no place in college athletics. College football should have all the benefits of a strictly amateur sport, but it is losing these and acquiring the undesirable aspects of a professional sport.

VI

Any accusation that football leaves the player with nothing but a scrapbook full of clippings will move the defenders of the game immediately to demand that some mention be made of the 'character building' upon which football seems to have a priority. Aside from the probability that the coaches who direct uncommercialized college sports, such as track, wrestling, and gymnastics, could present good arguments showing these sports to be just as effective builders of character as football, it seems to me that anyone who assumes that athletics are an extraordinary factor in the development of an individual's character is guilty of ignoring the many forces which contribute to such development.

But in the football world there is great emphasis placed upon character development, and if, in the coaches' not infallible judgment, an individual player's character does not seem to be developing in the manner prescribed by

the big time football system, his position on the team will be endangered. Because all big time football players and coaches have grown up with the idea that it is necessary to give your all for the alma mater, anyone who does not seem willing to do this is looked upon as a coward.

The importance of winning in big time football makes it absolutely necessary to field the best team possible on important Saturdays, regardless of injuries. When the modern compulsion to win is superimposed upon the old give your all idea, the pressure on an injured player to play despite his injury is immense. No matter how many times a player proves himself in battle, the first time he decides that an injury should keep him off the playing field he is given the raised eyebrow and accusing stare by the coaches, trainer, and even some of his teammates. This subtle accusation is caused by the team's collective dread of weakening the winning combination, and it is especially acute if the injury is not obvious and the coming game is expected to be close.

Near the end of my junior year, when I was a first string, battle scarred veteran of many games, I received what I considered to be a very serious knee injury a week before Michigan was to play Ohio State for the conference championship. The knee was badly swollen, and it was impossible for the doctor who looked at it to make a valid diagnosis until the swelling subsided. But, since I could not walk, and since it was necessary for me to spend two days in the hospital, I assumed that I would not be expected to play in the big game.

However, the man who substituted for me lacked both my weight and experience. So I found to my dismay that as soon as I could walk I was expected to "gut it out," as the Michigan training room slogan would describe it, by reporting to the practice field, having my knee trussed up with tape, and preparing to give my all for Michigan. Although I could feel loose things inside my knee, I was so intimidated by this frightening preoccupation with guts that I hobbled dutifully out onto the practice field.

On the field I found that my obvious inability to play was looked upon with suspicion, and I began to hear remarks that I was allowing the knee to get the better of me. Instead of being ordered back to my hospital bed for a thorough examination, I was merely told that whether I played or not was entirely up to me. At this point it was clear that I was expected to play, and if I did not I would be dubbed a quitter. Like everyone else, I think there are certain things for which it is worth while to give my all, but I decided then that the primitive alma materism of an obsolete generation of college play boys was not one of them, and I did not play.

About a week later the knee became locked in a rigid position, and it was necessary for me to return to the hospital. It was now possible to see that a piece of cartilage had been torn in such a way that there was little chance of its growing back together, and an operation would be required. The operation did more than fix my knee, because now the coaches knew that I had not been faking and that I could once more be depended upon to give my all for

Michigan But the point had been made big time football has no respect for either the individual's word or his body

VII

A word must be said about the rabid football alumni and the overzealous football fans I find no fault with anyone who has a normal interest in athletics but the perverted bigness of football produces people with a perverted interest in sport Although the number of the most adhesive of these hangers on to the football scene is not large, their presence is distressing because they are undoubtedly the articulate representatives of a much larger group whose interest in and attitude toward big time football allow the unhealthy and prolonged hysteria which permeates the college football scene each fall

Except for a fawning and familiar interest in a few backfield stars, many of the football alumni whom I met had no real interest in the players as individuals, indeed their interest in the stars was usually based only upon athletic reputation and seldom upon character Many of the football alumni who help destitute athletes through school, from my observation, do this because of a selfish interest in the perpetuation of the school's winning record, with which they have identified themselves, and not because of a personal interest in the welfare of the particular athlete It is this sort of person who exerts the pressure which fires coaches when the team has not won enough games to satisfy the alumni's collective ego These are the men who are influential in promoting among young boys a distorted idea of what it really means to play big football, and these are the ones who think that other people's judgments of men are as superficial as their own when they say that football players will have no trouble finding jobs, because everyone is glad to hire a football player

Concerning the finding of jobs, it would be my guess that largely because of very widespread recruiting practices, the term football player has become synonymous with ape, and because of this it is often better for the job applicant to save mention of his gridiron record until after he has become acquainted with a prospective employer Concerning the meaty subsidization question, I am glad to say that the University does none of it A few of the players receive help from alumni, but a school with Michigan's prestige and record can usually get all the football material it needs without such aid

During my four years at Michigan I played in games which took me from New York to California, but I was never given the opportunity to meet or speak to an opposing player If there is any value in having an intercollegiate schedule, it would seem that such value would come from the opportunity which game trips afford to become acquainted with men from other schools and other parts of the country But big football has no time for palaver Indeed, on almost every trip we took, we were cautioned to keep to ourselves—because, and this is another slogan that I unfortunately know by heart, "We are here for only one purpose, and that is to win"

Often during a game I would develop a genuine fondness for some of the players with whom I was exchanging blows, and I would have valued a friendly glass of beer with them after the game. But the visiting team was always whisked off to its train with businesslike alacrity, about the only thing I learned from traveling to other schools was that in every college stadium the grass is more or less green.

Nor did I learn anything from making the Rose Bowl trip—I merely verified my suspicion that of all the farces connected with big time football, the Rose Bowl is the biggest. The so called honor and glory of playing in the Rose Bowl is transient and meaningless, as is any glory and honor which is nothing more than the product of a publicity man's imagination, the three week extra practice is not justified by the benefits of the game, and the trip to the coast is crowded and regimented. But the visiting team does at least get a trip out of it, and this is more than the host team gets. Of course I had no opportunity to speak to any of the California players, but it is impossible for me to understand how they, as Rose Bowl participants, could think of themselves as anything but extremely unlucky. For them there is no send off, no cross country trip, and no guided tours—nothing but three more weeks of drudgery under a southern California sun.

So, after four years of seeing everything there is to see in big time college football—victories, defeats, publicity, hospitals, championships, and bowls—of being known as a 'football player' rather than a human being, of seeing myself and my teammates misrepresented and misquoted by sportswriters who seldom attempted to know the players personally, of playing in a 97,000 seat stadium in which my nonpaying student friends were forced to sit in the end zone, of having my natural desire for physical exercise corrupted and commercialized, of giving up pleasant afternoons in favor of kicking and rolling in the dust and muck of the practice field—I have decided that big time football is a poor bargain for the boys who play the game.

LIBERAL EDUCATION IS PRACTICAL EDUCATION ¹



A Whitney Griswold

IT IS BEGINNING to dawn on the American people, and I hope, to trouble their conscience, that all is not well with their schools. Headline after headline extends the nationwide report of overcrowded schoolrooms and teacher shortages. What the headlines do not tell us is how vitally these conditions are

¹ From the *New York Times Magazine* November 29 1953. By permission of the author and the *New York Times*.

affecting our chances of survival, not just in the 'cold war,' but in the historical perspective of Western civilization

We have waked up to the necessity for conserving our natural resources, to the topsoil blowing around the prairies and floating down the Mississippi. We are still fighting off sleep in recognizing and attacking the far more serious wastage of our human resources. A little over a hundred years ago Charles Dickens deplored the monstrous neglect of education in England, and the disregard of it by the State as a means of forming good or bad citizens, and miserable or happy men. We shall have to bestir ourselves to escape the same censure and prevent the cultural catastrophe that would follow in its wake.

What is the cause of all this confusion? Could it be that we have cut our selves off from learning at the source—the liberal arts?

There is no need to exaggerate the symptoms of ill health in American education. The facts speak for themselves. Here are a few of them, reduced to simple arithmetic.

In 1952-53 our total elementary school enrollment was 25 million and our secondary school enrollment 6.6 million (including in both cases, both public and private schools).

If the present rate of increase continues as expected it will give us an elementary school enrollment of between 30 and 32 million by 1960, which would project itself into a secondary school enrollment of 11 to 12 million by 1965. How this in turn will affect our present higher education enrollment of about 2 million is not hard to imagine. It seems certain to increase it in proportion.

These trends have already created a shortage of classrooms which, despite our best efforts to date, stands at 325,000 and is expected to increase by another 425,000 by 1960. The results of this shortage are overcrowding, double and often triple sessions, fire and health hazards, and consequent deterioration in discipline and instruction.

Far worse is the shortage of teachers. Here we discover the alarming fact that in face of the rapidly increasing enrollment of students the supply of teachers is actually declining. The projected need for properly trained and qualified elementary school teachers this fall was 160,000, against which our colleges produced last year only 36,000.

The public has been repeatedly advised,' declares the 1953 Teacher Supply and Demand Report of the National Education Association, "that the American school system is rapidly moving into a new era. The facts have been literally shouted from the house tops. Yet scarcely anywhere is there evidence of adequate steps being taken to meet this crisis." Such conditions cannot fail to undermine the standards of both our liberal arts colleges and the graduate and professional schools of our universities and, through these, the cultural life, indeed the very security, of the nation.

It may seem a long way from these facts and figures to the traditional studies that have come down to us, through the medieval universities, from an

cient Greece It is a long way in time, but in cause and effect it is direct and short

The obvious conclusion to draw from our facts is that we have allowed the population of the United States to outrace its educational resources In quantitative terms we have permitted the demand to get far ahead of the supply, and we have turned our backs on the qualitative results Why should this be so? We show no such indifference to our business cycle Let its motion become erratic, and labor, management, government, the press are instantly alert Why should we allow education to get the better of us?

There are many answers to this question, many reasons for our attitude, if no excuses for it There is no reason more significant than the decline of the liberal arts as a force in our national educational system These studies are disappearing under a layer of vocational and other substitutes like the landscape in the ice age, only this glacier reaches from coast to coast and border to border With all due exceptions, and all honor and power to those exceptions, the attitude of most educational institutions toward this trend varies from mild concern to indifference and cheerful acquiescence

Alas, no substitutes have been found for reading and writing The practice and enjoyment of these skills in an ever widening orbit and on an ever ascending plane are both ends and means to the liberal arts If deficiencies in the skills show up in colleges and even in the highly selective graduate schools of universities, do they not betray a comprehensive deficiency of the parent discipline?

At a meeting of the Association of American Universities last year a distinguished speaker, deploring the phenomenon, attributed it to the failure of the schools I have heard school teachers blame it on the colleges The argument moves in a vicious circle, leaving untouched the central fact that both schools and colleges, and through them American civilization, are denying themselves the benefits of studies which for two thousand years, throughout Western civilization, have been esteemed as the key to the good life and all true academic achievement

The point is substantiated by more disturbing evidence While over half the nation's youth finishes high school and a fifth (of the whole) goes on to some form of higher education, this group includes less than half of those best qualified for such education Of the top quarter in intellectual ability, 20 per cent do not continue for financial reasons and 40 per cent—a proportion exactly equal to that which does continue—for lack of motivation

That so large a proportion of our best college material eschews higher education for such a reason is a fact that requires much interpretation It is a composite of environment, chance, social status, geography and other elements and influences Is it not, too, further proof of our neglect of the liberal arts? The whole impulse and tendency of the liberal arts is to encourage the individual to make the most of all educational opportunities within reach and constantly to seek new ones If the parents and teachers of these "unmoti

vated' young men and women had themselves been steeped in the liberal arts, would they not have communicated this impulse to their children and students? If their schools had afforded anything like proper introductions to the liberal arts, would the impulse have been lost?

The voluntary rejection of higher education by so many Americans capable of profiting by it proves to my satisfaction at least that the grain cannot grow where the seed has not been planted. We can only speculate as to how much talent is wasted in the process—certainly much that would bring strength and benefit to our society. This is another measure of the practical price society pays for its impractical evaluation of the liberal arts.

We are confused over the very meaning of the phrase, let alone the subjects of study for which it stands. It has acquired connotations of special privilege and preciousness. At the risk of laboring the obvious, therefore, let us recall that, as it is used here, the word 'liberal' comes from the Latin *liber*, meaning "free", that the proper meaning of the phrase "liberal arts" is "the arts becoming to a free man", and that from earliest times these have included the sciences. (In the Middle Ages the liberal arts were arithmetic, geometry and astronomy, in addition to grammar, rhetoric, logic and music.) In other words, the liberal arts are rooted in freedom, not privilege, and they are broad, not narrow, in educational scope. It is true that both Greek and medieval society restricted to a minority the number of those who were truly free, hence fully qualified as beneficiaries of the arts becoming a free man.

In Greek times, these persons were the guardians of a fundamentally undemocratic society; in medieval times, aristocrats, clergy and wandering scholars. It is also true that this identification of the liberal arts with special orders of society dies hard in modern Britain and Europe. It grew out of a constricting interpretation of the meaning of freedom rather than a constriction inherent in the meaning of the liberal arts, and it gained currency in the United States through inverted snobbism as well as ignorance of the facts. It is as much at variance with our cardinal principle of equal opportunity as it is with the true meaning of the liberal arts.

The notion that the liberal arts are for the *rara avis* is no less difficult to explain, though often more difficult to dispel. Perhaps it is attributable to the rather narrow, literal meaning our workaday society attaches to the word "arts." Thus the busy father discussing college with his son advises against "impractical" courses that will not help him in business. Or the scientist or engineer stresses professional purposes with which he believes the liberal arts to be incompatible. In this the champions of the liberal arts themselves have not been altogether blameless. They have been guilty of smugness and at times, have seemed content to live on rote and reputation.

Such, for example, appears to have been the case in British education in 1835 when Macaulay wrote in desperation: "Give a boy Robinson Crusoe. That is worth all the grammars of rhetoric and logic in the world. Who ever reasoned better for having been taught the difference between a syllogism

and an enthymeme? Who ever composed with greater spirit and elegance because he could define an oxymoron or an aposiopesis? I am not joking but writing quite seriously when I say that I would much rather order a hundred copies of Jack the Giant Killer for our schools than a hundred copies of any grammar of rhetoric or logic that was ever written." The same impatience with a curriculum whose claims were pretentious but whose elements and purposes had become obscure heralded the advent of the elective system in our own schools and colleges half a century later.

All these impressions of the liberal arts rest upon a quantitative fallacy. They emphasize content as distinct from quality and spirit. If the critic reasons on this basis he may discount the liberal arts as severely as Dickens' Mr Podsnap, who thought they should represent, reflect and conduce to 'getting up at eight, shaving close at a quarter past, breakfasting at nine, going to the City at ten, coming home at half past five, and dining at seven. Nothing else to be permitted to those same vagrants the Arts, on pain of excommunication. Or, evidently, as their exemplars were doing when Macaulay found them exuberating in oxymorons and enthymemes and plumped for Robinson Crusoe. Or as the scientist does who forgets that science is part of the liberal arts, or the professional man who asks what Greek and Latin have to do with law or medicine or engineering.

The purpose of the liberal arts is not to teach business men business, or grammarians grammar, or college students Greek and Latin (which have disappeared from their required curricula). It is to awaken and develop the intellectual and spiritual powers in the individual before he enters upon his chosen career, so that he may bring to that career the greatest possible assets of intelligence, resourcefulness, judgment and character.

It is, in John Stuart Mill's telling phrase, to make "capable and cultivated human beings." "Men are men," Mill said, "before they are lawyers or physicians or manufacturers, and if you make them capable and sensible men they will make themselves capable and sensible lawyers or physicians." I know of no better statement of the purpose of the liberal arts nor any that so firmly establishes their place in a national educational system that is dedicated, as ours is, to the preparation of men and women not just for intellectual pursuits but for life.

From this statement we may proceed as Mill himself did to the conclusion that the liberal arts and many of the studies thought to be in competition with them are not competitors but allies. This was Mill's pronouncement on the conflict that raged in his day between the "old classical studies" and the "new scientific studies." Mill denied that this conflict had any foundation in principle whatsoever, declaring that "It is only the stupid inefficiency of the usual teaching which makes those studies he regarded as competitors instead of allies."

There is even less reason for such a conflict of principles today. The old "classical studies" have been greatly enriched by the infusion of history, philosophy, literature, language and the fine arts into the erstwhile domain of the

grammarian and logician. Scientific studies never were "new" to the liberal arts, as they claimed three of the original seven. The social studies—economics, anthropology, political science, sociology, psychology—have found their place in the sun alongside of language and literature. The very term 'liberal arts' has given way in professional academic usage to the term 'general education' with its obviously broader implications as to content and method. Every trade, profession and vocation has an equal interest in "capable and cultivated human beings." How could this represent a conflict of principles?

It does not. The idea of a conflict of principle represents ignorance of the facts, with its usual by-products of misunderstanding and prejudice. That this is so should give us courage to attack these ancient enemies of learning. Though we cannot produce a magic formula that will relieve the shortages of school rooms and teachers, we can do a number of things that will contribute to those results.

Above all I would name two. First, we can maintain the liberal arts in the fullest possible health and vigor in our colleges, and second, we can capitalize them as a motivating force in American education by massive transfusions of the liberal arts into the training of secondary school teachers. Both steps would lead directly to improved conditions in the schools as well as in the colleges and universities. For of this I am convinced that if this country is to be shaken out of the trance that blinds it to the needs of its educational system, the great awakening will be brought about by parents and teachers steeped in the liberal arts and imbued with their spirit.

Inhibiting all such measures, all progress, all hope of reform, is a profound misconception of the meaning of the word "practical." Let me illustrate.

It is said that because so many of our high school students (about 60 per cent) do not go on to college it would be impractical to introduce them to the liberal arts. This is to deny to a large segment of our society, which has already denied itself higher education, the only opportunity to benefit by such studies it is likely to have in its life. It is to ignore the possibility that half a loaf would be better than no loaf. Admitting wide variations in taste, aptitude and intellectual competence among these students, is it "practical" to deny them their proportionate share of the richest experience education has to offer?

It is said that young men and women who move from high school directly into the labor force will have no time for such cultural opportunities as those opened up by the liberal arts. Yet the working week in American industry has shrunk to forty hours and is still shrinking. Who has more time on his hands than a modern factory worker? What does he do with it? Is it more "practical" to abandon him to his television and his comics or to hope that some past experience of the liberal arts, however brief, may impel him to further effort in self education?

It is said that the demand for engineers is so urgent that it would be impractical to prolong their apprenticeship with the liberal arts. Yet the most urgent part of this urgent demand is for engineers who can cope with human

problems Only these can save our technology from becoming a headless, heartless and eventually helpless monster Is it practical to deny our engineers the educational opportunities they need to avert this disaster? Not philosophers alone but industrial executives and engineers themselves in increasing numbers are answering this question in the negative

The same is true in the profession of medicine What more "practical" profession is there than this, which so often holds and must at all times be prepared to hold, the balance between life and death? The need for doctors is no less urgent than the need for engineers The apprenticeship of doctors is the longest and hardest of any profession It has been said, for these reasons, that it would be impractical to burden this apprenticeship with the liberal arts Yet as medicine has enlarged its focus (and with it its curriculum) to include the behavioral with the natural sciences, and shifted its emphasis from the patient as a disease to the patient as a human being, it, too, has made articulate its demands for liberal education Witness the recent resolution of the Association of American Medical Colleges favoring a broad, liberal education for pre medical students

What, in the last analysis, does "practical" mean? Does it mean "expedient"? Or does it mean that which accomplishes a given aim most fully and perfectly? I think it means the latter, and I hold by this meaning that it calls for a great awakening and a great revival of the liberal arts in American education

EVEN A B 'S MUST EAT ¹



Ernest Earnest

THERE IS considerable current alarm about the future of the Liberal Arts College Naturally this emotion is felt most keenly by persons whose livelihood depends upon the continued existence of that type of institution They usually defend their bread and butter by eloquent pleas for the nonmaterial values Thus the many articles in academic journals are likely to be labeled "A Defense of Humanism," or "The Humanities and the Opportunity of Peace" And the discussions are filled with phrases like "stimulating a critical and aesthetic taste", "an appreciative love for what is truly and enduringly beautiful", "teach hope, love, and courage", "recognize or retrieve those eternal truths which are above the stream of evolution and change", "true education is but a continuous process of re examining, re appraising, and re vitalizing the interrelationships of existence" And of course there is always the old standby "education for democracy"

¹ From the *American Scholar* Autumn 1944 By permission of the author and the editor

Now I have no quarrel with any or all of these objectives except, perhaps, with their vagueness. There is always the suspicion that when a use cannot be found for something, it will be asserted to have 'higher values'—like an impractical coffee urn kept in the china closet as an *objet d'art*. Our Victorian ancestors were more prone to that sort of thing than we are—though the whatnot has come back in decorator designed interiors. The magazines are beginning to speak of the revival of the style of "a more leisurely and comfortable age." There is a suspicious parallel between the advertising of Victorian reproductions of furniture and the arguments of the humanists. Please don't ask for a definition of humanist or humanity, there seems to be no agreement on that point. A working definition might be *humanist* a person who teaches some subject other than science or a vocation, and *humanity* a subject that students must be required to take along with the ones they really want.

Now I, for one, do not believe that a college course in Lunchroom Management or Clothing Selection is preferable to one in aesthetics or Greek history. I am not at all sure that the first two are the more practical. But I do not believe that any number of eloquent pleas for recapturing the "lost soul" of society is going to entice students into the Colleges of Liberal Arts. In fact any students who are attracted by the grandiloquent phrases are likely to be aesthetes, impractical idealists, or potential school teachers. Boys and girls from wealthy homes may come also, but they come for very practical reasons: four years of pleasant life, social polish, and a certificate of culture useful in certain social circles. As a rule the Liberal Arts College is very efficient in supplying these requirements. Certainly more efficient than a school offering training in lunchroom management or methods of teaching shorthand.

It is quite another matter to educate one to appreciate "what is truly and enduringly beautiful" or to "recognize or retrieve eternal truths." Too often it is assumed that these things can be taught as entities unrelated to other considerations—that there is a world in which morality, truth, and beauty exist apart from the ethics of business, or the truth of a scientific or social theory, or the beauty of a particular poem or office building.

The advocates of liberal arts training will deny this. They will argue that a knowledge of philosophy helps one to understand the values in contemporary life (or more often the alleged lack of values), that mathematics trains the accurate use of the reason (an idea long since exploded by psychologists), that history helps in an understanding of today's politics, and that literature and art give one standards of judgment to apply to contemporary literature or art, or that they do something or other for one's personality—something very fine, of course.

Students often pay lip service to these doctrines: they say that they want college to give them "culture." But that is almost always a secondary aim. The vast majority of students are in college to become engineers, accountants,

physicians, social workers, teachers—or even chiropodists and undertakers. If at the same time they can acquire the mystic quality called culture by taking a few courses in language, history, and literature they are willing to spare a little time from their real purpose. But few pre-meds will elect Fine Arts 1 if it conflicts with Biology 127, and fewer civil engineers will study Chaucer when they can get Strength of Materials instead.

All this may be simply an indication of mistaken values, the symptoms of a materialistic national culture, the worship of false gods. I believe that it is rather an indication of faulty methods. Two deeply religious men may both desire the kingdom of heaven, one may try to reach it by praying continually, wearing a hair shirt, and refusing to bathe, the other by ministering to the sick. It is quite possible that the second man will find very little time to examine his soul or clarify points of theology. He therefore spends less time on his "specialty" than does the ascetic, but he may be more fully obtaining his objective.

The analogy may apply to a liberal education. It is quite possible that extreme specialization is not the best preparation of most professions or intellectual occupations. It is impossible in a paper of this sort to support this point of view in detail. But it is a point of view almost universal among believers in a liberal education.

However, I venture upon two assertions: one, that the liberal arts colleges fail to implement this point of view, and two, that they fail to demonstrate its validity. To put the case more specifically: I believe that the liberal arts college fails to relate its work to the world the students must face, and that it fails to make the student understand its aims. In colloquial phraseology, the liberal arts college high hats the vocational phases of education, and it fails to sell itself to its customers.

Almost all the defenders of a liberal education use a tone of moral superiority. The phrases quoted at the beginning of this essay suggest an out-of-this-world point of view. Yet if the liberal arts college is to survive, it must function in this world and must make that function clear. In a democratic society, the primary function demanded of a college or university is that it prepare its students to earn a living. The point of view stated by Jacques Barzun, "Vocational training has nothing to do with education," implies that education is only for a leisure class or a scholarly elite. Only at their peril can liberal arts colleges cater to a Brahmin caste. Most students and parents are certainly not going to be less materialistic about their bread and butter than are the defenders of a liberal education.

It may seem that this premise denies any possibility of preserving the liberal arts. Not at all. I have already pointed out that the arts colleges insist on the superior value of their training as preparation for an intellectual vocation or profession. I agree with this point of view. In the rapidly changing world of business, technology, and social order, a narrowly specialized training is often obsolete before the student graduates. Many of my former college mates are in fields of activity which did not exist twenty years ago. No voca-

tional training then offered could have helped them. A contemporary radio news analyst would certainly find his college work in European history more valuable than his course in News Story. Write up History, language, literature, philosophy have vocational value. More obvious is the vocational aspect of social science and psychology. All these are elements in a liberal arts program.

Specifically I suggest that the liberal arts colleges integrate their programs with vocational fields. For instance, what courses should be elected by a student interested in entering the diplomatic field, or social security, or a host of other governmental activities for which the A B course is the best preparation? Few faculty advisers have this information. Students themselves are often unaware that certain of these fields exist, more have no idea how to prepare for them. So, instead, they take a degree in marketing or dentistry or advertising—anything with a label indicating possible usefulness. Students are often amazed to find that they can enter law school with an A B in history and literature instead of a B S in “pre law.”

This brings us to my second recommendation: a better publicizing of the vocational usefulness of a liberal arts education. Bulletins and catalogs of vocational schools often have much to say about opportunities in the fields they train for, those of liberal arts colleges are extremely reticent on this point. Except for occasional listing of requirements for medical school or teaching, there is almost no discussion of so crass a topic as preparing for a job. For instance, in a recent study of training for the field of social security, Karl de Schweinitz states that the best possible background is the academic discipline and a cultural education. It is significant that this study was made for the Social Security Board and not under the auspices of the colleges.

All this may seem to imply that the liberal arts colleges should turn themselves into vocational schools. The answer is that they are vocational schools and always have been. Harvard College was founded specifically to train ministers of the gospel. The classical education of the nineteenth century was regarded as the best possible training for the law and the church. Today students in liberal arts colleges are preparing to become biologists, psychologists, sociologists, teachers, and lawyers.

What I suggest, then, is not a revision of the curriculum: no addition of gadget courses to attract uncritical customers. It is simply that the colleges intelligently accept the fact that they have a vocational function. That means vocational guidance for students, not in a haphazard way, but by trained counselors with adequate budgets for research, it means well run placement bureaus, it means making vocational information readily available to students, and it means a constant and intelligent study of the changing needs of the community. It is shortsighted if not unethical to turn out thousands more pre-meds than the medical schools will accept, to produce English teachers far in excess of demand, and at the same time to ignore fields where educated people are desperately needed.

But what happens to “culture” in all this? Does it mean that we forget all about the permanently true and beautiful? My answer is that “culture” is

always a by product of something else Shakespeare's plays are now studied chiefly for their cultural value, they were written to attract patrons to the box office Architects have always designed their buildings for specific utilitarian purposes Stiegel produced his famous glass for a market, he went bankrupt when he overestimated the market The arts have always been closely linked with the business of living It is only when they become art for art's sake that they wither Similarly, culture for culture's sake becomes exotic and unreal If literature and history and philosophy cannot be related to the life of the community, they have no very important values In other words, if a psychologist is not a better psychologist because he knows something about the development of human nature through art, then there is little hope for philosophy, history, and literature

Many of the defenders of a liberal education emphasize its broader social values the making of intelligent citizens, the training for life rather than making a living, the understanding of ethical and moral values But a member of a democratic society functions in that society chiefly through his occupation A man's contribution to his age is above all his contribution as a physician, a manufacturer, a chemist, a writer, a publisher A physician's knowledge or lack of knowledge of sociology will appear during dinner table conversations and at the polls But it is vastly more important in his work as a physician and member of a medical association It is there that his knowledge or lack of knowledge chiefly affects society

Culture does not function in a vacuum The "lost soul" of society will be found not in college courses, but in the market place and the laboratory and the court of law The liberal arts college cannot educate some sort of mythical men of vision, it must educate chemists and sociologists and journalists with vision When it fully accepts this function, it will no longer be troubled by falling enrollments The professors can cease to worry about their own bread and butter when they recognize that even an A B must eat

"ACADEMIC FREEDOM" OPENED MY EYES¹



William Kostka

"ACADEMIC FREEDOM" and the "loyalty oath" were two phrases I had seen often, but frankly they seemed unimportant in a world threatened by Communism and Communistic aggression I knew that both phrases had stirred up hornets' nests in California and aroused some excitement on the campus of the University of Colorado

¹ Reprinted from the *Bulletin* of the American Association of University Professors Summer 1954 by permission of the author, the *Denver Post* and the American Association of University Professors

My hurried glances at the headlines and through the stories and editorials on the subject in newspapers led me to the conclusion that all the excitement was 'much ado about nothing'. If anything the refusal of college faculties to sign a 'loyalty oath' because it threatened "academic freedom" seemed a lame excuse. I assumed that I would not hesitate to sign a loyalty oath, if I were asked. Why should a professor refuse to sign?

That was my reaction up to a few weeks ago, yet today I would openly defend the professor who refused to sign a loyalty oath and I would support him in his plea for "academic freedom."

Why the conversion? That is a story of having my eyes opened. It is the story of a blind spot that is likely to affect any of us when we fail to explore a subject thoroughly and overlook the fact that endangering one freedom endangers all. It is the story of letting political influences color one's judgement, not to the point of misunderstanding, but worse, to the point of not wanting to understand.

Political chicanery and propaganda had successfully changed "academic freedom" to mean a cloak to protect Communism, Communists, and left wing sympathizers on college campuses and, like many other Americans, I had accepted that meaning.

The full impact of that twisted definition and what it had done to college faculties came to me during a public relations conference at my own alma mater, Knox College in Galesburg, Illinois, a liberal arts college that for 116 years has been noted for its educational distinction and integrity.

Attending the conference were Knox alumni who had gained some note in the various related fields of public relations—editors of nationally known newspapers and magazines, executives of large advertising agencies and public relations firms, and public relations directors of corporations. They had come to Knox to review its public relations problems and plans and to offer suggestions.

As chairman of the conference, it was my duty to help plan the agenda. Several weeks previous to the conference the public relations director of the college sent me a list of subjects that might be included in the agenda. Among them was the question of "academic freedom." Because of my preconceived notions regarding this topic I advised the public relations director to omit it, because it was not important and would only result in a lot of worthless discussion to the detriment of more important subjects.

Since the college public relations director seemed to think it was more important than I would admit, I decided to go to Galesburg a day early, ostensibly to review final preparations for the conference, but actually to explore this question of "academic freedom."

In preliminary discussions my own notions seemed to be confirmed. I could not get a satisfactory explanation of the importance of "academic freedom." I had known previously that an alderman of the city of Galesburg, irked because a political science class was doing field research into the operations of the city government, charged at a city council meeting, that was broadcast

over radio and reported in newspapers, that the study being made by the students and their professors was "subversive." The alderman further claimed that "the FBI had a list of names of Knox professors," implying that those professors were subversive or Communists.

The accusations were easily and quickly disproved. The alderman retracted his charges and publicly apologized. Knox College issued a statement that was widely approved. It said in part:

Knox College is keenly sensitive to the fact that Communistic ideas endanger this nation. Knox College's very existence depends upon the outcome of the struggle. Knox also is aware of another danger—the growing tendency to exploit a common fear by accusations not based on fact. The fight against Communism could be useless if this danger is not simultaneously recognized.

Knox is confident that no member of its staff is a Communist, has Communistic or other subversive sympathies, or is advocating un-American doctrines in or out of the college's classrooms. There is an obvious difference between teaching what Communism is (in order that the student may know what he is fighting) and teaching that Communism is desirable. The former, the independent colleges must always do, the latter, they cannot do and hope to survive.

Knox College was founded by men and women who made great sacrifices to preserve essential American ideas. It has survived 116 years because men who lived and worked under a system of free enterprise were anxious to sustain that system by giving honest teachers the opportunity to work with their students in an atmosphere of independence and intellectual freedom. Independent colleges like Knox are important elements of the American heritage; they are, in fact, active forces against those who are challenging the strength and wisdom of democratic living.

I had thought that the alderman's apology and the college's statement, made in November, 1952, had ended the matter. The men and women who had founded Knox College in the early decades of the nineteenth century also established the city of Galesburg, and through the years the usual clash between "town and gown" in a college community had not developed between Knox and the city. In fact, the relationship between the two had generally been friendly.

Yet about two weeks before I had arrived on the campus late this spring, someone had set a bomb off under the porch of the home of a college professor. The professor was an active campaigner for complete and fair law enforcement. On the surface, there was no connection between the bombing and the previous charges of subversiveness. The bombing occurred at the home of an economics professor, not of the political science professor.

Although my preliminary interviews the day before the public relations conference did not bring out a satisfactory explanation of the concern over "academic freedom," I detected hesitation, on the part of those I talked to, to be frank and above board, in short, they were not ready to take me into their confidence. This seemed odd because I was an alumnus of the college,

was a loyal supporter and active in its promotion, and a member of its Board of Trustees

This feeling was confirmed a little later the same day when I attended a meeting of a committee of the college faculty which was trying to decide on taking some action on "academic freedom." One of the professors present was a college classmate of mine, a man I had known well and whom I had always admired for his intellectual honesty and ability.

When I told the group that I had come to the campus a day before the public relations conference to seek information about academic freedom, this professor told me quite frankly: "Bill, why should we go into it? You would never understand it. You are a businessman and businessmen just can't seem to understand what academic freedom is all about. You've got to be part of the faculty to know what it means. I am afraid we would just be wasting our time trying to explain it and we would probably find ourselves getting involved in an unpleasant argument."

I pointed out to the group that perhaps the reason for so much misunderstanding about academic freedom was that faculties had not tried to explain it adequately. They apparently had come to the conclusion that, because the subject was political fireworks, they could not make others understand and consequently they had retired into their academic shells to brood about it. I expressed the opinion that, if these professors could teach more complicated subjects, they certainly were able to help me understand a topic that was so important to them.

Present at the meeting was a consultant to the college. He told the group that misunderstanding by businessmen of "academic freedom," which they interpreted as a cloak to protect Communists, was seriously reducing the financial contributions of businessmen to colleges and universities. He said a statement to that effect had been made by A. V. Wilker, trustee of the Union Carbide Educational Fund, at a meeting of the Association of American Colleges at Indianapolis early in April.

An independent college like Knox depends a great deal on the support of businessmen and their complete understanding of the important role such colleges play in a democracy. Therefore, if Wilker's statement was true, it was more important than ever that this question of academic freedom be cleared up because it affected, not just the sensitive feelings of college professors, but the very future and prosperity of independent college education in this country.

Seated at the table at which we were gathered was an "elder" of the college, a professor who, more than twenty five years ago, had converted me into an enthusiastic student of history. I appealed to him for an explanation. He said:

Academic freedom does not affect me too much. In a year or two I will retire, but academic freedom is a serious problem to these younger professors. The bet

ter ones, the ones who are important to the future of good teaching at Knox, are seriously considering quitting the teaching profession and taking up some other pursuit. They know that, as long as there is this furor over the loyalty oath and constant danger of political investigation of any statement they are likely to make in a classroom, their jobs will always be in jeopardy. That means they can offer their families no security.

If they leave the teaching profession, less able teachers will take their places, teachers who will not have the courage of intellectual honesty, and who will vary their teaching methods to the whims of political influence. In the long run the future students of Knox and other colleges will suffer. Instead of turning out top grade men and women, we will be graduating students who will not understand the world around them and who will be unprepared to understand or to solve its problems.

That put the discussion on the right track. It turned out that some professors on the campus were refusing to make any public appearances before gatherings in the city of Galesburg. Though the "subversive" charges had been disproved, the suspicion remained. One professor had made a spiritual talk, entirely unrelated to politics, before a church group. When it was over, a woman came up to him and asked him if he was "one of those Communists from Knox."

Others who recommended to their students that they read Karl Marx in order to understand the philosophies of Communism or Adolph Hitler's *Mein Kampf* to understand Fascism better noticed that townspeople avoided them. The suspicion, the whispering, the innuendoes extended to professors of all types of courses. A teacher of world literature was suspect if he took up Russian literature. Professors of history, economics, political or social science had to decide either to omit any discussion of Russia or to face the danger of misinterpretation of their remarks. Yet as recently as 1945, before World War II ended, they were expected to tell their students that Russia was a powerful and important ally of the United States.

Now there was a McCarthy in Washington and a Paul W. Broyles in the Illinois state legislature. Both were demanding loyalty oaths and investigation of anyone suspected of "subversive activity," although anyone who dared to discuss Communism, or suggested a study of Communism or Communist literature to understand it better, or explored the role of Russia in the modern world might be suspected of subversive activity. Last year a bill, sponsored by Broyles, was passed by the Illinois legislature which called for a loyalty oath, and the appointment of a special assistant attorney general who was to investigate all suspected subversive acts or activities throughout the state of Illinois. Governor Adlai E. Stevenson vetoed the bill with a message that said in part:

The issue with respect to means raised by this bill has two aspects. One is the question of the need for it in relation to existing weapons for the control of subversives. The other is whether this addition to our arsenal may not be a two edged sword, more dangerous to ourselves than to our foes.

I can see nothing but grave peril to the reputations of innocent people in this perpetuation of rumors and hearsay. When we already have sedition laws prohibiting the offenses to which these provisions relate, I see more danger than safety in such radical change in the administration of criminal justice.

We cannot afford to make public employees vulnerable to malicious charges of disloyalty. So far as the employers are concerned—herds of departments and of schools and so on—the only safe policy would be timid employment practices which could only result in a lowering of the level of ability, independence, and courage in our public agencies, schools, and colleges.

Does anyone seriously think that a real traitor will hesitate to sign a loyalty oath? Of course not.

The whole notion of loyalty inquisitions is a natural characteristic of the police state, not of democracy. In the long run evil ideas can be counteracted not by law but only by better ideas.

In conclusion, while I respect the motives and patriotism of the proponents of this bill, I think there is in it more of danger to the liberties we seek to protect than of security for the republic. It reverses our traditional concept of justice by placing upon the accused the burden of proving himself innocent. It makes felons of persons who may be guilty more of bad judgment than of anything else.

Adlai Stevenson vetoed the Broyles bill in 1951. In April, 1953, as we sat around a table in Old Main at Knox College, the Broyles bill was back in the Illinois state legislature. Later in June when I was in Galesburg for the commencement board meeting, I visited an old friend who had attended a college similar to Knox and who was a member of the legislature. The bill had passed the senate. I asked my friend how he would vote when it came before the house. He was not sure, but he was inclined to vote for it, because we certainly don't want any Communists in our colleges.

He was sure there were no Communists on his college faculty. I pointed out that some of them undoubtedly would refuse to sign the loyalty oath and would leave the college. They would be replaced either by less able teachers or by Communists who would be quite willing to sign the oath. The legislator had not thought of that and when I left him he was considering discussing the subject further with professors at his and other colleges.

There were two factors that deeply disturbed the faculty committee at Knox as we discussed that loyalty oath. The first was that they could not maintain their intellectual honesty and sign the oath, for to avoid suspicion they would have to change their teaching methods. Second was that only they as teachers were suspected of disloyalty and were being separated from the rest of the population in being asked to sign a loyalty oath.

They pointed out that I would not be asked to sign a loyalty oath. I suddenly realized that I had once been in a position where I had information that could have been dangerous to this country, and yet I had not been asked to sign a loyalty oath. As the editor of a national magazine during the war, I had been told and shown "top secret" information, plans, and pictures by government officials. Many editors today surely are given similar off the record information to help them understand the government's plans,

and yet they are not asked to sign either oaths of loyalty or secrecy Hundreds of businessmen and thousands of designers and factory workers are manufacturing 'top secret' material for the government They are not asked to sign loyalty oaths

But college professors who have no information that would be of value to an enemy are being asked to sign loyalty oaths simply because they might be suspect should they explore the working of Communism with their students

My old professor at the table pointed out that Knox teachers had always been noteworthy for their independent thinking and actions Before the Civil War they spoke openly against slavery They were stoned and run out of Illinois towns Were they wrong? Were they wrong now in insisting on the freedom of speech?

As a teacher of history, he was able to show that always in the development of undemocratic governments the first step was to place restrictions on teachers and to purge those who insisted on the freedom to teach Hitler did it and so did Mussolini and also Stalin It was done in ancient Rome Napoleon did it, too Even in this country, there have been instances, including Bryan's attempt to stop the teaching of evolution

And in 1897 'the entire faculty of the Kansas Agricultural College was dismissed for their failure to subscribe to the tenets of the Populist party'

Suddenly I began to recognize the importance of the concern of these professors As an alumnus and a trustee of Knox College I did not want to see its teaching retrogress, to be a party to stifling the inspiration to study a subject thoroughly as I had been inspired by at least one of these men now at the table At the same time I realized what was wrong with the plea for "academic freedom"

While the professors were objecting to the signing of a loyalty oath because they were being separated from the rest of the population, they encouraged that separation by insisting on "academic freedom" The political rabble rousers aided them and hurt them at the same time by making "academic freedom" mean a cloak to protect the Communist sympathizers on the college campuses

To make people understand, it was necessary to find a new term, a term that would affect all people, not just college professors We found it in the statement Knox College had made last fall when the Galesburg alderman had accused it of subversive activity

It was "intellectual freedom" "Intellectual freedom" was important to everybody It was important to me as a businessman and a citizen because it gave me the right to discuss any subject I please, including Communism, with my friends and neighbors It would be important to me were I again an editor, for it would mean that I had the right to criticize my government and its officials and to review the governments or acts of other countries It would be important to me were I a student, for it would mean I would be free to study any subject I pleased It would be important to me were I a professor

"Intellectual freedom" did not mean that I could preach revolution and the overthrow of the government. But "intellectual freedom" did seem to embody the freedoms we knew so well—the freedom of speech, the freedom of the press, the freedom of assembly, in fact, it appeared to enfold in just two words the Bill of Rights of the Constitution of the United States.

We decided that we would forget "academic freedom" in the future and refer only to "intellectual freedom." We went further. We agreed that we would be willing to sign an oath of allegiance as any citizen should and further we would denounce Communism, Fascism, and any other form of undemocratic government.

Two days later, at a meeting with representatives of the Knox College faculty, the public relations conference took up the subject of intellectual freedom. My old professor, Dr. Alfred W. Newcombe, introduced the subject with a speech in which he concluded:

Where intellectual freedom is not maintained we believe democracy cannot long endure. The two are inseparable. I repeat we teachers are not asking for special privileges. We are as human, as American in our personal traits as nonacademicians. But to be teachers in American liberal arts colleges our need for intellectual freedom is pressing and vital. Our intellectual freedom is also your intellectual freedom. Deny one and you cannot long maintain the other.

As loyal Americans, as firm believers in American institutions and democratic principles, we openly oppose Communism and are ready to pledge our support to the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. But we fear and we resent being treated as a peculiar class of suspects. Some of us are wondering if all Americans on reaching voting age might not well be required to take an ephebic oath of loyalty to the Federal Constitution. Freedom brings privileges but it also brings responsibilities, obligations, and duties. If we discuss the one we must not fail to mention the other.

Is not intellectual freedom in the college, in the church, and in the home something we should all conscientiously unite in maintaining? I certainly believe so. Without intellectual freedom in the college, in the medical school of the University of Illinois, and in the United States Bureau of Standards, our civilization takes a downward tumble. Far better than I, you public relations men may know how to help toward that most precious goal—the preservation and enrichment of our democratic, our cultural, and our religious heritage.

At the end of May, just before commencement, the same professor delivered an address at the senior convocation. Here are a few excerpts:

Intellectual freedom is undergoing attack from those who do not know what it means and are afraid of what they do not understand. Moreover, it is being attacked by those who do know what it means and who recognize no truth except their own personal brand, too often the product of conceit, prejudice, bigotry, and of ignorance, the mother of this unholy brood.

It is being attacked by others who have some selfish interests to preserve which will not always bear enlightened scrutiny. It is being attacked by some notoriety seekers who may hope thereby to gain political support. If not directly attacked, it

is being undermined by timid holders of college degrees, who dare not speak openly in its defense

We believe that a liberal arts education is possible only under conditions of freedom from political restraints and compulsion. We believe in intellectual freedom not alone because it has long been the American ideal, not alone for its own sake, but also, most of all, because we seek the truth that only intellectual freedom can reveal and establish.

Because we believe in the freedom that is indispensable for the study, the teaching and the extension of knowledge of the truth and because we believe that knowledge and application of the truth is our worthiest objective, our highest academic goal, we appeal to you seniors and to all men and women of Knox to join in helping us build on this campus a citadel for the defense of intellectual freedom, a temple dedicated to the love of truth.

At commencement in June the faculty of Knox College adopted a statement of principles reaffirming its convictions of the need for intellectual freedom.

Now that I look back on it I realize that it was "academic freedom" that had blinded me. I should have seen through it because I had witnessed the stifling of "intellectual freedom" in a country that was outwardly as democratic as the United States. It was Czechoslovakia, which I visited six months after the end of World War II and two years before it became Communistic and enshrouded itself in the iron curtain.

At the time, Eduard Beneš was president and Jan Masaryk was foreign minister, two international proponents of democracy. Only 10 or 15 per cent of the Czechs were Communists, yet they had already taken hold of the lower echelons of government and were destroying intellectual freedom wherever they found it.

A law had been passed which condemned as collaborationists those who had aided Germany during the occupation. Those accused were not tried by the regular courts, but by a people's court from which there was no appeal. The law then was extended to include all those who had fought with the Allies, exclusive of Russia, against the Germans. Accused as collaborationists were those who expressed love or admiration for the United States or England. The charge of collaborationist was directed at professors who might question the validity of statements in the Czech press that published articles about the suppression of the worker's revolution by American capitalists. (The automobile strikes were on at the time.)

An editor was arrested and beaten and thrown into prison because he dared to publish a letter from a reader criticizing some act of the government. The country was democratic outwardly and boasted of freedom of the press, but its official postoffice, which controlled the telegraph, tried to stop me from wiring a story describing conditions as they really existed. The country was democratic outwardly, but President Beneš in his office told me, when I asked him why he did not strike out against this creeping suppression of intellectual freedom.

'How can I? I am a prisoner in my own office and those people out there (clerks, guards, etc.) are my jailers. If I dared speak out, I would be killed. I can only hope to compromise.'

Less than three years later he yielded to a Communist ultimatum, resigned from office, and died within the year. A month after the ultimatum Masaryk died, supposedly a suicide, but undoubtedly murdered.

'Academic freedom' may not seem important to you. It did not to me. But my experience at Knox, related to what happened in Czechoslovakia, indicated that academic freedom can be extremely important to the many other freedoms we love. Curtailment of any freedom, no matter how unimportant, threatens all freedoms. Let us not be blind just because a loyalty oath or restriction of a freedom does not apply to us. We cannot compromise, because any threat to any phase of democracy is a threat to all of us.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, FREE ENTERPRISE? ¹



Nathan Robertson

THE UNITED STATES today is in a condition comparable to that of a man suffering from schizophrenia. A few innocent fancies are safe enough in quiet times, but in a crisis, either the patient gives up his delusions, or society commits him to the firm hold of others. Our national phantasy, fateful in these edgy times, is our belief that we are living in a free enterprise system. Since reality is quite the reverse, we are in no condition to make rational decisions. It is time to get wise to ourselves.

It is true that we have a free enterprise system in the sense that if a man has enough money he can go into any work or any business he chooses. In most respects he can run his business to suit himself. He may make money or he may go under, depending upon the circumstances and his own ability. He can get out of one occupation of business and go into another whenever he can afford to.

But these are only the surface signs. Fundamentally, a free enterprise system, as spelled out by Adam Smith, the great classical economist, is one in which there is a minimum of government or monopoly interference—in which the natural laws of supply and demand rule. In that kind of system an individual entrepreneur takes all the risks and, as a reward for bearing those risks, is entitled to all the law of supply and demand will permit him to win.

America once had close to—although never completely—a free enterprise system of that kind. Of course, from almost the beginning, this country had tariffs which interfered with the laws of supply and demand, subsidies to the

¹ From *Harper's Magazine* November 1948. By permission of the author and the editor.

railroads and to Western pioneers which fell considerably short of Adam Smith's ideal, prohibitions against some businesses regarded as immoral, such as the slave trade, and government competition, such as the postal system in communications

But except for a few interferences of this kind, the laws of supply and demand were in control, and we had something rather similar to a free enterprise system. There was little government interference or monopoly. A man could go into any business he chose, pay any wages for which he could get men to work, charge any price he could get, and make as much money as the laws of supply and demand would permit. He could even throw away the nation's basic natural resources in the most profligate manner if he chose to do so in his grab for riches and power. He could make millions—or go bankrupt.

Today we have something quite different. The individual entrepreneur still faces the risk of competition within his own segment of the economy—if he happens to be in an area of business where competition still exists, such as farming or retailing. But in many segments of our industry, competition has been drastically restricted so that the laws of supply and demand no longer operate as they are supposed to. Many of our big manufacturing industries have price fixing schemes of one kind or another. The steel, cement, and other heavy industries, until very recently, have had the basing point system for controlling competition, and it is not yet clear to what extent the practice has been abandoned since it was outlawed by the Supreme Court. Price fixing has extended clear down through the retail trades under the Miller Tydings Act, which permits manufacturers to fix the price at which their products can be retailed to the public. Patents have been used as the basis for widespread price fixing.

Even beyond all this, American industry has become so big, with such huge industrial units, that only those with many millions of dollars to risk can enter into many fields of enterprise. This large scale, of course, limits competition. It takes huge aggregations of capital to enter most of the big industries like steel, automobile, machinery, or electrical equipment manufacturing—and even publishing. At least \$10,000,000 is needed to launch a metropolitan newspaper today, and even then the chances of making a profit are slim—as Marshall Field can testify.

But a more important factor in changing our economic system is government. Today a business man, whether he is a manufacturer or retailer or farmer, no longer faces the biggest risk of all in a free enterprise system—the risk of the uncontrolled ups and downs of the economy. No one believes that we have completely eliminated the business cycle, but we have today so vast a network of government supports that many economists believe we will never again have anything like the crash of 1929. Some of these economists contend that this is the reason we escaped the postwar depression, which was expected to throw 8,000,000 men out of work after hostilities ceased.

So today, instead of having a nearly free enterprise system in this country—as we used to have and as most people still seem to think we have—we are operating under something quite different. It is a drastically revised system—revised by monopoly and by government supports. Partly because we still have not recognized just how different our new system is, no one has yet named it—but it might be called the “safe enterprise system.”

This “safe enterprise system” is almost as different from the one that Adam Smith talked about or the system we once had as the economy of Nazi Germany or of Soviet Russia. But it is just as American and goes along with democracy and liberty as naturally as the original. In fact, our democracy today is probably more complete than it ever was in the past. We still have free speech and free worship. We still can protest and vote ‘no’ if we want, and more of us have the right to vote “no” than ever before. But we no longer have the freedom to pay workers five or ten dollars a week for a sixty hour week, or to put millions of people into the breadlines.

The schizophrenic part about all of this is that we still talk and plan as though we had a system of the old kind. Proposals are rejected in Congress day after day because they will “interfere with the free enterprise system.” People tend to confuse the ‘free enterprise system’ with basic Americanism and put it on the same pedestal as ‘liberty’ or “democracy.”

What makes this particularly strange is that we did not even begin to call our system a “free enterprise system,” or to use that phrase as almost synonymous with capitalism, until about ten or fifteen years ago. We had occasionally referred to it earlier as a system of “free competitive enterprise.” But the more simple phrase, with the competitive idea eliminated, was popularized by the business interests of this country about ten years ago, when they were fighting off some of the New Deal reforms. One of the bright young men then working for the National Association of Manufacturers is credited with promoting the new phrase.

The slogan had great value in fighting such innovations as the wage hour law and the Wagner labor act. The business men were afraid that we were going to abolish the “free enterprise” system which permitted them to pay their workers whatever they could get them to work for individually, and perhaps to regulate how much profit they could make. Actually we did abolish the first of these “rights”—but we never tampered with their profits, except to a limited extent during the war. So far, the changes in the “free enterprise system” have not hurt business. In fact, profitwise, business is going better today than ever before in history—with profits reaching more than \$18,000,000,000 after taxes last year, or more than double what they were in the boom year of 1929.

Business pushed the phrase in speeches, advertisements, and propaganda. Politicians accepted it and won applause with it. Everything indicated that the American people wanted a free enterprise system, except that by the time the phrase took hold we had moved on to another system without most

people realizing it—although they had repeatedly approved the measures which brought the change about

All the phrase did was to confuse America at a time when it could scarcely afford to be confused. It is important for the people of this country to get over their confusion—their schizophrenia—if they are to run the new system intelligently. Business men need to recognize the nature of the new system in order to adopt workable price policies, labor needs to recognize it to develop sound bargaining programs, and the public needs to recognize it to decide the issues of the day rationally. To decide some of the questions we now face without recognizing where we are or where we are going is like a ship captain trying to chart a course before he knows where he is or what port he wants to reach.

Most Americans seem to be in the same boat with the ship captain. Sensible and responsible men who are looking to the best interests of the country frequently take violently opposing stands on the same issues. People speak in the most glowing language about the free enterprise system and then in almost the same breath show they really do not want it. Recently, for instance, one of the leading critics of the New Deal in Congress, a man who talks volubly about the glories of free enterprise, explained his constant support of the farm program by telling newspapermen that "certain parts of the New Deal have become a part of the American way of life."

The shape of our economy started to change in the last part of the nineteenth century with the growth of monopolies and the governmental steps to curb them. Actually the first big change came when we decided to place restrictions on some areas of free enterprise—the public utilities and the industries engaged in developing our natural resources. We decided that the railroads and the utilities, because of their subsidies and their monopoly positions, were secure and were not taking as big a risk as other businesses, and so should not be permitted to earn such rich rewards. We set up the Interstate Commerce Commission and the public utility commissions to regulate their profits and the services they provided the public. To protect our national resources, we gradually—and too late—enacted legislation limiting to some extent the aggressions of selfish entrepreneurs in the lumber and other natural resource industries. And as industry grew bigger and more powerful, we enacted the anti-trust laws, though we did not do much to enforce them.

In most areas of business we still maintained a system of comparatively free enterprise until the depression of 1929 shook America and the world to their economic and political foundations. Some governments and economic systems fell, and others came close to it. Desperately we began under Herbert Hoover to pour billions of dollars of government money into the railroads, the banks, and the insurance companies to shore up our economy. Franklin D. Roosevelt came into office and extended the same help to the average citizen.

We were so desperate that we didn't worry too much about abstract

theories of government—although the Senate did debate for days over the question of whether we could feed hungry people as well as hungry cattle. There were warnings at the time that we were destroying our freedom, but we ignored them and probably would again under the same circumstances. We voted, or our representatives voted, a lot of changes in our system, piece by piece, in an effort to save various segments of the economy from ruin. These changes added up to a radical revision of the whole. But more important than any one of them, or all of them together, was the new principle of government. Hoover and Roosevelt joined in writing into our system at that time—that the government stands back of our economy in time of trouble.

The men who initiated this fundamental change, and the other revisions of our system under the New Deal, believed in the free enterprise system and were merely trying to save it by correcting isolated abuses or weaknesses. For instance, one of the most fundamental changes of all—the federal insurance of bank deposits—came not from the New Deal but from a conservative Republican, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan, who sponsored it and fought for it in Congress with only tacit approval from the Administration.

The farm program adopted in 1933 as one of the first acts of the Roosevelt Administration, and now accepted by both parties, was a drastic modification of free enterprise. It placed a government cushion, or guarantee, under our biggest industry—an industry which supports directly or indirectly about half the people of the country and vitally affects the rest. With the adoption of that law the “free enterprise system” went at least half the way out of the window—without protest from anyone in authority except the Supreme Court. And even the Supreme Court changed its mind within a year or two.

In the face of such a law it is silly to talk of free enterprise in agriculture any longer. And yet that is just what the farm spokesmen do when they oppose ceilings on farm prices because they would “interfere with the free enterprise system.” Like many of the rest of us the farmers want floors, but no ceilings. The latest crop report points to the possibility of huge surpluses in some of the major crops, which may require the government to put up support money running past the billion dollar mark to hold prices up at a time when many of us would like them to go down. This is not free enterprise, under which prices can drop with a bang.

Our urban economy now has fully as many government cushions under it as the farm economy, although most business men do not feel them because they are more indirect. First there is the social security law, providing floors below which the incomes of our industrial workers cannot fall even during unemployment—and providing continuing income for the aged and infirm. Then, for those who work, the wage and hour law provides a floor under wages and a ceiling over the hours of work. What a change this is from the old free enterprise days when men and women worked in sweatshops and

cotton mills for seventy hours a week to earn perhaps seven dollars! These two measures alone protect millions of individuals. Together with the farm income guarantees, they provide a tremendous structure supporting national purchasing power—the foundation stone for our whole industrial prosperity.

Supplementing the social security law is a vast system of retirement plans set up by private industry during the recent war, when taxes were so high that it was almost as cheap to set up a lavish retirement system as to pay taxes on the income. These reserves—estimated to run into many hundreds of millions of dollars—are just as secure a bulwark to the individuals and the economy as the social security benefits.

There are besides a wide variety of government subsidies and cushions for specific industries. The air transport industry, for instance, is subsidized through airmail contracts, and when the TWA got into financial difficulties it rushed to Washington for a retroactive subsidy to pull it out of the hole. More recently the entire air transport industry, with the exception of one or two companies, has been under financial strain. Instead of raising rates and competing under the rules of supply and demand the industry appealed to President Truman for help. Amid applause from the airlines, the President directed the RFC, the ever ready crutch for industry, to study the situation, presumably as a preliminary to government loans. At the same time the Civil Aeronautics Board considered requests from the lines for bigger government subsidies—which would not be Adam Smith's solution to the problem.

The shipping industry has been subsidized by the government in one way or another for many years. Current subsidies to the merchant marine are running close to \$100,000,000 a year on top of all the rich benefits provided these companies by the government in the past. Even the nation's press, which is founded on the word "free," is not free of subsidies. Newspapers and magazines enjoy the benefits of mail subsidies totaling many millions of dollars a year. Colonel Robert R. McCormick, of the *Chicago Tribune*, estimated not long ago that mail subsidies represented the entire profit of the prosperous *Time Life Fortune* enterprises.

Whether our banking system is subsidized is open to debate, but some economists contend that the banks got close to a billion dollars a year in subsidies during the war for handling the paper war debt. Government research subsidies are now reaching into almost every field of private enterprise and running into many hundreds of millions of dollars a year. They go not only to business concerns and educational institutions in the form of research grants, but even into the pockets of private physicians, the men who seem most determined to avoid government interference with their own profession (these payments come directly from the Public Health Service, which some physicians regard as an arch enemy).

In some areas the definition of subsidies becomes difficult. Many industries benefit substantially from the government's weather reports, from the trade promotion activities of the Commerce Department, from the improvements

for the benefit of commerce in our rivers and harbors, from flood control expenditures, soil conservation, the establishment and maintenance of air navigation facilities, and a host of similar government operations including the production of cheap hydro electric power

Without counting any of these hazardous fields, the Budget Bureau reported to Senator James E. Murray of Montana that subsidies to business and agriculture in the fiscal year 1946 totalled \$2,247,000,000. The Byrd Economic Committee of the Senate used an even higher figure. This, of course, was in a year of prosperity—when most of the government's guarantees did not cost the Treasury anything. In addition, the federal government paid in various grants to the states that year a total of \$971,000,000—much of which eventually went to construction companies, road building material manufacturers, and others.

Moreover, the huge payments now being made to foreign countries under the Marshall Plan provide a sizable cushion for industry's base of purchasing power. Most of that money is returning to this country for the purchase of goods, and such payments will probably run into the billions of dollars for years to come. But for many years the biggest cushion for business will be military expenditures by the government. They are expected to level off at about \$15,000,000,000 a year—which is several times the biggest spending program ever launched by the New Deal.

Government money has become such a major element in the American economy that one out of every six adults in this country now receives some of it in one form or another. Regular payments go to almost 16,000,000 individuals, including veterans and their dependents, members of the armed forces, government employees, federal pensioners, social security beneficiaries, and farmers.

Even more basic than any of these money payments, however, are the guarantees the federal government now offers to our credit structure. In addition to the federal insurance of bank deposits, which has eliminated the national fear of bank runs, the government offers ninety per cent guarantees on farm and urban mortgages. These guarantees, which cover a big segment of the private debt structure, have stabilized the mortgage market as it never was before—and to some extent, at least, have eliminated the wild ups and downs that have brought so much disaster in the past.

The federal government alone is now pumping into the economic system about \$40,000,000,000 annually—most of which will have to continue unless we drastically modify the services our government provides, the military force, benefits to veterans, and foreign aid. This figure, which equals our total national income of only sixteen years ago, is for a period when we have been enjoying boom prosperity. State and local government expenditures swell the total beyond \$50,000,000,000 a year.

Come a depression, the federal government's spending would go far beyond

these figures, since it is legally obliged to cushion farm prices, pay unemployment benefits, and make good its guarantees. Furthermore, under the principle of government established by Hoover and Roosevelt in the past depression—that neither business nor people shall be permitted to go under *en masse*—the government would have an obligation to pour billions of dollars into financial and industrial enterprises and into relief of individual need. That it will do so is conceded.

What this all amounts to, in short, is not a free enterprise system, but a comparatively safe enterprise system under which our economic health is founded on government credit and government credit is used not only to battle depression but to avoid it. Even in good times the government will act to save an industry—as it did recently for the air transport companies.

There is still risk in business, particularly in those areas where competition prevails. Many small businesses fail every day. Government does not guarantee a profit to every business man, or even to every farmer. An entrepreneur's rewards still depend considerably on his ability and his luck. But the risks in business today are far more limited than they were in the days when we really had the "free-enterprise system" we talk about so much.

The old free enterprise system exists only in our nostalgic imagination, and we have spent more than enough energy defending it. If we want to retain custody of our economic fate, the first step is to admit the facts.

THE LESSONS OF TVA¹



David E. Lilienthal

A NEW CHAPTER in American public policy was written when Congress in May of 1933 passed the law creating the TVA. For the first time since the trees fell before the settlers' ax, America set out to command nature not by defying her, as in that wasteful past, but by understanding and acting upon her first law—the oneness of men and natural resources, the unity that binds together land, streams, forests, minerals, farming, industry, mankind.

This, of course, is not what the creation of TVA meant to most people who read in their newspapers of the action of Congress. For TVA was then ordinarily thought of simply as a "power" project, a venture in public ownership of hydro electricity. And even today, in spite of its wide range of activities, it is as a "power" project that many people still regard the TVA. Why there has been this limited picture of the scope and purpose of the Authority is wholly understandable.

¹ From David Lilienthal *TVA—Democracy on the March*. Copyright 1944, by David E. Lilienthal. By permission of Harper & Brothers publishers.

For fifteen years before TVA came into being Congressional and public debate centered largely on a single potential resource of the Tennessee River, hydro electric power For long years there had been determined efforts to dispose of the government dam and power plant at Muscle Shoals in Alabama, built with the public funds for World War I, as if it were like any other of the flotsam left over from that war—the trucks and shoes and trench shovels to be knocked down to the highest bidder It was simply regarded as a power plant, either to be dealt with as such a plant in the hands of a private operator would be, or, if continued under public control, to be limited to the sale of generated power for distribution at a profit by private industry

How those power facilities were to be used, that was the major question which attracted public discussion down the years That question was settled by the passage of the Act creating TVA But it was not settled on the narrow issue of ‘public ownership’ of power The message of President Roosevelt urging approval of the Norris bill (which became a law with his signature on May 18, 1933) boldly proposed a new and fundamental change in the development of our country's resources The words of the President's message were not only eloquent, there was in them a creativeness and an insight born of his New York State experience in establishing regional planning as a political reality That understanding was matured at his Georgia home, in long days of thinking of the problems of the South and its relation to the whole nation

It is clear (the message read) that the Muscle Shoals development is but a small part of the potential public usefulness of the entire Tennessee River Such use, if envisioned in its entirety, transcends mere power development it enters the wide fields of flood control, soil erosion, afforestation elimination from agricultural use of marginal lands, and distribution and diversification of industry In short this power development of war days leads logically to national planning for a complete river watershed involving many states and the future lives and welfare of millions It touches and gives life to all forms of human concerns

The President then suggested

legislation to create a Tennessee Valley Authority—a corporation clothed with the power of government but possessed of the flexibility and initiative of a private enterprise It should be charged with the broadest duty of planning for the proper use, conservation, and development of the natural resources of the Tennessee River drainage basin and its adjoining territory for the general social and economic welfare of the Nation This authority should also be clothed with the necessary power to carry these plans into effect Its duty should be the rehabilitation of the Muscle Shoals development and the co ordination of it with the wider plan

Many hard lessons have taught us the human waste that results from lack of planning Here and there a few wise cities and countries have looked ahead and planned But our nation has ‘just grown’ It is time to extend planning to a

wider field, in this instance comprehending in one great project many States directly concerned with the basin of one of our greatest rivers

The TVA Act was nothing inadvertent or impromptu. It was rather the deliberate and well considered creation of a new national policy. For the first time in the history of the nation, the resources of a river were not only to be "envisioned in their entirety", they were to be developed in that unity with which nature herself regards her resources—the waters, the land, and the forests together, a "seamless web"—just as Maitland saw "the unity of all history," of which one strand cannot be touched without affecting every other strand for good or ill.

Under this new policy, the opportunity of creating wealth for the people from the resources of this valley was to be faced as a single problem. To integrate the many parts of that problem into a unified whole was to be the responsibility of one agency. The Tennessee Valley's resources were not to be dissected into separate bits that would fit into the jurisdictional pigeon holes into which the instrumentalities of government had by custom become divided.

It was not conceded that at the hour of Creation the Lord had divided and classified natural resources to conform to the organization chart of the federal government. The particular and limited concerns of private individuals or agencies in the development of this or that resource were disregarded and rejected in favor of the principle of unity. What God had made one, man was to develop as one.

"Envisioned in its entirety" this river, like every river in the world, had many potential assets. It could yield hydro electric power for the comfort of the people in their homes, could promote prosperity on their farms and foster the development of industry. But the same river by the very same dams, if they were wisely designed, could be made to provide a channel for navigation. The river could also be made to provide fun for fishermen and fish for food, pleasure from boating and swimming, a water supply for homes and factories. But the river also presented an account of liabilities. It threatened the welfare of the people by its recurrent floods, pollution from industrial wastes and public sewage diminished its value as a source of water supply and for recreation, its current carried to the sea the soil of the hills and fields to be lost there to men forever.

To a single agency, the TVA, these potentialities of the river for good and evil were entrusted. But the river was seen as part of a larger pattern of the region, one asset of the many that in nature are interwoven—the land, the minerals, the waters, the forests—and all of these as one—in their relation to the lives of the valley's people. It was the total benefit to all that was to be the common goal and the new agency's responsibility.

That is not the way public resource development had heretofore been undertaken in this country. Congress in creating TVA broke with the past. No single agency had in this way ever been assigned the unitary task of develop

ing a river so as to release the total benefit from its waters for the people. Not far from where I write are other rivers developed by private interests or public agencies. They will serve to illustrate the contrast. On these rivers it is the common practice in public projects as well as private to build a single dam without first having fixed upon a general plan that will ultimately insure the full use of the whole river as a unit. There are dams built for the single purpose of power development. Such individual dams, in order to yield an immediate return in power, impair or destroy the river's full development of power at other sites, for they were not designed or built with the whole river thought of as it is in nature, a unit. These power dams are not built or operated to control floods, and do not provide a continuous navigable channel. The full usefulness of that river is lessened. Similarly, hundreds of millions of dollars in public funds have been expended for the single purpose of navigation on some of our rivers, but most of the dams constructed will not control the rivers' floods or create electric energy. They now stand as massive barriers against the erection of multi purpose structures.

Over a long period of years scores of millions of dollars have been spent for levees to hold the waters back on the lower reaches of some of our rivers, but at the head waters there were no reservoir dams that could make local levee protection effective.

And through the long years there has been a continuing disregard of nature's truth—that in any valley of the world what happens on the river is largely determined by what happens on the land—by the kind of crops that the farmers plant and harvest, by the number of trees they cut down. The full benefits of stream and of soil cannot be realized by the people if the water and the land are not developed in harmony.

If the soil is exposed, unprotected from the rains by cover and by roots, the people will be poor and the river will be muddy, heavy with the best soil of the fields. And as a consequence each year the farmers will be forced more and more to use their land in ways that speed up this cycle of ruin, until the cover and then the top soil itself are wholly gone. When that day comes, as in the great reaches of China's sorrowful Yellow River Valley, then rains run off the land almost as rapidly as water runs from the pavements. Even a moderate rainfall forces the river from its banks, and every downpour brings disastrous floods, destroying crops and homes and bridges and high ways, not only where the land is poor, but down the river's length, down in the areas where people are more prosperous, where the soil is still protected and factories have been built at the river's bend. Industries and railroads will be interrupted, farms flooded out, towns and villages destroyed, while heavy silt deposits fill the power reservoirs and stop up the channels of navigation.

It is otherwise where land is covered with sod or trees, and cultivated each season with the purpose of holding the rain where it falls. Such land literally serves as a water reservoir, a part of a system of flood control and river

development, quite as directly as dams that stretch from bank to bank to hold the waters back. In many locations, after such proper land use programs have been rather fully developed, the results should make it possible to reduce the magnitude and cost of engineering structures required for water control.

The farmers' new pastures and meadows themselves are reservoirs. If the changed farming practices now in use on many tens of thousands of Tennessee Valley farms were applied to all the agricultural area of our watershed (as some day I am confident they will be), the soil might absorb as much as half the customary twelve inch surface run off of rain each year, this storage of water on the farms would equal the capacity of two reservoirs as great as the one behind the Norris Dam, which stands 267 feet above the Clinch River.

This is of course nothing new, nothing discovered by the TVA. That a river could offer many benefits and a variety of hazards, that its improvement through engineering structures is inseparable from the development and use of the land as a watershed, has been recognized for many years by scientists and engineers.

For over a generation a distinguished line of conservationists had seen this truth and written and spoken of it with great force. And as a matter of fact almost any farmer, standing in his barn door while he watches a torrential rain beat upon his land and fill his creek, could see that much. The point is that knowledge of this inseparability of land and streams has only once, here on this river, been carried into our national action. On every other watershed we turn our rivers over to engineers of one agency to develop while farm experts of other agencies concern themselves with the land. Thus far it is only in the Valley of the Tennessee that Congress has directed that these resources be dealt with as a whole, not separately.

The principles of unity whereby this valley has gone about the restoration of its land and the multiplication of the land's usefulness are, of course, the same as those that governed turning the river to man's account. The development of soil and its increased productivity are not simply problems of land, of farming, and of agricultural science, any more than the development of a river is only water control, dams, and engineering techniques. The restoration of land fertility, the healing of gullies, the reforestation of hillsides, these are no more ends in themselves than are flood control, navigation, and power. As the river is not separable from the land, so the land is inseparable from the forests and minerals, from the factories and shops, from the people making their living from their resources.

Here, too, the methods this valley has followed to achieve its purposes break sharply with those long prevailing. The methods differ because to think of resources as a unity compels the use of different ways. The idea of unity makes it inescapable that each man's farm must also be seen as one operating unit. The farm, too, is a "seamless web."

To the farmer on his land the problems do not fit into neat cubicles labeled "forestry" or "soil chemistry" or "mechanical engineering," nor to him is soil erosion or holding water on the land separate from the whole business of making a living on the land. And so in the way TVA goes about its responsibilities there are no "jurisdictional" lines, no excluding of the chemical engineer, say, because this is a "farm" problem, or of the business man or the inventor because soil erosion is a "public issue," or of a county or state expert because agriculture is a "national" question. The invention by this valley's technicians of a new kind of machine and the decision of a businessman to produce and market it may be as important in land restoration as check dams in the gullies, if it thereby enables the farmer to make a living by raising soil conserving crops. The invention here of a quick freezing machine, a portable thresher, or a furrow seeder, all designed to overcome specific economic obstacles in the farmer's path toward land conservation, we see as just as real factors in land restoration as the terracing of the slopes.

Because they sinned against the unity of nature, because they developed some one resource without regard to its relation to every other resource in the life of man, ancient civilizations have fallen in decay and lie buried in oblivion. Everywhere in the world the trail of unbalanced resource development is marked by poverty, where prosperity seemed assured, by ugliness and desolation, with towns now dying that once were thriving, by land that once supported gracious living now eroded and bare, and over wide areas the chill of death to the ambitions of the enterprising young and to the security of the mature.

How industry came to Ducktown in the mountains of eastern Tennessee a generation ago is one such story. Copper ore was discovered, mining began, a smelter was built. One of the resources of this remote region was being developed, it meant new jobs, income to supplement farming and forestry. But the developers had only copper in their plans. The magnificent hardwood forests to a distance of seven miles were cut and burned as fuel for the smelter's roasting. The sulphur fumes from the stacks destroyed the thin cover that remained, not only the trees but every sign of living vegetation was killed and the soil became poison to life.

The dead land, shorn of its cover of grass and trees, was torn mercilessly by the rains, and the once lovely and fruitful earth was cut into deep gullies that widened into desolate canyons twenty and more feet deep. No one can look upon this horror as it is today without a shudder. Silt, swept from unprotected slopes, filled the streams and destroyed fish life. The water was robbed of its value for men, for animals, and for industry, while farther down the stream a reservoir of a private power company was filling with silt. One of Ducktown's resources, copper, had been developed. But all its other resources had been destroyed in the process. The people and their institutions suffered in the end.

All this desolation caused as much pain to the officials of the copper company as it did to the lovers of nature. For balanced resource development is not, as the naive appear to believe, a simple moral tale of "bad men" versus "good men." It is much more than that. It is the reflection of our national thinking. In fact, in this case, the early operators came to see the point better than most people, for they had to pay cash in damages for some of this destruction, after long and bitter lawsuits by the injured landowners.

The fumes from Ducktown's copper smelteries are harmless now. Indeed, in the hands of a successor company a new technical process that makes the fumes harmless yields a by-product—sulphuric acid—now more valuable than the copper itself. The copper company itself is co-operating actively with the TVA in an extensive, though still experimental, reforestation program on the area the fumes destroyed. What it has already cost and what it ultimately will cost, in manpower, materials, and the dollars of taxpayers, because copper was developed rather than the resources of Ducktown as a unity, has never been calculated. But the bill will be high.

This case seems to be extreme only because the accounting came quickly and was so clearly evident to the eye. It often takes time before the balance shows that more is being subtracted than added from the assets of a region. But there is no escape from the arithmetic. The fall in the "water table," the sub-surface level of water, threatens industry's water supply in the Ohio Valley. The forest areas of northern Wisconsin and Michigan are dotted with towns that are dying and people who are stranded and poor. Lumber was "developed" from the wealth of the forests, there was prosperity for a time. But farming and fish and game were destroyed, and eventually the forests. Now in some areas there is next to nothing to support the towns, the high ways and the schools and human beings. Unless the benefit of the people is the purpose, and the principle of the unified development of resources is the method, the harvest in the end is only such bitter fruits as these.

The "played out" farmlands of the South, now in the process of rebuilding, were "mined" to grow a single crop of cotton. They are one more illustration of the remorseless arithmetic of nature. Here once lovely manor houses stand seedy and deserted because their foundation, the soil, has been exhausted, romantic monuments to a national tragedy of waste. And the great towers of Manhattan and Chicago, the modern business streets of Omaha on the prairies, all rest on the same foundations as the old plantation manor—the land, the waters, the minerals, and the forests. We are all in this together, cities and countryside.

The TVA experience in resource development is being earnestly examined for the lessons it may hold for a battered world facing the giant contours of a historic period of reconstruction. For it is coming to be recognized ever more widely that our hope of future peace or the certainty of new wars rests to an important degree upon the wisdom the world can summon to the task of resource development. This is not the whole story of course, the effect

of racial antagonisms and conflicting cultures on political systems goes deep. But at the root of much of the world's turbulence lies the way we deal with the physical base of every man's and hence every nation's livelihood.

The subject has the broadest ramifications, to pursue them is outside the scope of this book. It is obvious, however, that the pressure of people upon resources that do not adequately support them has long nourished a spirit of armed aggression against other nations. It is a commonplace that the development of one people's land and forests and minerals for the sole benefit of another people has started many a fire of hatred that later exploded into war. It has not, however, been quite so apparent that methods of unified development to create sustained productivity rather than quick exhaustion, that technical advance which makes low grade ores, for example, as useful as the scarce higher grades, or that expert skills which can restore now wasted land and greatly increase its productivity, relieve war creating tensions of impoverishment and may be the foundation stones upon which peace in a modern world can be slowly built. It is the light which this valley's experience throws on such matters—the brass tacks of world reconstruction—that has made it a center of interest to foreign visitors.

The value of TVA as a symbol of what man can do to change his physical environment is increased by the knowledge that in this valley we have had to face so many of those same problems which plague other regions of the world: low income, resignation to the *status quo* as inevitable, complacency on the part of other more favored areas. A demonstration that such gains can be made without forcible changes in social status or property rights, without liquidating all those who do not agree completely with one's plans, will be evidenced to support the conviction of those who have no faith in catastrophe as an instrument of human social improvement.

What I have said in the preceding chapter on "planning" on the importance of starting from where you are and taking a step at a time, *one change promoting the next*, applies with peculiar force to our economic and political thinking about the post war world. What is dumfounding to me, however, is that men who show they understand this as applied to our own affairs, when they consider the future of world society will abruptly slip these hawsers of experience and reality. They would be quick to condemn TVA if it had sought to make this valley over according to a pattern of TVA's own design. Yet they seem quite eager that America try the even more quixotic task of building a world order on the same kind of undemocratic foundation.

There is yet another way the TVA may throw the light of experience on the conditions for a lasting peace. For TVA is a demonstration, and one that can be readily understood, of this truth: *in any perspective of time, unified resource development anywhere helps everyone everywhere*. A stronger, more productive Tennessee Valley region has benefited the whole American nation and all its regions. So it will be when any region of the world strengthens the basis of its livelihood. Regional economic developments, whether within

the nation or the family of nations, are not something to fear but to encourage

When people of the more developed regions of the earth cease their fear that resource development and greater productiveness elsewhere injure them, and realize instead that they are benefited by them, then international political co operation will be on the way to full realization. For it is that fear which nourishes extreme nationalism, with its harvest of hatred between peoples, tariff barriers, restrictive trade, autarchy, and finally—war. The physical shrinking of the world only multiplies the opportunities for inflaming these deep anxieties.

It is upon a wide popular comprehension and practice of the economics of the Golden Rule—and particularly among our fellow Americans—that it seems to me the prospects for world peace largely rest. The essential structure of political co operation between nations will be weakened, may indeed begin to crack the day it is set up, unless those political arrangements rest upon increasingly effective economic co operation.

The experience of the Tennessee Valley helps to make these matters clearer to American public opinion, and thus serves a useful educational purpose in world reconstruction. It was a favorite argument against the TVA in its earliest years that the development of this valley would endanger the prosperity of people elsewhere—in Ohio and Connecticut and New York. If an additional factory is built in Alabama—so the oft repeated story ran—that will mean less factory employment in Ohio, if Tennessee produces more dairy products, that means a loss to the dairying business in Wisconsin. Such ideas, seriously put forward in editorials and speeches about the TVA, rested upon the assumption that there is a market for just so much goods, and that America had now reached its highest level of production and of consumption.

Until the falseness of such ideas *within our own country* is understood at the grass roots, it is politically naive to expect American public opinion to support the idea of encouraging world wide economic co operation in the interest of lasting peace. That many of us would prefer that such a policy be adopted primarily upon ethical grounds, and would favor it even if it hurt us economically, is quite irrelevant.

These things can be best understood by demonstrations that are close to us. Therein lies the value of TVA. For many people in Ohio, for example, or Connecticut, or New York, have come to see that increased productivity in the Tennessee Valley has not endangered their own standard of living as they were repeatedly told it would. The millions of people in this region who have been producing more, who thereby have been able to buy and enjoy more automobiles, radios, refrigerators, and clothes, make for a more prosperous nation and a stronger Ohio, Connecticut, New York.

Ten years ago the Tennessee Valley was regarded in the electrical appliance industry as the "zero" market of the entire country, a few years later it was the leading market of the entire country. The men in the General

Electric shops at Schenectady, New York, or at the Westinghouse Company in Mansfield, Ohio, who produced many of those additional tens of thousands of electric ranges, water pumps, and refrigerators, now can see that it was in their interest that this valley had become productive enough to buy and pay for the products of their shops. This meant that men in Schenectady would buy overalls and aluminum goods made in this valley, could perhaps afford a fishing vacation on one of the new TVA lakes.

There was at the outset bitter opposition to the TVA from the coal industry, an opposition which further illustrates how mistaken it is to cling to the ideal of restricted development. The argument was made that by developing electricity from the water of the river TVA would rob the coal industry of its existing market for coal for steam generated electricity. Actually, of course, sound development of one asset, water power, and a rate policy that increased its use enormously, inevitably stimulated the use of other resources, coal included. The valley market for coal for industrial and other purposes rose to heights never before experienced. Even the use of the region's coal for power generation has exceeded all records, as TVA's electric rate example multiplied power use over wide areas where coal is the principal source of electricity.

Never has as much coal been used for the generation of electricity, as since the river has been developed. TVA itself has built and acquired steam-electric plants to supplement the river's power, in 1940 TVA purchased 574,000 tons of coal, in 1941, 693,000 tons, in 1942, 1,319,000 tons, chiefly for power production.

This is the way—by one object lesson after another—we learn that the dangers to us of economic development elsewhere in the world are imaginary. When Americans see that it has helped, not hurt the people of Ohio, say, to have this southern valley more productive, we shall see that much the same thing will be true, if in their own way, Mexicans and Brazilians and Russians and Chinese develop their resources and trade with us and with each other. That comprehension can best be learned at first hand.

It is folly to expect Americans clearly to see the tragedy, for the world, of an intense nationalism until restrictive sectionalism within the nation is also seen as a self-defeating policy. A demand for an end of a colonial system far from home is not nearly so important as an understanding of the colonial system within the United States, and the reasons why it is so injurious to this nation's interests. And colonialism, or exploiting the hinterland, is substantially the basis upon which the South and the West have been so long predominantly a raw materials source for the dominant manufacturing regions of the North and Northeast.

American public opinion on world co-operation will not be strengthened by the kind of double talk that displays fervid concern for self-development for India along with lack of interest, even hostility, toward industrial development for undeveloped American regions. Such a cynical attitude will justify

the suspicion that far off China's cause is espoused and that of near by Georgia and Arkansas ignored because there are fewer American vested interests—political and economic—to be antagonized. Equality of opportunity for all the nations of the world will yield few benefits to the average man if that great principle is dissociated from specific issues of equality of opportunity for regions within our own country.

To what extent and under what terms should private investors or the government of this country finance the development of resources in other parts of the world as a means of buttressing the pillars of peace? A complete discussion of this is obviously beyond the scope of this book. The point I seek to make is simply this: the issue ought not be thought of in terms of fear of "creating competition against our own businessmen and farmers." This fear has as little general validity in the international field as it has between regions here at home. The policy of reciprocal trade for example, takes on meaning only when there is trade, i.e., productiveness, to reciprocate. The flourishing regions and nations can only remain vigorous and strong by encouraging the regions and nations that are less productive.

Whether we encourage or discourage it, or are foolish enough to regard it with indiscriminate fear, world wide development of natural resources and industrialization will go forward rapidly after the war. The United States can in some ways speed the process and influence its course. But it is nonsense to believe that we hold a broad veto over what other great nations decide to do in developing their rivers or their other resources.

To accept such shallow talk as this is to close our eyes to the central fact that sets our time off from all that went before—the drive, the world over, toward resource development through the machine and science.

There are, however, questions that are still open: what course the development will take, both here and abroad, the methods that will be used, for whose benefit the development will be carried out. Unless the people demand a course that will benefit them, one that will not exhaust their resources waste fully, the old exploitative methods of the elite few are likely to be followed.

It is for this reason that the TVA experience ought to be known. For a knowledge of the methods followed in this valley's development will enable the people to be critical, to demand answers to their questions—questions such as these: Will economic development be unified, seen as a whole? Will resources be regarded as a means of benefiting the human beings who depend upon them, or will the development of each resource be deemed as an end in itself, its benefits drained off by a few with no recognition of broad ethical purpose? Will resource development be treated as merely a physical task for technicians and businessmen, or will it be seen to be a democratic opportunity as well, the acceptance of their evolving ideas of what is good, or what it is they want?

Will these new projects be administered by the methods of remote control and extreme centralization, invitations to tyranny, or will decentralized

administration of central policies be the general principle? Will these developments be energized and directed by modern tools for getting things done, or by archaic methods of administration, crusted with tradition and fortified by bureaucratic 'rights'? Unless the decisions are to go by default to those who always watch out for their own selfish interests, these are some of the questions that should be faced by the people, in our country and in others, as the time draws ever closer when action can take the place of plans for post-war development

THE ROLE OF ENERGY, MAINSRING OF CIVILIZATION ¹



Farrington Daniels

WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE between a primitive society living at a survival level and a rich, highly industrialized nation? Many things. National resources, such as water, good agricultural land, and minerals, are important. So are large economic units without trade barriers, and political security and peace. Perhaps more important are education, science and technology, and human initiative and team work among people working on a common project. However, the obvious material requirement for a high standard of living is cheap abundant energy.

In modern times engines run by coal, gas, or water power multiply enormously the energy available. Primitive man working with his arm muscles alone had to use all his energy to win a bare existence. As he lengthened his arm with tools and increased his strength with animals and carts he could accomplish more, and labor in the community could be diversified. But as late as the settlement of America men could wrest little more than a living from the land. The big advance started with the machine age. Abundant and cheap mechanical power made possible the increase in population and higher standards of living of the nineteenth century. Today the United States supports 160,000,000 people in comfort.

To see how an energy rich civilization differs from an energy-poor civilization, we can try to imagine what life in a modern city would be like if the sources of fuel and electricity were suddenly cut off, or we can contrast industrialized and non industrialized countries at the present time. We have had small scale illustrations of how cities are affected by a stoppage of normal power supplies through hurricanes, strikes, or bombing. Heating, lighting,

¹ Reprinted from the *Nation* June 18 1955 by permission of the *Nation* and of the author

refrigeration, transportation, and food deliveries are halted. Movement of the population to the country would not solve the problem in the United States because our farms are also dependent on mechanical power, for tractors, transportation, and so on. To go back to the "horse and buggy days" becomes more unthinkable every year as we become more and more dependent on the power driven machine.

All our energy comes originally from the sun. Through the marvelous process of photosynthesis, which we are just beginning to understand, the carbon dioxide in air and water combine in living plants through the agency of sun light in the presence of green chlorophyll. The product is then available for food. In rural, non industrialized areas this product is the only source of the work done in the community. The process is continual, and the people live on the current output of the sun. Wind and water power are other sources of energy which will continue indefinitely. But industrialized communities can not begin to live off the current product of sunshine. For running their machines they depend almost entirely on the solar energy of by gone ages, accumulated by photosynthesis and preserved for us by geological accidents as fossil fuels. Buried trees give us coal, and the decomposition of small photosynthesizing organisms give us petroleum. Unfortunately, the fossil fuels can be exhausted. They are irreplaceable because their rate of production is so very slow.

How much fuel do we need, and how long will our reserves last? The world's food requirements are about 2,500 kilocalories per person per day, the fuel requirements of its machines are about ten times as much. In the United States we feed ourselves about 3,000 kilocalories of food per person per day, but we feed our machines at the rate of 150,000 kilocalories. This energy runs our factories, our automobiles, and our trains and heats our buildings, it does almost all our work for us except what is done by hydroelectricity. The world's demands for energy are increasing rapidly not only because the population is increasing but also because each person is demanding more of the product. The industrialization of underdeveloped countries will increase greatly the total fuel requirements, and it is well to remember that countries already industrialized contain only a small fraction of the total population of the world.

How long can we continue to expand this energy based civilization before our fuel reserves begin to give out? The answer is not clear. Past worries over the exhaustion of petroleum have not been borne out. Each decade we use more gasoline than was predicted, but through scientific searching we find additional supplies. This cannot go on indefinitely, however. According to one conservative guess we have used up about 5 per cent of the world's supply of fossil fuel, and most of this consumption has been in the past few decades, only negligible amounts of fuel were consumed before the machine age. Natural gas will give out first, petroleum next, coal will last longest. As long as we have coal the chemist can provide liquid and gaseous fuel—at higher

prices But eventually, perhaps in a few hundred or a thousand years, at our present rate of consumption fossil fuels will be pretty well used up Already some industrialized areas are beginning to feel the effect of dwindling coal reserves as the best deposits are consumed, inferior or more expensive seams must be mined The future of our fossil fuels is discussed authoritatively in several recent books—"Energy Sources the Wealth of the World," by Avres and Scarlott, "Energy in the Future," by Palmer Putnam If one holds, with Putnam, that the situation will become critical when dwindling fuel supplies double in price, the problem is one for our own generation and that of our children

How can we conserve our fuel supply and leave some of this rich heritage to our descendants? We have learned to use fuel more efficiently, replacing fireplaces with furnaces and steam locomotives with Diesel engines We could ration ourselves, it is indeed extravagant to use a 150 horse power automobile to move a 150 pound man along the road at 60 miles an hour A more effective solution would be to find a substitute for coal, oil, and gas

Atomic energy and solar energy are hopeful possibilities The total amount of atomic energy that can be produced by nuclear fission of known supplies of uranium (and thorium) exceeds the total amount obtainable from all our fossil fuel supplies When the economic problem of extraction of uranium from very low grade ore is solved, the atomic energy available can *greatly* exceed our potential fossil fuel energy But uranium and thorium are in limited supply just as coal and oil are Nuclear fission of hydrogen remains a difficult and remote possibility for continuing our sources of energy into the distant future

The sun will be with us, however, as long as there are people on the earth We are just beginning to think about using solar energy Several symposiums have been bringing experts together for discussion of the problem—at Wisconsin, sponsored by the National Science Foundation, in 1953, in India in 1954, and in Arizona in 1955 The Rockefeller Foundation has given a substantial grant for research into the utilization of solar energy, with particular emphasis on its application in non industrialized areas

Atomic energy and solar energy will supplement each other as new resources for doing some of the world's work It is unlikely that either will render obsolete any of our power produced by the combustion of present day fuels They will merely help to meet the expanding demand for power Atomic energy will be furnished by large expensive units, such as central power stations for generating electricity and engines for driving ships Solar energy is more likely to be turned to practical use in small isolated units in non-industrialized areas Small, low priced atomic power units are not feasible on account of the requirement of a certain minimum mass before any heat is generated and on account of the need for elaborate controls and safeguards But there is no low technological limit to the size of solar units

No new principle is involved in solar engines The problems are economic

Sunlight is so low in intensity that the collecting apparatus has to cover a large area. Large areas of glass or metal are expensive. Thin plastics which can be produced for a few hundred dollars an acre offer possibilities which should be explored. Focusing mirrors are also expensive, particularly if they are turned by machinery to follow the movement of the sun. Another obstacle to the general use of solar energy is the difficulty of storing it for use at night.

Solar energy cannot compete now with coal or petroleum or water power, but possibly with further research it can compete with manpower and animal power in regions lacking all other sources of energy. In trying to develop solar energy for non industrialized areas the emphasis should be placed not on efficiency but on low cost of investment and upkeep. The sun's rays falling on the roof of a house a thousand square feet in area provide nearly half a million kilocalories of heat a day. If used to operate a solar engine of 5 per cent efficiency, this could theoretically give about three kilowatts of power while the sun is shining. No practical, economical device is available as yet to convert the heat into power, but the incentive for research is present.

The long range hope for utilizing solar energy lies not in engines which are subject to stringent thermodynamic limitations but in photochemistry and photoelectricity. The new solar battery announced by the Bell Telephone Laboratory is able now on a small scale to convert sunlight directly into electricity with 11 per cent efficiency. Further research is necessary to make such devices economical, and there is still the problem of storage.

Other applications of solar energy are easier—solar house heating, solar refrigeration, solar cooking, and the solar distillation of sea water to give fresh water. All these operations are possible, but further research is necessary before they can be economical. They cannot compete now with electricity or gasoline, but perhaps they can find use in areas where these cheap sources of energy are not available.

Some important by products might follow the utilization of solar energy in underdeveloped areas. Solar heat for cooking in India could save the camel and cow dung now burned for fuel, and valuable fertilizer could be returned to the soil. But the cookers would have to be much cheaper than the \$14 they now cost in India. Pumping of water for irrigation would be one of the first uses for solar engines when they are developed. For this the intermittent nature of the sunlight would not be a serious handicap. Hours devoted to gathering wood and grass for heating and cooking could be spent more profitably if a solar heating device could be used. Solar refrigeration would help conserve the food supply, and fresh water from solar distillations might open up new areas for habitation and thus help to relieve population pressures. Village industries are among the benefits that could come from new sources of energy. For healthy economic conditions something must be produced to sell outside the community in return for things brought in from the outside.

The industrialized countries are eager to help provide this energy for non

industrialized countries. If they solve the problem for these areas the techniques developed may lead to reductions in costs that will bring solar and atomic energy into competition with fuels in the industrialized areas before our great grandchildren's energy problems become acute.

HOW FREEDOM DIVIDES THE FREE ¹



Clarence K. Streit

One after another they divide to the point where they crumble into dust. It is impossible either to join them together again or to keep them united since each has the same right to existence, and they result, all of them from the same principle. This explains the futility of the attempts made to reconcile these groups, which by their nature go on subdividing — BOSSUET, *History of the Variations among the Protestant Churches*, 1688 (as paraphrased by Paul Hazard)

WHILE FREEDOM's nonpolitical ideas and machinery have been enlarging the community which needs to be governed politically, *freedom's political ideas and machinery have been dividing the world into more and more sovereign nations, each of them adding to the trade barriers, currencies and armies that bedevil it. While refusing to constitute effective international government themselves, the free people of Atlantica have been blocking all attempts by others to fill this need.*

This is a serious charge. Let us examine the evidence behind it. First, consider how freedom has divided the free themselves.

Modern political liberty rose historically from the greater religious liberty the Reformation gave the individual. When the German Protestant savant, Leibniz, made his heroic efforts toward the end of the seventeenth century to reunite all Protestants and Catholics in one church, he deemed Bossuet, the great French Catholic prelate, the key to success. Their correspondence finally came to nothing because of disagreement on one thing, which lay at the heart of the Reformation. As Paul Hazard has brilliantly shown, the *sine qua non* of union was, for Bossuet, submission to the authority of the Pope—but for Leibniz this “keystone of the Catholic Church” was the point he could not accept. Leibniz offered many concessions, but he clung irreducibly to the freedom of the “individual conscience,” the individual's “right to examine and decide freely for himself.”

¹ From *Freedom against Itself*. Copyright 1954 by Clarence K. Streit. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Harper & Brothers.

Speaking of the origin of the terms, *Catholic* and *Heretic*, in his First Pastoral Instruction in 1700, Bossuet wrote

A Heretic is a man who has an opinion, that is what the word itself means. What does it mean to have an opinion? It means following one's own thought and individual feeling. But the Catholic is catholic—that is to say, he is universal and without having any thought of his own he follows unhesitatingly the thought of the Church.

Earlier, in 1678, Madame de Duras, a Protestant who was considering conversion to Catholicism, had invited Bossuet and Claude, a leading Protestant pastor, to debate their doctrines. Bossuet pressed Claude to define how far liberty of conscience went with the Protestants. Had it no limit? For example, he said, can and should "any woman or any ignorant person," no matter who, believe that it is possible for him to understand the word of God better than a Council of the Church, even if it is assembled from all four parts of the world? And Claude answered: Yes, so it is.

Where has this liberty led the Protestants—who might better be called the Christian Individualists? Bossuet, in his *History of the Variations among the Protestant Churches*, taunted the Protestants with the divisions they had already suffered by 1688. He made the Protestants furious, for years they wrote refutations of his book. Yet to this day they remain divided into many sects. This is particularly true in the United States, where Church and State have been separated longest, and full religious toleration was first practiced. In recent years some churchmen have made increasing efforts in the United States to merge or to federate two or more of the Protestant sects whose doctrines are most similar, but so far only a few have actually united. Meanwhile new sects are still splintering off, though the older, larger Protestant churches have long since attained a stability that would have surprised Bossuet.

In politics as in religion, it requires a certain maturity to keep the principle of individual liberty from splintering into anarchy. When Washington gave his Farewell Address in 1796, individual liberty had already been practiced in America for more than a century and a half. The American people had much more maturity in this regard, as a whole, than any other people in the world. Yet in that address Washington felt the urgent need not merely to remind Americans of the danger of factionalism but to "warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally."

The two party system converts this danger into an asset of democracy. This system lies between the irresponsible despotic action of a one party government and the irresponsible anarchic action of a many party regime. It has its faults, often exaggerated by perfectionists. They forget the worse evils that lie in either alternative.

The continued existence of a two party system bespeaks a people exceptionally aware of the dangers in both monoparty and multiparty government,

and unusually skilled in keeping a steady balance between these centripetal and centrifugal extremes. It presupposes very broad and tolerant judgments on the part of the citizens, whether leaders or followers. This system requires great faith, particularly on the part of the minority party, and general willingness to compromise differences in order to achieve a major good, namely, the highest practical degree of responsible, timely action.

To function well, the two party system also requires a large body of independent voters. They serve as carrot and as cudgel to the party donkey—or as hay and as goad to the party elephant—by shifting power from one party to another, according to the issues and the men. They also help to replace an ailing or a senile party with a new one, from time to time.

To work well enough to keep a democracy healthy and permit the continuance of self government by a large number of people, the two party system requires above all a large, sound core of citizens who have learned to deal with issues and men as a whole. Such citizens strike a wise and timely balance between the pro and the con, and reduce complex issues to a point where someone can do something useful about them. The system requires the minority to be willing to give the majority policy a fair trial, and to trust that, if it fails, the more independent voters will shift the majority to the other side, and try the minority policy and party.

The two party system results in two coalition parties, composed of divergent factions, the two tend to resemble each other. In the multiparty system, the leaders of the various parties form a coalition government. In the two party system, this decisive role is left to the voters, they must choose which of the two coalition parties they prefer to govern them at a given time. The two party system is, in short, the mark of a people who have learned, at least as far as domestic politics are concerned, that *liberty and union* are truly one and inseparable.

It takes time to develop a stable two party system. But once people attain this maturity, they can readily bring up their children in this system. American experience shows they can also quickly raise to this level multitudes of immigrants inexperienced in freedom, or young democracies with which they federate, as the United States did with the Republic of Texas.

One fact will show how hard it is for free men to master the two party system. Only the two oldest and most experienced major democracies, Great Britain and the United States, have yet attained the two party level of dynamic stability in a large community, and maintained it for a considerable period. Together they form less than one tenth of the human species. And hardly ninety years ago the United States fell from that level into Civil War, when a defeated party sought—for the first and only time in the United States' history—to get by bullets what it had failed to get by ballots.

It is only too evident that in most nations individual liberty still tends to ward the domestic divisiveness that Washington warned against. Splinter par-

ties have cursed Europe in our time. They led to war breeding dictatorship in Italy and Germany not so long ago. They are producing now the prolonged anarchy of the French Parliament.

The tendency of men to fractionize when free leads not only to splinter sects and parties but to splinter nations. Consider the picture our species now presents.

West of Soviet Russia live some 800,000,000 people, most of them around the North Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The people of this Western area have led the human race in freedom for at least two thousand years. They produced our Atomic Age of the Air. They enter this age splintered into fifty seven sovereign nations—the count as 1954 begins.

East of them live 1,450,000,000 people. Long centuries of autocracy have united vast numbers of the latter in the dangerously docile unity which prolonged tyranny produces. This Eastern area enters the Air Atomic Age divided under only fifteen governments. Five of these—the Communist dictatorships of Russia and China, and the young democracies, India, Pakistan and Japan—together govern almost half the human race, or nearly 400,000,000 more people than all the fifty seven nation states to the west, put together.

Look now at the great land mass of Eurasia. The European continent is but a peninsula of it, with less than one fourth the area of Asia. Even in the most retarded parts of this peninsula, the individual has long been relatively much freer than in Asia. Yet little Europe is today divided into more sovereign nations than is vast Asia.

Consider the British Empire. Already in 1700 the freest of Europe's empires, it was the first to begin to split into sovereign pieces. In 1776, the thirteen American Colonies broke away, in the name of liberty. Since then the British Empire has produced (always in the name of freedom) ten new sovereign states, not counting those that have recently risen from its mandated territory.

I would be the first to stress that individual freedom made great gains in this process. This is easily understandable in the case of India and the other new States of Southern Asia, where people of ancient civilization were under alien domination. It is no less evident as regards the thirteen States.

The thirteen split away, moreover, before the Industrial Revolution had provided both the need and the means for effective free government on an oceanic scale. Had the thirteen States remained under London's rule, it is highly doubtful that they could have made their immense contributions to liberty and union. Certainly they could not have made them so early and clearly. Centralized control from London was no solution to the problem then, nor is it a solution now. This has long been understood.

What has not been seen is the other side of the medal—the fact that decentralization to the point of anarchy is no solution, either. In the interstate field, Federal Union offers the happy medium between two extremes which the two party system provides within a State. But now we are concerned with

understanding how much the free have trusted freedom's eggs to one basket—the basket of disunion

Consider now the record of the United States In 1776 the thirteen Colonies formed by far the freest States on earth, and they immediately identified individual liberty with disunion They started their independent history as thirteen separate sovereign States, with thirteen currencies, tariffs, defense forces They were united only by alliance Their 'Continental Congress' was a "diplomatic conference"—to quote John Adams—not a government

When the resulting anarchy brought disasters on them they did an altogether exceptional thing in the history of freedom They joined together by mutual agreement in an organic union of the free They constituted in 1789 a federal interstate democracy This exception is the most hopeful element in our picture, but it also proves the rule—that individual freedom makes for disunion

No sooner did Federal Union make the United States the world's freest country than Americans began identifying individual rights with the State's right to secede Eight years after the Republic was established George Washington devoted much of his Farewell Address to convincing his fellow citizens that, as regards not only parties but States, 'your union ought to be considered as the main prop of your liberty' He summed up his thought in these moving words

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind and exhibit the continuance of the Union as the primary object of patriotic desire Is there a doubt whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal We are authorized to hope that a proper organization of the respective subdivisions will afford a happy issue to the experiment It is well worth a fair and full experiment

A few years after this solemn plea, the New England States threatened to secede if they did not have their way Next South Carolina raised the banner of freedom through disunion Sixty five years after the Farewell Address nearly half the States in the Union—including Washington's own Virginia—sought to split away from it in the belief that individual freedom gave every State the right to secede whenever it so desired

Men who had heard Washington speak lived to see the first Union of the Free "engaged in a great Civil War testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure" Only by winning the bloodiest war in the nineteenth century has the United States remained the greatest and most hopeful exception to the rule—the disastrous rule of interstate anarchy in the name of liberty

Any American or Briton would agree that, in last analysis, the supreme "national interest" of his people is the preservation and advancement of their

freedom as individuals. Consider now how the foreign policy of these two peoples has long sought to serve this national interest by dividing the rest of the world into more and more sovereign nations.

The American colonies of the French and Spanish Empires soon followed the example of 1776. The freer of these empires was, characteristically, the first to split. Haiti declared its independence of France in 1804 and aided Bolivar in his subsequent campaign to make Spain's Colonies independent. The United States' Monroe Doctrine and the United Kingdom's navy worked effectively together to prevent Spain and France from recovering their territory. At the end of the nineteenth century, the United States forced Spain by war to recognize the independence of Cuba, the one American Colony it still had. Later the United States brought about Panama's independence from Colombia. Meanwhile Brazil had broken away from the Portuguese Empire.

Bolivar had vainly sought to have the Spanish Colonies follow the example of the thirteen by federating, too. Other attempts, all vain, have been made to unite at least a few of the Latin American Republics. In the vast American area that was divided in 1750 among only three Latin governments there are now twenty sovereign nations, twenty sets of trade barriers, currencies, armies.

While this division was developing in Latin America, what was British policy doing elsewhere? In North America, it did all it could, short of formal recognition of the Southern Confederacy, to favor the latter's attempt to split the Union in two, and enthrone the disintegrating principle of secession. In Europe, Palmerston's policy backed the efforts of the Sicilians to break away from the Kingdom of Naples, and of the Sardinians to become independent of Austria.

There were some exceptions. Lord Durham, in 1839, recommended that the Franco-British problem in Canada be solved by Federal Union of the two peoples there. This was achieved in the British North America Act, but only in 1867 when the triumph of the Union in the Civil War made Canadians fear that the victorious Northern armies would turn on them and unite all Canada to the United States. In Europe, Britain, to keep from being outdone by Napoleon III, went him one better by helping not merely to split Italy away from Austria but to unify it. While Prussia seized Schleswig-Holstein from little Denmark, and won the wars with Austria and France that ended in the unification of the German States into the Hohenzollern empire, Britain stood aloof.

Conservative British governments backed the "Sick Man of Europe" against the Czar's efforts to split up the Ottoman Empire. But from Byron through Gladstone, liberal Britain favored "driving the Turks bag and baggage from Europe," and helped considerably to create six new sovereign nations and the modern synonym for war-breeding anarchy—the Balkans.

When the Balkans produced World War, the United States with Wilsonian self-determination carried the banner of Balkanization further north. Four sovereign nations rose where the Austrian Empire had long stood, and four

more were carved out of the Russian Empire in the Baltic area. Meanwhile, the British Parliament recognized the independence of four Dominions and Eire, carved two more nations, Egypt and Iraq, from the Turkish Empire, and prepared the ground for more. France was then doing its best, vainly, to dismember Germany. Thus the democracies sought by disunion to make the world safe for democracy.

Out of the new Baltic Balkans came a Second World War. More millions were killed, more billions were shot away. From all this grief and destruction, this fear and want and slavery, what did American and British policy produce? In the name of the Four Freedoms it produced five new sovereign nations from the old Turkish Empire, four from the British Empire, three from the Japanese Empire, one from the Italian Empire, one from the Dutch Empire and one from the territory of the United States—fifteen in all. Fifteen new armies, currencies, and barriers to trade.

Nor was this all. The policy of freedom and peace by disunion reached its peak by not only making two Korean States but Balkanizing Germany. The Korean partition has already led to war. That of Germany is an obvious nursery for a third world wide conflict.

In the past 150 years the British and Americans, in sum, have not only led in producing the machinery that requires broader international government, they have also led in producing a grand total of fifty seven sovereign nations and in creating political machinery that results in ever worse international anarchy. And the end is not in sight.

This policy of the free had high motives behind it, and has made a big contribution to freedom. Obviously, liberty gained great advantages from the breaking down of autocratic empires. The creation of the new nations brought a very real liberation to many millions of oppressed people.

Before new mansions can be built, old slums must be torn down. But this tearing down and breaking up of empires was not accompanied with any real effort to rebuild better mansions of unity. Nor was there effort even to save the things in the old regime that were valuable to freedom, and increasingly necessary to it. No thought was given to preserving the larger domestic market that empire had provided, or the common currency and defense force, or the common government for common affairs which it had given the entire region. The statesmen who wiped all this out had no plan for combining these advantages with those which national sovereignty in other fields gives to freedom. Federal Union had already shown that they could be effectively combined. American policy makers knew this best of all, but even they showed no understanding of the rising need for federation. The leaders of the free seemed to think that freedom required no government, no degree of union beyond the nation. They assumed that to secure the Rights of Men one needed but to secure the Rights of Nations—scatter more widely the attributes of absolute national sovereignty. They acted as if individual liberty positively required no international union—in any field between any nations.

Only in the past few years have the British and American governments contributed one exception to this record. At long last they have seen that free dom now requires at least some sovereign democracies to have a common gov ernment for their common affairs, and that Federal Union provides the way. They—and particularly Washington—have urged federation on six nations of Western Europe. But, characteristically, both shy away from practicing with the French and others what they preach to them. True, Senator Estes Ke fauver and a fourth of both Houses of Congress did propose that the United States call a convention to explore the possibility of federating with them and the British and Canadians. But their Atlantic Union resolution still lacks the Administration backing needed to give life to the plan.

DON'T RESIGN FROM THE HUMAN RACE ¹



Norman Cousins

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED what you would say if you were suddenly called upon to defend the human race?

Suppose you were invited to participate in a great debate or, better still, a mock court trial called for the purpose of deciding whether the human species had justified its right to survive—whether, on the basis of its virtues and weaknesses, it was actually entitled to the gift of life. Suppose your job was that of attorney for the defense. How would you go about collecting your evidence? What witnesses would you call? What arguments would you use?

You would have the satisfaction, of course, of knowing that you represented the popular side of the argument and that the preponderance of the evidence was with you. But what do you do when you discover at the trial that your opponent has anticipated most of your argument and, indeed, is using it against you? And what do you do when you find yourself gradually being won over by the sheer logic of his position?

Naturally, you had intended, when your turn came, to talk about the dignity and nobility of man, his capacity for great ideas, great works of art, great deeds. You had planned to describe his capacity for evolution and growth and progress. You had planned a long procession of witnesses—men who not only exemplified genius and nobility in themselves, but whose words might be used to support and dramatize your argument. You had planned to summon Aristotle as an example of the Whole Man—one who combined rounded, integrated knowledge with wisdom, and intelligence with conscience, one who understood the elusive but necessary balance between thought and action. And you were especially anxious to offer Aristotle's

¹ From the *Saturday Review of Literature* August 7 1948. By permission of the author.

testimony that man, at his best, was the noblest creature of all You had planned, too, to bring up Seneca as a witness, so that all might hear him say that man was a social and reasoning animal You had planned to offer in evidence Longinus's observation that, from the moment of his birth, man had had implanted in him by nature an inextinguishable love for the noble and the good You had planned

But all these plans never materialized because your opponent, the prosecuting attorney, admitted their validity at the outset No one could deny that individual man was capable of great deeds and words, of vast loyalty and integrity and courage But this, he said, was not the point at issue He then proceeded to draw a very careful sharp distinction between traits that characterized the individual and traits that characterized the species as a whole

It was upon this distinction, he said, that he intended to build the main part of his argument For the central question under consideration concerned the entity that was the human species—the aggregate of men—peoples rather than persons There could be no doubt, he said, that countless individuals had easily justified the right to survive Consider, however, that for every symphony or work of art representing individual genius there was an instance of the collective evil of war, or of group injustice in the form of slavery, or starvation or torture If you were to take the debits and credits on the overall balance sheet of collective man, the final figure would not be in his favor Nor was there in operation anywhere in the world a group conscience—as suming conscience to be, if not the source, at least the filter, for determinations of right and wrong

As soon as group conscience was mentioned, you wondered whether the prosecutor had overlooked religion What was Christianity if not the very means of developing the group conscience?

But the prosecutor, it appeared, had overlooked nothing The great tragedy of the past two thousand years, he said, was that man had plucked out of Christianity for his own use whatever seemed easiest and most convenient, ignoring the rest He had longed for spiritual security and he had seized upon it in Christianity But that was only one aspect of Christianity The aspect of ethics in Christianity—the development of a higher morality for himself and the group as a whole, the refinement of conscience—this he conveniently ignored Thus Christianity became not so much a new way of life which could ennoble individual and group behavior as a heavily subdivided and even competing series of theological systems which man regarded most often as offering preparation for death rather than for life This particular emphasis also had the effect of causing people to regard Christianity as a convenient cleansing operation for conscience, the burden of wrongdoing could be discarded, thus squaring the individual with society and giving him the conscious or subconscious satisfaction of knowing that other such burdens might similarly be disposed of There grew up the phenomenon of the double standard in religion—the believing but not practicing Christian

Fearing it might be thought that he had been too severe in these criticisms, the prosecutor then asked his audience to consider honestly and frankly what the original prophets and disciples might say about Christianity in the light of history. Would they not repeat what has often been said—that Christianity has yet to be tried by mankind, that the forms it has taken are so far removed from the ideas and urgings of its Originator as to raise the question whether the continued use of the term was not actually fraudulent?

In any event, as it concerns the central question of the trial, the prosecutor said there was no evidence for claiming that religion had endowed man with the virtues which might entitle him to feel he had earned and demonstrated his right to survive. Could there be any sharper proof than was apparent in the fact that, in the name of religion itself, mass murders were carried out as one set vied with the other in interpreting God's will and in spreading, at the point of a much used sword, the gospel of the good, the true, and the beautiful?

Passing from religious wars to wars in general, the prosecutor asked whether Christianity or other religions had been effective in avoiding conflict in the past, or whether they were effective today in avoiding what would unquestionably be the last of the world's great wars. Here, too, the failure was dramatized by the lack of group conscience. For questions of right and wrong are absorbed and indeed obliterated by the group ego. Thus it was always the group, right or wrong. He referred to Jefferson's belief that no individual has the right to prey upon or commit aggression against the rights of another individual. And yet, what happened to morality when raised to the collective level? What about the individuals inside nations? What about individuals who had no choice but to join in crime and murder because society or the state arrogated to itself exemption from the moral code?

Right there, you might have thought you detected several serious weaknesses in the prosecutor's argument. Wasn't he making the mistake of oversimplifying war? Wouldn't a group be justified in going to war in a just cause? And what would the price of submission be if it failed to respond to the challenge? The American people, for example, could very easily have avoided war if they had been content to be made part of a vast dictatorial system that would have ground each individual into an evil mold. Was that what the prosecutor had in mind?

Here too, however, you quickly discovered that the prosecutor was aware of the need to qualify his argument.

Certainly, he said, a group had the right to defend itself against evil. But even in that case, the evil is represented by other human beings who, collectively, had abandoned morality. For the fact of the matter is that a study of history reveals that when the group acts as a group, such action is more often selfish than altruistic, more often predatory than social. Besides, he pointed out, what really counts is the conduct and the record of humanity as a whole, rather than that of the subdivisions such as developed along national or other

group lines And it was that total appraisal of the human record that was at issue in this trial

In the light of that appraisal, he continued, it was clear that there could be only one answer to the question under debate Indeed, he said, what has happened might actually be called the Human Forfeit, for the right to survive was being squandered

'Here,' he said, "we come to what is the presiding fact of this trial That fact is that the human race has existed until now largely because it has had an ample margin for error It could make mistakes but never on so large a scale as to threaten its own existence It could indulge in wars, despoil the earth on which its subsistence depended, engage in massacre, invite disease and plague out of filth and ignorance, it could do all these things, make all these mistakes, again and again, and yet have an ample cushion against ultimate catastrophe History was lush with the proliferation of error, but always there was room for recovery—and opportunity for further error

"But today that margin for error has been used up One more mistake of the type which in the past repeatedly led to war could be the final mistake The world can no longer afford the fatal mistake of war

"Yet man persists in clinging to old errors as though they were life's own trophies—at a time when every major move must be the correct one He has yet to demonstrate the capacity for presiding over experience, whether personal or historical Thus his trouble is not that he is obsolescent but that he is adolescent He is not outmoded but immature

"Consider his own limited intellectual experience He has been working with organized knowledge for perhaps only a hundred generations or less—and by far the preponderance of that time has been spent in standing still or sliding back He still lives in almost total ignorance of what he is, how and why he thinks, or what the connection is between body and mind Though he presides over a vast universe within his own body, billions of cells, an electrical system involving countless millions of connections, a supremely coordinated apparatus for receiving outside stimuli and impressions, though he must operate this universe, he is largely oblivious of its workings, its motivations, its purposes He resides in it without governing it He acts as though he were superimposed upon a highly differentiated clot of energy Not until three centuries ago did he even discover the fact that the dominant fluid of life actually circulated through him He has only the barest knowledge of the workings of his nervous system, of the reasons why at a certain point growth yields to the degenerative processes, or, indeed, what the degenerative processes actually are He is still baffled by an activity that occupies almost one third of his lifetime—sleep—about which he has many theories but no knowledge As for the phenomenon of ideas—which help to differentiate him from the four legged mammals, birds, and fish—he is as ignorant of their true operation and composition as he was back in the days when his most complicated idea centered around the fashioning of a club

"He is brilliant and inventive—but precociously so. It is not necessary for me or anyone to document at this time the trite observation that he possesses a fabulous gift for devising gadgets and launching enterprises which he promptly finds himself unable to control. One aspect of this inventiveness, however, is perhaps relevant to this debate. The real significance of the machine age is not that it replaces human labor but that it replaces human thought. No sooner does it become possible for the great mass of men to enjoy several hours of leisure each day than there are a dozen contrivances which jump in to relieve him of creative thought.

"We now have the Triumph of the Distraction. Thought replacement is already a giant industry—close to being the biggest industry of them all. An open hour in a day's schedule without access to radio, movies, television, or other absorption devices, produces a feeling of helplessness and boredom in the individual bordering on personal panic. But the gadget has yet to be invented that can make man's decisions for him. Where, then, will the hard, deep thinking come from that can give him command over crisis?

"If man is lacking in knowledge of himself, consider the lack as it concerns his knowledge of others. For nothing is more characteristic of his adolescence than his inability to understand adequately the society of which he is a part, or the techniques by which society can be changed to meet changing conditions. Yet today he is called upon to create the greatest society of all—a world society.

'Could anything be more immature than the willingness of the peoples of the world to continue to live within the unraveling fabric of the nation state system? Surely no person of sound reason should hesitate for a single moment in discarding the death laden concept that peace is possible through the retention by individual nations of their ultimate sovereignty. Yet such a concept dominates the thinking and the established structure of the world.

'One might have supposed, after the last war, that there would have occurred a volcanic eruption of popular protest against the first sign that the same measures and methods which failed in the past were again in use to day, again starting up the tragic cycle.

"One might have supposed that those who were chosen to lead or who found themselves in positions of leadership in the building of the peace would have had some sense of destiny about them, some understanding of the sweep and the meaning of history, some conception of the long and grand jumps that have to be taken in order to realize the promise of tomorrow. One might have supposed that the instinct for survival alone would have caused these leaders to define necessary new goals with fervor and eloquence.

"One might have supposed that the sudden liberation of the greatest and potentially most cataclysmic force known on earth would have touched off a great awakening everywhere, equating fission of the atom with fusion of the human will in the cause of survival. One might have supposed that the need for world government would have risen over the earth like the sun itself for

nothing short of world government could keep expanding nations from colliding inside a shrinking world

'One might have supposed that there would have been universal recognition that without world government there could be no control of science for destructive purposes. For out of that science in the past three years have come awesome but not inspiring improvements upon the original forms of atomic death. Today, for example, scientific genius has discovered the techniques for creating radioactive rain. It has discovered the techniques for dispersing from the sky vast quantities of radioactive dust particles, not only contaminating entire cities but neatly prolonging the killing ability of atomic energy far beyond the comparatively limited time privileged to the atomic bomb.

"The cheapness of man," said Emerson, 'is everyday's tragedy.' We can now kill more in a single day than used to be killed in generations of perpetual conflict. We are on our way towards removing the last barrier that prevents man from converting the earth into a planetary crematorium.

Man's immaturity is reflected, finally, in what might be called the Four Fascinations that tyrannize him today.

The First Fascination is the fascination of the mirror. Each people sees itself possessed of such virtues and skills as it is convinced to the death could exist nowhere else in the world. The Americans pride themselves on their skill at shattering the atom, confident that it will take others many years before they can do the same, and deriving a false sense of security from this fact, though they themselves are the most vulnerable major nation of all because of the intensive concentration of their industries and population. The Russians boast of even more fiendish war-making devices, the meanwhile making of their corrupt absolutism a political religion, and attempting to spread that religion through all methods available to them, for they cannot comprehend why other peoples hesitate to make themselves over in their image.

"The Second Fascination is the fascination of apparent reasonableness. Everywhere people are permitting themselves to be hypnotized by what has all the charms of a seemingly logical approach to world problems. They succumb to the apparent reason which holds that the United Nations as presently constituted is adequate to keep the peace. They are lured into investing all their hopes in international conferences, whether with respect to human rights or boundary arrangements, though each conference must be an end unto itself, since nothing that infringes upon national rights need be accepted by the individual nations. They become enamored of official declarations of intent, though not much is said about the machinery to translate intent into action.

"Yet reasonable men say that all this represents progress—as much progress as one ought to expect at this particular stage of the game. And so we acquiesce—acquiesce in the architecture of failure.

"The shame and pity of it is that, to all intents and purposes, the statesmen

are doing their best. They are doing their best on the traditional level on which nations have always been accustomed to carry on their affairs—the level of power politics, political and military coalitions, armament preparations, diplomatic maneuvers, treaties, conventions, conferences, pacts. They are doing their best within an outworn and dangerous framework—a framework of limitations rather than of possibilities, a framework which has as its continuing and general objective the winning of the next war rather than the avoidance of it.

‘What had to be done was to break through to a new level—to replace conferences with legislative bodies, treaties with law, violations with duly constituted force, in short, the substance of justice and the machinery of justice.

‘But that new level has yet to be created.

The Third Fascination is closely related to the previous two. It is the fascination with difficulty. World government, it is said, will be too difficult. Setting up a system of representation will be too difficult. If what we are looking for is something easy, then nothing will be easier than to slide into an atomic war. Certainly world government will not be easy—either to achieve or to operate. But will it be any easier to undergo another war?

“Meanwhile, we think it less difficult, apparently, to drain off the largest portion of our resources and energies in preparation for the next war, less difficult to build giant industrial plants underground, less difficult to subject our institutions to the heat and pressure of rising tensions which in turn create the occasion for a corresponding increase in the militarization of government and the steady, piece by piece surrender of civil liberties. We think it less difficult to operate vast research and production facilities pressing yet further into techniques for destroying ourselves.

“The Fourth Fascination is with the crisis daydream. There are two such daydreams in vogue today—indulged in so widely as to be readily recognizable. The first daydream is that if only America and Russia could agree, all the world’s ills would be cured. It is a daydream because there can be no basic agreement between Russia and America without a higher authority which has the right and the power to mediate between the two, and to carry out its decisions through preponderant force if necessary.

The United Nations as presently constituted offers no such enforceable powers. It is not a government but a voluntary association which suffers the grotesque paradox of having as its stated purpose the eradication of war, though guaranteeing the sovereignty of the individual nations, and formalizing that guarantee both through the veto and the right of any nation to relinquish its voluntary membership at its pleasure. Meanwhile, both America and Russia, as the two largest nations in the world, are competing with each other to fill the world power vacuum, lest it be filled by one to the disadvantage of the other.

“There is nothing strange about this. What confronts us is no more than

the standardized behavior of sovereign nations which, either out of the sincere need for self defense or out of the vicious need for predatory expansion, have to look out for their own. And looking out for one's own today is rapidly taking the form of attempted global domination in one form or another, since the entire earth has become a single theatre of potential military operations.

'World government could not possibly eliminate the natural antagonism between these two countries, it could not possibly eliminate the differences between two contrasting and contradictory ways of life. All world government could do would be to set limits to that natural antagonism between the two, it could halt rigidly and abruptly whatever danger of war might proceed out of the highly volatile competition for military supremacy between the two, whether measured in terms of geographical expansion or the race to perfect and produce weapons of mass destruction. It would limit the war making ability of each. It would reduce the areas and circumstances of potential conflict. It would establish machinery by which the infringements of one upon the other could be forestalled or blocked. For the function of world government would be to insert itself between the two states, not to merge them, and to create and keep watch over the rules of the game.

"The second and related daydream belonging to the Fourth Fascination is simpler and more idyllic. It glories in the image of a Russia less world. If only somehow the earth were to open up tomorrow and swallow the Soviet, according to this dream, all the world's problems would be automatically solved. But the question the daydreamers forget is this: what happened *before* there was a Soviet Russia?

'Long before the world heard of Lenin and Trotsky and Stalin and Molotov and Vishinsky and Gromyko, the world suffered the disease of war. Why? Why should nations have staggered from conflict to conflict year in and year out, the fact of war remaining the same, only the names of the principals being changed? Expunging Russia would not expunge history any more than it would expunge the continuing danger of war. For Soviet Russia today—and the other nations as well—are but actors in a recurring play, acting out parts and lines that are as old as war itself. You don't change the play by changing the cast. If a Russia less world lacked the machinery to make and enforce law on nations, the world would still be ripe for war. The same would hold true even if Russia and America had the same political systems, for the dynamics of a two power world are such that neither nation could afford to be at a disadvantage vis a vis the other. And security in the world today takes the form of expansion—political or military or both.

"Only in a daydream could it be imagined that the way to avoid the final error of war, now that the margin for error has been exhausted, would be by preserving the sanctity of the error itself after supposedly eliminating one error maker in a growing cluster of error makers."

Having thus inventioned what he called the "Four Fascinations" the prose

cutor stepped down briefly to take a sip of water. As he did so, you could hear general murmuring in the audience. The general tenor of the comment seemed to be that world government was admirable as a goal but that you couldn't get it unless Russia agreed and was willing to join in forming one and in accepting its authority. But, since there was now no authority which could compel Russia to do this, what means could be used to bring it about?

It was fortunate, therefore, that when the prosecutor resumed he proceeded to examine these questions.

He began by saying that obviously world government couldn't be rejected until it was proposed. He said that there was little hope that Soviet Russia—jealous, fearful, insecure internally and externally—might make such a proposal. Moreover, Russia would probably resist going into a world government—unless, and this is the crux of the matter, she was convinced that the rest of the world was determined to set one up, and that any isolation from a world society might come at too high a price morally, politically, economically. The real question, however, concerned not Russia but the United States. Was the United States willing to make the proposal for world government? Was the United States willing to be part of a United Nations having preponderant force and compulsory jurisdiction—committing itself in advance to the decisions of such a law making body? Wasn't it the United States which insisted on the veto at San Francisco? Didn't the State Department testify before Congress, in early 1948, that the U S was unwilling to deprive itself of the veto?

Why did the President of the United States inform Congress that the U N lacked the power to deal with a crisis and that, therefore, unilateral measures by America were necessary and justified? And what interpretation is to be placed on this statement in the light of the President's failure to agree to those strengthening measures which would enable the U N to meet such emergencies? If the U N was, as some American officials have frequently claimed, America's first line of defense, why were we spending hundreds of dollars on military measures for every single dollar we put into the United Nations? And what is one to think of the shameful failure of the United States Congress to stand behind the Government in honoring its obligations as they concerned the building of a home for the organization?

"No, America, like Russia, has so far indicated no unqualified willingness to see the U N invested with specific and adequate powers without which it will be impossible to create or maintain the conditions of peace. And unqualified willingness means the acceptance of the only sovereignty in the world today that has any real meaning—the common sovereignty of the peoples.

"What is needed is a popular prodding action of mountainous dimensions which can convince the American government that the American people are ready for and are calling for an open and clearly defined official policy in favor of developing the United Nations into a world government. Then at least America's moral position in the world will be clear. Then at least and

at last the American people can have the peace of mind that comes from knowing that on the biggest issue of our time, on the one cause without which no other cause is possible, their government has lived up to its responsibility as the world's most powerful democracy"

At this point, a short recess was called

There seemed to be general agreement in the audience that the prosecutor had built up an impressive case, but, as people began to think and talk about it, it occurred to them that there was perhaps a basic contradiction in his argument. In the early portion of his presentation, he had emphasized man's failure to create a group conscience. Later, he emphasized the need for world government. Hence the possible contradiction. What point would there be in setting up a world government only to have it crack up because man lacked the collective conscience necessary to operate it?

Apparently, the prosecutor overheard some of this comment, for when he resumed and launched into his summation, he took up those very questions.

"It has not been my purpose at this trial," he began, "to present a general indictment against the human race. My purpose has been to touch upon some of those aspects of its history that bear directly on the question of the trial: has man *justified* his right to survive?"

"I place special emphasis upon the word *justified* because I have deliberately avoided any opinion as to whether he *will* survive. That question falls more properly within the argument of the attorney for the defense.

"I have attempted at this trial to call attention to certain conspicuous failings in man's habits and conditioning and attitudes—please note that I do not say his nature—which so far have caused him great travail and anguish. I have tried to suggest that those failings have been serious in the past, but are critical now because of a fast vanishing margin for error.

"It may have been observed that I have attempted to take an almost extra-planetary view of man. I have attempted, in general, to view him in his collective being, rather than as Americans or Russians or Englishmen or Frenchmen or Chinese or Indians or Africans and so on. It is easy but dangerous to be caught up in the passions and pressures that grow out of national differentiations. The differences between East and West that split the world today may seem deep and real to those who are involved in them. But viewed from the outside, the differences and the differentiations would seem idiotic to the point of insanity.

"To the outsider there would be only the entity of mankind. If he were to seek an objective and rational explanation for the authorized mass murder of war, or for the staggering lack of political and social justice in the world, or for the clustered misery and starvation that curse man's existence, the outsider would find it inconceivable that only one species was involved. He would be certain that some competing species was preying upon man—and perhaps vice versa.

Might I suggest, without encroaching upon the arguments of my oppo-

ment, that some such objective view by man of himself might help him avoid his final error?

"One more point In the course of my remarks, I have referred to the flaw in man's development which has prevented him from creating an adequate basis for existence within the group, as well as between groups I have been concerned with his failure to invest the group with an essential moral code or conscience

"I have also referred to his failure so far to recognize that only world government can avert the war now impending

"There is a direct connection between the two The immediate objective, the immediate problem, is world government It offers the means by which the peoples of the world can build a floor over quicksand for a few years It offers the world a chance to break away from the inevitability of war It offers a chance to do some hard thinking and to gain the perspective and wisdom necessary for the attainment of the indispensable and ultimate objective

"That objective is the development and refinement of a collective conscience In the long run lack of it would of course destroy even (or perhaps especially) a world government But at least world government might serve as the germinating agency for a collective conscience At least it might provide the means through which a sense of community of the world's peoples can be nurtured It could invest the term of world citizenship with real meaning Perhaps a world freed of war might be able eventually to generate new habits of mutuality which could flow into that conscience

' If you ask whether I believe the human race will actually set up a world government and attempt to develop the conscience necessary to make it a success, I can only say I do not know I repeat that I have concerned myself here with the unpromising record to date, and with a statement of essentials for the future I have not ventured to predict whether those essentials would or could be recognized and met

"For a consideration of that question, however, I now step down in favor of the attorney for the defense "

What do you do at this point? What do you say? You realize that you have been called upon to define a basis for hope The argument you had intended to make—that the human race had *justified* its right to survive—had been fairly well demolished by the prosecutor You had originally thought of the word "justify" as applying to the inherent virtues of individual man But the prosecutor had used it more appropriately as applying to man's actual collective capacity, based on experience, to deal with recurring major problems

Did this mean that there is nothing left to go on, that inevitability is sovereign, and that we might as well resign from the human race?

Certainly not There is a basis for hope For even if you agreed with everything the prosecutor said, you could properly regard his argument not as

obituary but as warning. It was a stern diagnosis but it included a prescription.

Such a prescription is not beyond man's reach. Whatever his limitations may have been in the past, however great the perpetuation of error, the fact of the matter is that what has to be done today is well within his capacity. For what is needed are not superhuman attributes. Man is not being called upon to rearrange the planets or alter the composition of the sun. He is not being called upon to work miracles. He is being called upon to make decisions affecting his own welfare. The only price he has to pay for his survival is decision.

Man is not imprisoned by habit. No one can foretell what great changes in him may be wrought by crisis—once that crisis is recognized and understood.

He has at his command, once he makes the decision to use them, such resources of courage and intelligence as he himself would hardly dare to imagine. 'The human individual,' said William James, 'lives far within his limits, he possesses powers of various sorts which he habitually fails to use. He energizes below his maximum, and he behaves below his optimum. His life is contracted like the field of vision of an hysteric subject—but with less excuse, for the poor hysteric is diseased, while in the rest of us it is only an inveterate habit—the habit of inferiority to our full self. But once there is the challenge of necessity, he can be 'carried over the dam.'

Some neurologists contend that the average individual possesses at least four or five times more brain power than he puts to use. They describe huge unused and smooth areas of the brain as constituting vast potential reservoirs of intelligence. They see no arbitrary limits to this capacity for expansion. Only man's own needs and his understanding of those needs can govern that.

The panorama of man's history is not even or flat but heavily patterned and marked with peaks and valleys. On top of those peaks we find forcing houses of genius, in the valleys we find huts of ignorance and servility. Were the men who lived on the peaks structurally different from those who lived in the valleys? Did they possess different senses, different organs? Hardly. The same group that lived on the peaks during one century might find itself in the valley the next. Why did the Athenians suddenly go into a long slide after the Peloponnesian Wars? Why did China enjoy the greatest flowering of its civilization at precisely the time Europe was stumbling through the Dark Ages? Why did America come to life so brilliantly in the late eighteenth century?

The answer is largely to be found in two of the greatest forces in history, to which Aristotle and Darwin and Spencer and Lamarck and, more recently, Toynbee, have called frequent attention. Those two forces are challenge and response.

What, then, must be done to enable man to recognize the present challenge so that he may respond to it? What must be done to enable him to

release and summon those vast reserves of intelligence and courage that can produce the necessary vital decisions?

Perhaps the faculty of anticipation in man could do it

Let the individual anticipate, if he can, the next war Let him anticipate the hell of the transient survivors, however few or many Let him anticipate his place among them—the things he would see and the things he would do

Let him anticipate the things he would think about Let him anticipate his disbelief that all this organized insanity should have been allowed to come to pass Let him anticipate his certainty that all this could have been averted, for he would know then, in retrospect, what should have been done Let him, most of all, anticipate the problem of living with his conscience

He would think it fantastic, looking backwards, that anyone anywhere should have concerned himself with anything except the drive to create a world government in time He would be sickened at the thought that the peoples should have allowed themselves to be persuaded by talk of difficulties and differences in the way of world government He would be enraged at the reluctance of pygmies in positions of leadership to make the sane moves that had to be made He would be appalled at the fact that the American nation failed to make the proposal for such a world government He would know that even if some nations declined, at least all the others might have rallied with America around a moral principle in pooling their sovereignty—enjoying preponderance but keeping the door open and making it clear that the purpose of the common government was a common security under justice

This is the type of anticipatory wisdom, you might say at the trial, that is needed now For if we have it now, there will be unlocked within us not only the essential intellectual and physical energies but the first real manifestations of collective conscience We have nothing to lose but our adolescence

A WARNING ON WORLD GOVERNMENT ¹



Warren R Austin

UNTIL RECENTLY when people have written to ask me what I think of the various movements for world government, I have replied that I do not believe that world government is feasible in the foreseeable future, but that I do not wish to discourage discussion of world government as an ultimate goal Now, however, I must add a warning Every statement I have read and heard by the enthusiasts for world government contains a dutiful expression of loyalty to the United Nations I do not assume that these excellent peo

¹ From *Harper's Magazine* May 1949 By permission of the author and the editor

ple would have anything to do with a plan to eliminate or hamper the UN. Their protestations of good will toward it, however, are often followed by a blistering account of its failures, a disregard or discounting of its successes, and a comprehensive plan to change it into something else.

There is a real danger that discussion to this effect, featuring attacks on the UN almost as fervent as the descriptions of the horrors of war, will distract us from the problems that must be faced now. In our zeal to find arguments to support our theories of the future, we must be careful not to use methods that will destroy the opportunities of the present. Those opportunities for a peaceful and prosperous world lie in the UN.

The defeatist attitude of the world government advocates toward the UN can be as obstructive as the defeatism of the isolationists. Indeed it is sometimes difficult to differentiate between the support of those who want to use the UN to change it into something new and marvelous, and the attacks of those who admit they want to destroy it.

There can be no intermission in history while the statesmen of the world sit down to write a world constitution. No impartial referee is going to blow a whistle and give us time out and a fresh start in the second half. We must deal with the world we have and the tools we have.

Therefore I am not going to discuss the question of whether or not world government is desirable. I am only going to say why it is impossible in the world as it is today, and why the exclusive pursuit of this illusory goal is wasteful and potentially dangerous.

II

There are many reasons why it is impossible. In the first place, even to call a conference to consider the amendment or revision of the Charter, an affirmative vote of two thirds of the General Assembly is required, plus the vote of seven members of the Security Council. An Argentine resolution to discuss the possibility of such a convention was voted down in the General Assembly in Paris last fall.

If, as seems most unlikely, for reasons which I will go into later, such a conference should be called, and should agree on some revision or amendment, such revision or amendment would go into effect only after ratification by the constitutional process of two thirds of the member states, including all of—every one of—the five big powers. *Here the effort to get rid of the veto runs directly into the veto.* If such an amendment substituted world government for the voluntary association we now have, there might well be unanimity *against it* among the five great powers. I do not think that even one of them would ratify such an amendment.

In our own country, an amendment to our national constitution would be required to provide for membership in a world federation. As for the other four permanent members, I have reason to believe that not one of them is ready to assent to amendment of the Charter even to the extent of removing

the veto in issues limited to Chapter VI and admissions to membership. It is now only a little more than a year since, in response to a resolution of the General Assembly, I invited the representatives of China, France, England, and the USSR to a luncheon at my apartment to discuss possible modifications of the veto. At this luncheon, I indicated to Sir Alexander Cadogan, Mr Guy de la Tournelle, Dr C L Hsia, and Mr Andrei Gromyko, that the United States was prepared to agree to the elimination of the veto in cases dealing with the pacific settlement of disputes and in the admission of new members. At that time, each of my guests made it clear that his government would not be willing to consider any such modification.

To realize how the USSR, in particular, feels about the veto—or the unanimity principle, as it is more correctly called—we have only to recall the episode reported in former Secretary of State Byrnes' *Speaking Frankly*. The Conference at San Francisco in 1945 was deadlocked for weeks because the Russian delegates refused to give up the unanimity principle *even in procedural matters*, including the introduction of items onto the agenda of the Security Council, and the deadlock was not broken until Harry Hopkins, then in Moscow, intervened with Generalissimo Stalin at the direct request of President Truman, who was afraid that the whole conference might break up on this one particular point.

It has been argued that the Soviet Union might be persuaded to agree to such surrender of sovereignty as limited world government requires, because we would not be asking them to give up any more than we would be willing to give up ourselves. There is no indication that the minds of the Soviet leaders work in that way. Every indication is that they belong to some other school of thought.

The United States has again made an offer to surrender a portion of its sovereignty, and vast property, in order to promote the peaceful use and prevent the destructive use of atomic energy. It was agreed by all who have ever been members of the Atomic Energy Commission of the UN except the representatives of the Soviet Union, Poland, and the Ukraine, that atomic energy could be controlled effectively only by an international agency owning and operating all atomic energy activities dangerous to world security, with powers of inspection and enforcement not subject to the veto. A plan for such an international agency was approved in the General Assembly by a vote of forty to six with only four abstentions. This plan is blocked by the Soviet Union's refusal to employ its sovereignty in this co-operative manner.

Notwithstanding this intransigence, the enthusiasts of the cause of world government ask how do we know that Russia would not give up all of its sovereignty in security matters, just because she has refused to give up a fraction? There are few certainties in this world, but after a few years of experience in dealing with the USSR around the council tables of the UN, I would consider it the ultimate in improbabilities. In all of the cases where some small modification of sovereignty or even of the veto has

been discussed, I do not remember any instance when the Soviets suggested that they might be willing to co operate if the modification were more thoroughgoing

One of the more moderate of the world government organizations says "If, in spite of the most exhaustive possible efforts, we should fail to obtain universal participation, we would not favor starting a new organization. The UN could be retained and a partial world federation started under Article 52 of the Charter within the UN itself, without excluding any nation from the UN"

Let us follow this suggestion a little way and see where it would lead. Remembering that it took the United States eight years to complete the mere formation of a federation in comparatively ideal circumstances of one continent, one culture, and no competitive power nearer than three thousand miles, and that it required a civil war to preserve that federation, and remembering that the Benelux countries have been negotiating for twelve months, so far, trying to write an agreement for no more than the economic co operation of three small neighboring countries, what are the problems that the writers of a constitution for a part of the world would have to face? How many years or decades of debate and negotiation might it take to find answers that could be approved by the legal processes of the forming nations? I would like to have everyone who thinks that he is in favor of world government, or believes that it can be achieved in our time, test his judgment on these two sets of questions

(1) How would voting power be arranged in this world federation? In terms of population, so that the United States would have approximately 6 per cent of the votes? Or in terms of productivity, with preponderant power in the hands of less than 20 per cent of the world's people, who produce 75 to 80 per cent of its wealth? How would we, as a member of that productive minority, then answer the cries of "imperialist plot"?

(2) What would limit the exercise of world police power over disarmed nations, or protect a minority against tyrannical action or laws voted by a majority of nations under the sway of groups representing only a small portion of their own people? What would prevent the seizure of the administrative machinery of a world government and its military power by totalitarian forces? (Remember that Lenin seized power from a struggling new democratic regime and then used force to suppress a representative congress, and that Hitler maneuvered himself into power under the democratic Weimar constitution, and then seized total control)

These are some of the problems which the more serious minded and politically experienced advocates of federation recognize as crucial. They admit they have no solution for them at the present time, so they toss them off as mere "technical difficulties" to be "worked out later." Even technical difficulties, however, often stubbornly defy solution, and nothing constructive can be done until these solutions are found. For example

In the early days of the negotiations in Indonesia, after Dutch and Indo

nesians had both indicated willingness to negotiate, conversations were held up because agreement could not be reached on a place to meet, until this country offered the U S Navy ship, *Renville*, for a meeting place. This extremely small technical difficulty, in negotiations between only two parties, used up five weeks.

In the Military Staff Committee, charged by the Charter with the duty of 'advising and assisting the Security Council on all matters relating to the Security Council's military requirements for the maintenance of international peace and security,' negotiations have been stalled for two years over what might be called a technical difficulty. The Russians insist on "identical" contributions to the security forces by each of the permanent members, item for item, battleship for battleship and man for man. The other members insist that "comparable" contributions are required to build a balanced and effective force. Even within the general agreement among the other four members, there is still disagreement as to the size and kind of air power required for an effective peace force.

These questions, as appropriately as those relating to federation, could be described as technical difficulties, arising in a situation where there is an apparent general agreement on objectives.

III

There is a story of a Vermont farmer who was stopped on the road by a motorist and asked the way to Montpelier. After giving the matter some thought, the farmer judiciously replied "If I were going to Montpelier, I wouldn't start from here." So it is with some enthusiasts for world government. They refuse to start from here. They do not face the geographical, political, economic, and spiritual facts. They do not admit that this world, with all its inequalities and disproportions of resources and of democratic experience, is our only possible starting point.

The need for action is upon us now, today and every day. We must use the instrument we have, improving both that instrument and our skill in using it. I would now be willing to state categorically that any activity that threatens the United Nations is dangerous and any activity that deprives it of support is wasteful.

In this statement, there is no claim either that the UN is a perfect organization or that its present functioning could not be vastly improved, no more do I claim that it is wasteful to work for distant ideals. I myself have been in the peace business for more than thirty years, fighting for international organization since the time when the idea was generally unpopular in this country. I am persuaded by experience as well as by reason that development and progress demand concentration on gains that are immediately possible while maintaining direction toward perfection.

In saying that any activity that threatens the UN is dangerous, I am not asking for an armistice on criticism, I am asking for more criticism—specific,

constructive criticism of the UN as the living, growing organism that it is, and not merely as a stepping stone into a cloud cuckoo land of mutually inconsistent possibilities

At the direction of the General Assembly, the Interim Committee is now considering ways of improving and strengthening the machinery for the peaceful settlement of disputes. As a result of such work as this, there are two resolutions now on the agenda of the General Assembly. One of these would provide for a panel of trained and trustworthy persons to be immediately available to member states requiring their services for inquiry and conciliation. Another suggests a series of modifications in the use of the veto, within the framework of the Charter, similar to the important restriction which has been developed through custom, whereby the abstention of a permanent member is not regarded as a veto.

The work of this important committee, represented by these two items on the agenda, should be supported. Its propositions should be studied, and parallel studies, carried on by citizen groups, could develop additional and supplemental ideas.

I would like to see the U S position on each item on the agenda of the Security Council subjected to careful public scrutiny and to wide public debate. A public opinion which is critical of our position in specific cases can be mobilized to alter or strengthen that position. In this connection, I wonder how many peace-minded citizens wrote to their congressmen when the resolution providing for our participation in the World Health Organization was held up for several months. I know that some of you did.

I would like to see the accomplishments of the UN in promoting peaceful solutions of explosive situations in Palestine, Korea, and Kashmir, generally understood and properly valued. It would be interesting to see how many enthusiasts for world organization would be able to describe the activities of the United Nations in preventing the outbreak of wide scale warfare among the 400,000,000 inhabitants of the sub continent of India, or name the U S representative on the UN Commission for India and Pakistan which achieved the great feat of arranging to substitute a peaceful UN supervised plebiscite for a bloody continental war.

It is extremely difficult to get men of ability and reputation to take on assignments with UN commissions and committees. Great personal sacrifice is often called for in the tackling of tasks that are not only demanding but probably thankless. Wide public interest and public support of the work of those commissions might make a difference. Preparation of a large pool of citizens available for public service is a public duty.

If the names of Ambassador J. Klahr Huddle, for instance, who served in Kashmir, and of Ambassador Merle Cochran, the U S Representative on the Good Offices Committee in Indonesia, were honored as they deserve to be by the lovers of peace, if accomplishments such as those of Dr. Ralph Bunche at Rhodes were used as vigorously to enhance the prestige of the

UN as each temporary setback has been used to deflate that prestige, perhaps more distinguished Americans would be willing to accept invitations to tackle other important jobs that must be done

Activities along these lines would constitute support of the United Nations, and support of the United Nations, if not the only task, is certainly the first and most urgent task of those who appreciate the urgent necessity of keeping the peace in this troubled world. Such activities, however, do not appear in the programs of any of the world government organizations, although, they are all, or almost all, "for" the United Nations

These organizations claim great strength in the schools and colleges, our great reservoirs of idealism and devotion. Neither this country nor the world community can afford to waste these assets. The energy of the youthful idealist is great but it is not endless. It must be used where it can be effective. There are bound to be disappointments, but if these disappointments are as great as those awaiting the devotees of world government, I am afraid that idealism will collapse, leaving that residue of general cynicism and indifference that so often follows over inflated plans and ill founded hopes.

Among the members of those organizations there are men in public and academic life for whom I have the utmost respect and admiration. All of them recognize the importance of the work the UN is doing in removing the causes of war, substituting pacific settlement for force, and preparing, through its economic and social councils and commissions, the conditions for a lasting peace. They must realize that comparisons of a working voluntary organization, daily facing and handling problems of the utmost complexity, with some government of which there are not even blueprints available, are deceptive and dangerous.

The UN requires the active support of public opinion, critical but loyal, questioning but sanguine. In the effort to improve or transform the structure of the United Nations, let us use only those methods which will not endanger its functioning today, as a bulwark against threats of war and a builder of peace.

MYTH-MAKERS AND THE SOUTH'S DILEMMA ¹



Louis B Wright

NO REGION in the United States has created so many legends about itself—and had so many created for it—as the South. The very word carries with it a multitude of connotations and scenes, romantic or realistic, pleasant or unpleasant, according to one's personal temperament and prejudices, but

¹ From *A Southern Vanguard* edited by Allen Tate published by Prentice Hall, Inc. 1947. By permission of Louis B. Wright.

often utterly at variance with facts, historical or physical. At the present moment that region is the focus of a new wave of myth making, and this crop of legends and beliefs may have tragic consequences for the efforts of men of good will to achieve just relations between Negroes and whites in the land below the Potomac.

During the last decade, an army of writers from both sides of Mason and Dixon's line rediscovered the South as a locale and a theme for their efforts. Authors of poems, plays, short stories, novels, sketches, biographies, autobiographies, travel narratives, and even cook books have capitalized upon the growing popular interest in the South. This interest is prevailingly romantic, but it is not romanticism that takes pleasure in the legendary South of Thomas Nelson Page. This latest interest finds its deepest satisfaction, not in the fragrance of magnolias but in *fleurs du mal*, in the clowning bawdry of Erskine Caldwell and the exotic perversions of William Faulkner. Sometimes the new romanticism appears in the garb of "historical" fiction, as in Howard Fast's *Freedom Road*, or in a problem novel that purports to be realistic, as in Lillian Smith's *Strange Fruit*, but the setting is actually in operaland and the characters, for all of their simulated realism, are abstractions in allegory. Indeed, Miss Smith herself declared in the *Saturday Review of Literature* (February 17, 1945) that she thought of her book 'as a fable about a son in search of a mother, about a race in search of surcease from pain and guilt—both finding what they sought in death and destruction"—which is not precisely what most readers thought they saw in *Strange Fruit*. The "realism" which many readers discovered was in inverse ratio to their firsthand knowledge of the book's milieu. To a resident of Brooklyn the scenes and people were "typical of Georgia," though that resident had never been farther south than Jersey.

That *Strange Fruit* presents a sort of inverted pastoral romance as old and as unreal as *Daphnis and Chloe* is obvious, even if Miss Smith had not given us the hint in the *Saturday Review*. But many an outlander reading the story is certain that North Georgia is a region where every white boy lusts after irresistible Negro girls, where these eager youths engage in erotic dalliance until overtaken by Envy, Jealousy, Revenge, and Hate (personified by libidinous Baptist preachers, anemic white girls, vengeful Negro men, and assorted specimens of poor whites). The denouement of this type of inverted pastoral must inevitably be a rousing revival ending in a lynching at which a good time is had by all (except, of course, the victim and his terrified brethren). Having sacrificed a black scapegoat to Jehovah, pious Southerners feel refreshed in spirit and return the next day with new zeal to their normal adulteries and meannesses.

Although the literary Columbus who discovered this profitable Otherworld has been lost and forgotten in the fog of reviewers' superlatives, many a writer has found treasure by following in his wake. Illicit love, orgiastic religion, and sadistic murder are ingredients in a sure fire formula certain to elicit from the more advanced reviewers adjectives like "fearless," "beautiful

in its terror, "provocative," "daring," "sincere," and "realistic" Southern authors, and would be authors, discouraged by an accumulating pile of rejection slips, at last discerned that crinoline romanticism was out, but that a hangman's noose and a faggot would work a charm. Once having realized what the customers wanted, the writing profession, both North and South, got on with the job of production. For a while Southern violence rivaled the popularity of strictly professional murder mysteries.

There is a strong suspicion that pioneers in the genre started out by travestyng certain of the North's treasured notions of Southern backwardness. William Faulkner, for example, has pulled his public's leg on more than one occasion. Telling a tall tale of horror amused him, but the serious reception of his fiction as social documentation must have caused the author to speculate cynically upon human credulity. The darker purveys of Mississippi are the nominal settings for his best stories, but the actual realm that he describes is the world of Gothic romance.

Gayer in spirit than Faulkner, Erskine Caldwell has written Rabelaisian tales of Tobacco Road, a community more easily found on the vaudeville circuit than on the map of Georgia—its alleged locale. When Mr. Caldwell visits the back country out of Augusta, he may believe that he is seeing Tobacco Road, and he may think that the farmer at the country store, carefully spitting across the porch, is Jeeter Lester, but he is deluding himself. Jeeter's nearest of kin are the descendants of Joe Miller. The characters of Tobacco Road are denizens of the jest books.

Perhaps some of the latter day romantics have come to believe in the reality of their characters and their settings. It would not be surprising if Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Caldwell, or any of their recent successors, should convince themselves that the characters in their books, the actions and the scenes, are typical of the South. Edgar Bergen, we are led to believe by his press agent, thinks of Charlie McCarthy as an animate being. In the same way, some of these writers apparently forget that they too are merely ventriloquists giving words to automatons in a puppet show.

Whatever the authors may think of their work, most readers outside the South accept the fictional pictures at face value. The tremendous popularity of Mr. Caldwell's playful obscenities, on the stage and in book form, have given a fixed idea to thousands of people who imagine the South as a land of subnormal buffoons, amusing at a distance, like Pappy and Uncle Rafe in Paul Webb's *Esquire* cartoons. Thousands of others, who feel deep indignation over discrimination against the Negro, have acquired equally fixed ideas from other books which picture a sinister South, malevolent and cunning in its cruelty.

A Southern writer, traveling recently between New York and New Orleans, sat opposite a Wave, a college girl from New York, getting her first glimpse of the South. To her the small towns through North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama were precisely the desolate towns she had read about.

towns where, as H. L. Mencken once declared, a lynching supplied the place of a merry-go-round and furnished the only diversion and excitement. The run-down houses along the right-of-way and the shiftless people reminded her of Jeeter Lester and his household, as she had seen them in the theater.

She was convinced that the books she had read were not only realistic, but photographically true to life. She could not believe that the South consisted of anything better than what she now saw as the train flashed by. When she discovered that her traveling companion of the moment was a Southerner, she expressed curiosity about the dreadful folkways of the country. "How many lynchings have you seen?" she finally asked. When the reply was "None," she looked incredulous and suggested that the speaker must have led a sheltered life. "Don't they usually have lynchings after the summer revivals?" she persisted. To the reply that in five years as a newspaper man in the South, no lynching had occurred in the speaker's fairly wide area of operations, she looked more than a little doubtful. "Of course you Southerners always rationalize your attitude toward the Negro."

The logical sequence of that observation was not crystal clear, but it has become a cliché and a conventional phrase in the party line—a fragment in the new mythology which insists that Southern whites propose to keep the Negro in physical, intellectual, and spiritual peonage. When Southerners treat Negroes well, they are "rationalizing their guilt complex," or they want to "rationalize an exaggerated ego" which makes them "contemptibly patronizing" and anxious to retain feudal vestiges of patronage toward inferiors. If they try to explain the economic reasons why social progress has been so slow, they are "rationalizing the status quo." If they point out that the heritage of hate left by Reconstruction must not be unearthed again, that view is simply a "rationalized interpretation of history." In the eyes of left-wing reformers, the Southern white finds himself damned if he does and damned if he doesn't. And the Southern Negro leader who tries to approach the problem realistically is equally damned, for he is "rationalizing his own fears and timidity." The new mythology feeds on fiction and finds its "scientific" dogma in the jargon of psychology and not in the realities of historical or observable facts.

The Negro is in greater peril today than he has been in a generation, and for a large measure of that danger he must thank do-gooders whose zeal is equaled only by their lack of wisdom. Race tension is steadily growing more acute. Mutual tolerance in the South that promised so much in understanding a few years ago is disappearing. Southern liberals who hoped and believed that the end of economic and political discrimination against the Negro was in sight are now in despair. The demagogue who thrives on racial hatred has received a full arsenal of fresh ammunition supplied by well-meaning intellectuals, and he is making the most of it. The tragedy that has overtaken Southern whites and Negroes is vividly described in *The Virginia Quarterly Review* (Autumn, 1942) by John Temple Graves himself, an

earnest advocate of Negroes' rights. Social scientists who have devoted their lives to bringing about understanding and fair play between the races are at their wits' end. Some of them believe that the problem had been made insoluble as a result of the hysteria engendered by extremists on both sides of the controversy.

By cultivating the myth that Southern whites do not want amelioration of the Negro's condition and have no intention of permitting it, by insisting that the South is inhabited by a generation of moronic poor whites scarcely capable of self government, by magnifying the belief in atrocities and crimes against the Negro committed as a deliberate policy by Southerners, by maintaining that all the Negro's problems can be solved if the country is sufficiently "aroused," by naively believing that social reform can be accomplished overnight by fiat of the national government, reformers are creating an atmosphere of suspicion and hate that has already set back social progress in the South a generation. And the result has fateful implications for both whites and Negroes, not only in the South but everywhere.

Racial peace in the South, and the permanent achievement of the Negro's rights as a free citizen in our democracy, are dependent upon mutual respect and goodwill in the region where white men and Negroes must dwell together. A few years ago that dream seemed to be materializing. The old battle cry of white supremacy, which had kept many a demagogue in office since Reconstruction, had lost much of its potency. Southern liberals could no longer be smeared when they demanded justice for all men regardless of race. The educational base was broadened. Negro schools, in many instances, were brought up to the standard of white schools despite the financial burden upon poverty-stricken states. Provision was made for the professional education of Negroes. Public health was improved. The administration of justice was watched more closely to prevent discrimination against Negroes. Vigilantism and lynching almost disappeared. Even Jim Crowism was slowly changing. Although the South still clung to the theory of segregation, the question could be debated without violence. That in itself was a step forward. Time was on the side of the Negro, and the most intelligent white leaders in the South were abetting time.

That is not to say that the South had suddenly turned pure and washed all the spots from its racial garment. More than its share of fools has always plagued the country below the Potomac, and none has trumpeted his folly louder than the Negro hater. Some of these remain to shame the white race and trouble the Negroes. They have their full share of blame for keeping the embers of hatred alive. But even in the period immediately after World War I, when race tension mounted for awhile, Ku Kluxism, as a movement against the Negro, found small support and soon died of anemia. Although disgraceful incidents occurred and no one was yet ready to herald the racial millennium, the South was not complacent and public opinion seemed firmly intent upon adjusting balances that had been weighted against the Negro.

Then the war came and with it an insistent demand that Americans solve

their own minority problem before talking too glibly about democracy in the rest of the world. Logic was on the side of the reformers, but government, democratic or otherwise, is not a result of pure reasoning. Democratic government comes by growth, slow growth, and social justice is not a matter of government decree. The Negro press in the North, and white protagonists, screamed for an "all or nothing" solution of the Negro problem—immediately. In their violence against segregation and other injustices, the reformers were indiscriminate, intemperate, and inaccurate. Ignoring the tremendous social gains of this generation, they pictured the South as a realm of mean spirited fascists, and they hysterically called upon the federal government to take action now. Every reformer had his own prescription, but most of them believed that the remedy was political—and apparently easy. Just pass a law. What law was another matter. Many innocently believed that a law eliminating the poll tax was the prime solution, but others had various legal substitutes. The refrain that ran through all the clamor was that force could accomplish at a single stroke what time had failed to complete.

The insistence upon absolute democracy now, and the naivete of reformers about the ways and means of attaining the millennium, have alienated the majority of Southern white liberals and the wisest of Southern Negro leaders. After all, they have some respect for the gains already made, and some knowledge of the workings of practical politics. Mindful of Aesop's dog, they do not want to lose the bone they have by grabbing at the reflection in the pool.

As the violence of controversy has mounted, the lunatic fringe of rabble rousers in the South has improved the opportunity to stir up the poor whites—the Negro's bitterest enemies. But the poor whites are not the only ones who will jettison liberal racial legislation if the North attempts another "force" bill. The South is fundamentally the most conservative section of the country. If the Negro pins his faith on radical pressure—especially Northern radical aid—his cause is lost. Upper class Southerners will then make common cause with the poor whites against what they both will believe to be the common enemy. And conservative Southern Democrats will find an ally in conservative Northern Republicans who have latterly espoused states' rights. German experience in occupied territory ought to prove that not even military power can effectively compel social compliance where majority opinion is solidly united against it. Hate, bigotry, murder, and chaos can result, but social and political progress stop when raw force begins. That knowledge, born of experience when the South was also an occupied territory between 1865 and 1877, makes thoughtful Southerners tremble at the implications of expedients suggested by those to whom the South is a theory and not a complex region of resourceful human beings.

Perhaps much reading hath made the theorists mad. At any rate, they draw conclusions from one another's books and multiply myths which confuse the issues. Every third novelist has become an authority on social relationships, politics, folkways, and mores in the South, though he may never

have escaped the sidewalks of Brooklyn. Literary critics devote their columns to the further simplification of a world they know not. To the writing profession, the problems of the South have a moral solution. Everything is clear cut. There are no lights and shades. Justice, they believe, will reign as soon as white consciences are sufficiently aroused. With that spirit of crusade, authors are carrying their torches high. But they have generated more heat than light.

The literary crusade today is not unlike that conducted by abolition writers in the period between 1830 and 1860, and the emotional effect is following a pattern tragically similar. Then, as now, the demand was for an all or nothing solution. William Lloyd Garrison in the first issue of the *Liberator* in 1831 announced his determination to procure "the immediate enfranchisement of our slave population," and he asserted with the vehemence of an Old Testament Prophet that he did not intend "to think, or speak, or write, with moderation." Southern writers were not far behind Garrison in the violence of their replies, and soon invective supplanted reason as section was arrayed against section.

The abolitionists, of course, were morally right. Slavery was an abomination, as political and social discrimination against the Negro today is an abomination, but the conditions which the abolitionists described with so much emotion were not the conditions of fact. They created an imaginary South, in which the hands of planters dripped with the blood of black slaves. The New England clergy, few of whom knew anything about the South at first hand, described it as a land of moral and spiritual degradation, a slave civilization controlled by tyrants, in contrast to the freedom loving North. The Reverend Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, Connecticut, one of the more temperate preachers, delivered a sermon in 1854, which described the South as a weak and degenerate section, devoid of literature or learning and even the capacity for these accomplishments, a section notable only for belly cheer, harangue, and low political trickery. That this picture of the South was typical of the propaganda carried on by the clergy has been amply documented in a dissertation at the University of Chicago by Chester Forrester Dunham.

Professional writers in the North were equally clear as to their duty, and fully as positive in their knowledge. Humanitarians like Whittier, Lowell, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose knowledge of slavery was for the most part abstract, taught that compromise with this great moral wrong was wicked, and those who counseled moderation were compounding a felony. After the sensational popularity of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, an imaginary South became more vividly real to Northern readers than the slums which they experienced visually every day.

Abolitionist writers succeeded in creating a set of fixed ideas, in both North and South, which had a tremendous influence in preventing a peaceful solution of the slavery question. Placed on the defensive, Southern preachers and writers in their turn equaled—if possible—the intemperateness of the

abolitionists Gradually, between 1830 and 1860, the Southern press and pulpit convinced their public that the North's attack on slavery was an attack on the South itself and upon white civilization there Southerners who hated slavery came to believe that emancipation by Northern force would be the first step toward turning over the South to the Negroes Rich whites and poor whites, regardless of economic and social status, believed they had to unite in common defense That settled conviction welded the South together in 1861, and the persistence of the belief in the North's desire to destroy the white South explains the enduring strength of "white supremacy" as a political issue So violently did Southerners reply to abolitionists that they convinced themselves and the North—and some historians of the present generation—that war was the only solution Once emotions on both sides had crystallized, perhaps war was inevitable

War of course hastened the end of slavery, but if reformers had had the patience to attain that end peaceably—as Great Britain achieved emancipation in the Empire—the Negro would have been saved from later years of hardship and humiliation And the South would have been spared a grinding poverty that for three generations has prevented adequate education and social advancement for both whites and blacks The Civil War, which emancipated the Negro, did not solve the problem of how he was to live in peace and justice with his former masters The follies of punitive Reconstruction and the occupation of the South by Northern armies, made up in part of recently recruited freedmen, left a heritage of hate and suspicion of Northern motives that will endure for generations

Of late, it has become fashionable among certain writers to insist that the South has deliberately cultivated legends about the horrors of Reconstruction to excuse its continuing discrimination against Negroes, that the Southern view of Reconstruction is merely a rationalization of its desire to perpetuate racial injustice It is becoming an article of faith that the trouble with Reconstruction was its mildness, that Lincoln's healing policy was foolish, and that the real hero of the period was Thaddeus Stevens, Lincoln's and the South's inveterate enemy If Stevens' policy of rule by Northern bayonets had only been continued, the millennium would have dawned and the South would have had, presumably, a thousand years of peace and justice in which the poorer classes, white and black, would have lived in harmony and happiness That is the implied thesis of Mr Fast's *Freedom Road*, and it is held as gospel by leftist dialecticians As Mr Cheney points out, the doctrine of democracy by bayonet sounds suspiciously like the credos of Herr Goebbels, but apparently that inconsistency can also be reconciled by dialectics

The new mythology, having relegated Lincoln and his policies to the dust bin, is even more severe upon Rutherford B Hayes and the liberal Republicans of 1877, who recalled troops from the South That action, the legend has it, was the result of a slick horse trade between Northern capitalists and Southern aristocrats For the sake of commercial exploitation of the South, industrialists sold the Negro down the river and delivered him into the hands

of his oppressors This interpretation overlooks the fact that reactionary members of the Republican party opposed the new policy, and that liberal Republicans like Carl Schurz, who had taken the trouble to make a personal investigation of conditions, led the agitation for a restoration of civil power to the South as the only means of insuring the rehabilitation of either Negroes or whites

The new interpretation of Reconstruction is typical of a school of moralists who would disregard tradition and folkways dealing with the race problem in the South They would disregard them because they have convinced themselves that traditions have no validity—and perhaps no strength These conclusions are based, not on facts and realistic observations, but upon the theory of what society in a given area and time *ought to be*

By ignoring history, and by twisting and distorting historical and contemporary facts in the interest of special pleading, the new mythologists are creating an unreal world in which they will find equally unreal answers to social problems An imaginary South more vivid than truth itself already exists in thousands of minds A terrible danger exists for the country as a whole, and for the Negro in particular, because so many sincere people will predicate the actions they advocate on fictitious ideas which they believe to be true

The manufacture of myths is taking place on all levels, and gathers momentum with each new accretion In addition to writings which get into print, the present morbid interest in the South is producing an unwritten folklore which achieves fantastic effects Howard W Odum has listed hundreds of tall tales in his *Race and Rumors of Race* Rumor mongers have been busy during the past four years How many of the tales have been set in motion by enemy agents, not even the F B I can guess, but some of the agitation clearly bears the mark of homebred or imported fascism Some of the stories have their source in old abolitionist propaganda Professional South baiters, leftist idealists, and ardent humanitarians, pitying the plight of the Negro, find it easy to believe the worst of the South Professional Southerners on various social levels also contribute to the growing legend One will relate in a drawing room romantic stories of Negro retainers and feudal patronage in his old home, while another will make the eyes of his tent mates pop with yarns of lynchings by the dozen, or of horsewhipping Negroes because they wouldn't say "Sir" and tip their hats to every white man Southerners not only have an affinity with Baron Munchausen, but they also possess a regrettable capacity for supplying the information which the audience expects If outlanders circulate absurd libels, Southerners themselves supply much of the documentation

Once a legend has achieved vitality, any bit of evidence, however far fetched, will help to establish its truth One strand from the beard of Mahomet preserved at a shrine will make a faithful pilgrim believe all the legends of the Hegira Travelers in the South are fully as credulous A young teacher from Chicago, for example, driving with his wife down a street in a Tennessee town, very nearly ran down a Negro When the driver stopped, the Negro

raised his hat politely instead of swearing, as the Chicagoan had expected. But ever since this teacher has boiled with indignation against the South. He firmly believes that the Negro's action was evidence of humiliating servility and fear of white men. No amount of argument will convince him that provincial Southerners, white and black, retain certain old-fashioned manners. That the Negro's conduct was a simple reflex of natural courtesy, and that a white man might have acted the same way, are beyond belief. The legend was so real that this single episode proved to an otherwise scholarly temperament that Southern Negroes all live in constant terror and must tip their hats even when being run down by the white man's juggernaut.

The new legends about the South have acquired such vigor during the past few years that they are creeping into scholarly works and promise to become a part of historical dogma. For example, Gunnar Myrdal's *An American Dilemma*—a work which commands every man's respect for its sincerity and earnestness—loses much of its value because it swallows whole an amazing number of myths and half-truths. No amount of statistics and factual evidence will be able to eradicate "knowledge" cemented into place by the emotions.

The attainment of justice for the Negro in the South, as well as in other parts of the country, is an end that everyone ought to desire. That achievement will require cool-headed wisdom on the part of both whites and Negroes throughout the nation. The surest way to disaster lies in an emotional approach to the problem. Hysterical utterances and misguided actions have already so stirred emotions that there is less likelihood of understanding between North and South today than at any time since Reconstruction.

An atmosphere of hate and distrust unparalleled since the period preceding the Civil War has developed. In this milieu rumor-mongers and myth-makers displace sober scholars and become prophets and soothsayers. The grimmest irony of all is that the Negro, the unhappy theme of controversy, is likely to suffer longer and more tragic humiliation than he might otherwise have expected. But he will not suffer alone. The white race, North and South, will be involved in his ruin.

THE OUTGOING LIFE ¹



William H. Whyte, Jr.

AMERICANS have a curious blind spot. There are few things from which they get such invidious satisfaction as shaking their heads over the collectivization of society that is going on almost everywhere except, presumably, in the U.S. But they really don't have to look quite so far as Europe, indeed, no farther

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than the outskirts of almost every one of our great cities. For the great self-contained villages that are rising there are not merely a housing phenomenon, within them is developing what is in many respects a new way of life, and it is a way of life that is unmistakably communal.

The residents in these communities are very much aware that they are part of a new social institution and they discuss it with such sophistication that at times it almost seems as if every man were his own resident sociologist. In bull sessions, words like "permissive" and "socio cultural groups" are frequently tossed about. One particular adjective has become so habitual that even in the most casual conversation you are likely to hear someone described as "outgoing" (Thus "They are a wonderful outgoing couple").

The comparisons the new suburbanites draw are many—army post life is one favorite—but when they speak of being in a fraternity or sorority house, "only with kids," they come nearest the mark. For it may be that their way of life is not so much novel as a projection into the middle years of dormitory life. Not so very long ago graduation from college was considered an entry into the cold, cold world, now, thanks in great part to these new communities, the transition is so smooth that it is becoming more and more difficult to tell just where adolescence stops and middle age begins.

What has brought this about is in great part the emergence of the large institution, in particular the corporation. For these new communities are not, as many presume, simply the fixed homes of white collar workers, they have become a series of way stations for the growing number of young managerial people who are incessantly being transferred from one spot to another.

Five year old Park Forest, Illinois, is an example of the way the young transients are meeting the problems their way of life poses. How they have tackled local government, education, and church building shows that to a remarkable degree they have compensated for their apparent lack of roots through involvement in civic activity. In this article, however, we are concerned with their more personal, social life, for here, as well as in civic activity, we may discern the values that will later shape their decisions when they and their contemporaries have matured into positions of leadership.

At the center of Park Forest there is a theatre, a large supermarket, and rows of stores joined together by covered walks (from which loudspeakers circulate music). Stretching out toward the horizon from the shopping center are the "courts"—a vast complex of pleasant two story garden apartment buildings arranged in a series of squares and rectangles around central parking bays—105 courts in all, separated from each other by generous stretches of lawn and play areas. To the south and west, out beyond the rental area, lie the homes for sale, some 2,000 ranch type houses (average price \$13,000), spotted every sixty feet along undulating "superblocks."

How, the stranger wonders, does one tell rank in a place like Park Forest—or for that matter, pull it? The usual criteria of status are almost entirely

absent The higher rent two apartment buildings, which are sited individually on roads, rather than court fashion, rent for \$117, versus \$92 to \$104 for court apartments, and constitute something of a local gold coast But aside from these, the houses and apartments differ little in cost and physically are distinguished from each other largely by changes in façade One's location in the courts, furthermore, is determined largely by chance rather than by personal selection

Cars aren't much help either Of the thousands that lie in the parking bays, few are more expensive than the Buick Special, and white walled tires and other rakish touches are not too frequent Only in nearby industrial towns do people show exuberance in the captainship of the American car foxtails and triumphant pennants, like Cyrano's white plume, fly defiantly on cars there, and occasionally from the radiator a devil thumbs his nose at the passing mob Not at Park Forest, whatever else it has, it has no panache

To the practiced eye, of course, there is more diversity in the scene than might appear, for the more acclimated to the homogeneity, the more sensitized one becomes to the small differences At Levittown, Pennsylvania, for example, residents are very much aware of who has what "modification" of the basic ranch-house design, and one house on which the owner has mounted a small gargoyle has become so famous a "sight" that many residents drive out of their way to show it to visitors Similarly, people have a sharp eye for the smaller variations from the norm of home furnishings, and the acquisition of a new automatic dryer, or an unusually good television set, is always cause for notice Lack of such amenities, conversely, is also noted In one suburb, to cite a rather extreme example, a couple were so sensitive about the bareness of their living room that they smeared their windows up with Bon Ami—and kept them that way until a dinette set arrived

On the whole, however, there is remarkably little to notice The fact that the transients don't have much money is, of course, part of the story—but only part of it "There is no keeping up with the Joneses here" is an observation so chronically and so emphatically voiced as to indicate that inconspicuous consumption is as much an ideology as a necessity Openly articulated, the reasoning would go something like this "Most of us are at a pretty critical stage in our careers, it is just about now that we will realize that some of us are really going to go ahead, and some of us aren't If you find you are going ahead, it is rubbing it in unfairly to make it obvious" You have broken the truce

The job, then, is not so much to keep up with the Joneses, it is to keep *down* with them When a resident sees his neighbor vaunting worldly goods, he sees this as an offense not simply to him but to the community as well Interestingly, when people comment about display they usually make the point that they themselves see nothing wrong with it, *but that other people might*, and that therefore the purchase is ill advised A used Lincoln one resident got as a bargain is a case in point What the hell, Tom could drive a Rolls Royce for

all I care," says one neighbor "Still, it was bad timing on his part—you know the way some people are around here I'm beginning to wonder now about his judgment"

The new suburbs not only look classless, residents say, they are classless That is, Park Foresters would add on second thought, there are no extremes and if the place isn't exactly classless, it is at least *one* class—usually identified as middle or upper middle, according to the inclination of the resident "We are all," they say, "in the same boat"

Actually, they are not People may come out of the new suburbs middle class, not all those who enter, however, are Middle class college educated transients give the communities their dominant tone, but there are other residents for whom arrival in Park Forest is, psychologically at least, a crossing of the tracks This expansion of white collarism is happening in towns and cities as well, yet it is so pronounced in the new suburbs that at times it almost seems as if they were made for that function

They have become the second great melting pot Almost because they are a haven for the basically middle class organization man, they provide a forced draft education in new values for many others For one thing, these communities speed up potential switches in religious affiliations, and the couple from, say, a small Ozark town are likely to leave a Fundamentalist allegiance to become Methodists or Presbyterians People from big city Democratic wards tend to become Republicans and, if anything, more conservative than the people whose outlook they are unconsciously adopting Personal tastes change more slowly, though the wives are rather quick to pick up the right cues, and their clothes, be they slacks or cardigan and pearls, show it

But the pot melts just so far and this shows poignantly in some residents' attitude toward the community The usual transient affects an attitude of fond detachment—swell place, lots of kicks, but, after all, the sort of place you graduate from For some, however, the place is less a way station than the end of the road, the permanence of the community, not its impermanence, is what they want to see, and for them the moving van can be an unsettling reminder of a transiency they are not going to share Then, for others, the new suburb is too much of a personal achievement to take with anything but deadly seriousness, and they are extraordinarily sensitive to any references that might be invidious "Those pictures are absolutely disgraceful," one resident recently said of some published pictures of her area "The way they angled them, it makes it look as though this was a *development*!"

The intensity of feeling that many people in this situation develop is no joking matter Their social enfranchisement is a great achievement of our expanding society, but the process, it is important to remember, is psychologically nonreversible Of all the groups in America, none is so ill equipped emotionally as the new white collar group to adjust to a severe economic downturn, and if our society has an Achilles' heel, this might be it Not with-

out a fight, and one that could become collectively ugly, would they be pushed back across the tracks

But Park Forest is a melting pot in other respects also. The intellectuals likewise receive an education. "When I first came here I was pretty rarefied," a self-styled egghead explained to a recent visitor. "I remember how shocked I was one day when I told the girls in the court how much I had enjoyed listening to *The Magic Flute* the night before. They didn't know what I was talking about. I began to learn that diaper talk is a lot more important to them. I still listen to *The Magic Flute* but now I realize that for most people other things in life seem as important."

In similar fashion, farm-bred Republicans learn to appreciate that all urban Democrats are not Communists. "The people who lived in the other half of our duplex," recalls one Republican, "were as different as could be from us. They were the kind who worshipped F. D. R.'s name. But we got to like them just the same. We just didn't talk politics. We used to go bowling together and that sort of thing. I didn't make him a Republican, but I think he appreciates my views a lot more than he did before."

On balance, however, the similarities among Park Foresters are more significant than the differences. At times Park Foresters tend to get a bit windy when talking about their egalitarianism, but, as with all Americans, their unwillingness to concede class differences is itself a powerful factor in keeping these from crystallizing. Their wish, to put it another way, has been father to the reality.

There is no discernible class structure. Occupation and family background do provide a certain kind of status for individuals, but the individuals have not jelled into groups on this basis. So with civic activity, the most active could make up an elite of sorts, but they do not act in concert and, more to the point, others do not conceive of them as an elite. Similarly, while many people get together according to common interests—interest in world politics, for example, or in gardening—these are only part-time associations and they are so fluid that they carry few overtones of social status. The same is true of religion: vigorous as church activity is, religious allegiances have far less of the clan effect than they have elsewhere. Not so incidentally, many "mixed marriage" couples have come to Park Forest, for here, they have correctly sensed, is a refuge from the conflicting loyalties that would beset them elsewhere.

But there is one distinction we can draw and it is one of considerable significance for management. *Fortune* came upon it this way. In the course of this survey a special effort was made to find clues that would distinguish the young executive who was going places from his less successful contemporaries. With the help of some corporations that had people at Park Forest, a number of young men who seemed headed for top management were finally spotted.

The sample is too small for firm conclusions, but one denominator turned

up so often as to suggest a pretty good working hypothesis. In most cases, the successful junior executive was measurably more inclined than his contemporaries toward what is usually called "culture." He had more and better books on his bookshelves, more and better magazines, and usually a good record collection. His tastes were by no means so highbrow as those of the more culturally intense academic and professional people—Strauss and concertos, you might say, rather than Schonberg and quartets were the rule. Between the successful and the run of the mill junior executive, however, the difference was so great that it is fair to conclude that the "impractical" is more closely related to the attributes of leadership than many businessmen suspect.

But now let us move into the "court" itself, for here is the "family" most inhabitants know. Here, more than many suspect, is where their behavior is altered, and that moment in the rental office when the newly arrived couple is assigned to Court B 14 or Court K 3 is a turning point that is likely to affect them long after they have left Park Forest. For no two courts are exactly alike, each in its own way produces a different pattern of behavior. Will the newcomers turn out to be civic leaders? Will they be churchgoers? The court will have a lot to do with it.

As an illustration of this impact, let us take the current roster of Park Forest's civic organizations and plot the addresses of the leaders on a map of the community. Theoretically, since one's location is determined largely by chance and since turnover is constantly reshuffling each court, the leaders should be distributed fairly evenly throughout the community. Instead of a random distribution, however, there are clusters of leaders here and there in particular courts. So with churchgoing. A plot of the active members of the United Protestant Church also reveals a somewhat geographic pattern and the overlap between this pattern and that of civic activity is considerable.

The most interesting aspect of these patterns, however, is their durability. Locate the civic leaders as of two years ago and compare that pattern with the current plot, and you will find, court by court, the same concentrations appearing. Similarly, you will also find that despite the growth in the population of the homes area (now accounting for roughly 8,000 of Park Forest's 20,000 people), the rental courts continue to provide community wide leadership out of all proportion to their numbers.

Reverse indexes illustrate the same phenomenon. Much in the way one college dorm, year in and year out, is notorious as a "hell's entry," some courts consistently produce an above average number of complaints about litter, parking space encroachments, ambulance and police calls, those are also the courts most sparsely represented in any plot of community leadership.

Court residents themselves sense the differences. "I can't put my finger on it," says one old resident. "But as long as I have been here this court has had an inferiority complex. We never seem to get together and have the weenie

roasts and anniversary parties they have in B 18' Community leaders have an even better working knowledge, and in, say, a fund raising campaign, they know in advance which areas will probably produce the most money per foot pound of energy expended on them, and which the least

Why the differences? It is much the same question as why one city has a "soul" while another, equally blessed economically, does not. In most communities the causes lie so far back that we have trouble discerning them, but at Park Forest, almost as if we were watching stop action photography, we can see compressed in time what would be spread out over several generations elsewhere

Of crucial importance, it would appear, is the character of the original settlers. In the early phase the interaction of court people on each other is necessarily intensified, the roads separating one court from another are less avenues than moats, and the court's inhabitants must function as a unit to conquer such now legendary problems as the "mud" of Park Forest, the "rocks and rats" of Drexelbrook, and the like. But though the level of communal sharing and brotherhood is high, even in this period there are important differences, two or three natural leaders concentrated in one court may so catalyze the neighborly qualities in the other people in the court that the one big happy family becomes a tradition. Conversely, only one or two troublemakers can so fragment a court into a series of cliques that the animus will live long after them.

Inevitably, the intensity of activity weakens, as the volunteer policemen are replaced by a regular force, as the mud turns to grass, the old *esprit de corps* subsides into relative normalcy. Pioneers (i.e., those who have been there four and a half years now) complain that Park Forest is in a dead calm. "We used to become so *enraged*," one nostalgically recalls. "Now it's just like any other place."

Not really. In comparison with the usual community, the court is still a hothouse and its traditions continue to shape newcomers' conduct. Occasionally a once "warm" court may be turned into a cool one through the collision of some unduly forceful personalities. Most courts, however, keep their essential characters. One by one the newcomers are assimilated into the court pattern and as the old leaders depart there is usually someone to whom they can pass on the baton.

The rules of the game that are passed on are more tacit than open, yet in every court there are enough to provide an almost formal ritual. "We live as we please," residents will tell the newcoming couple, who then proceed to learn about the tot yard, about the communal baby sitting service, about the history of the court, including The Incident, how the round robin bridge group alternates and how, frankly, you're lucky you didn't get assigned to the next court—oh brother, what a weird crew they are.

The more subtle aspects of court behavior are communicated through what

might be called a process of contagion. With surprising frequency certain adjectives and phrases crop up in particular courts, and the newcomers' vocabularies soon reflect this. So with their leisure time habits. "Charley used to make fun of us for spending so much time planting and mowing and weeding," one resident says of a neighbor. "Well, only the other day he came to ask me—oh, so casually—about what kind of grass seed is best. I didn't kid him—that might have stopped him in his tracks. You ought to see him now—he's got sprays and everything."

The cumulative effect of all this can be summed up in a word. One is made *outgoing*. "You can really help make a lot of people happy here," says one social activist. "I've brought out two couples myself, I saw potentialities in them they didn't realize they had. Whenever we see someone who is shy and withdrawn, we make a special effort with them."

The education takes, and even those who describe themselves as comparatively withdrawn would, on the outside, be considered something less than bashful. "I've changed tremendously," says one typical transient. "My husband was always the friend maker in the family—everybody always loves Joe, he's so likable. But here I began to make some friends on my own, I was so tickled when I realized it. One night when the gang came to our house I suddenly realized I made these friends."

More than ever before, the newcomers get in the habit of doing things with other people. Civic activity, as noted in the previous article in this series, is rife, but this is a fraction of the energies expended in group activity. Court social life throbs with bridge and canasta, bring your own bottle parties, and teas, and when spring brings everyone outdoors, the tempo of activity becomes practically nonstop. "Any excuse for a party," one resident says, happily. "During last week you'd die! You just so much as say party and pretty soon the gang would be setting up a beer keg."

In this participation newcomers learn to shed some former inhibitions. "It's wonderful," says one young wife. "You find yourself discussing all your personal problems with your neighbors—things that back in South Dakota we would have kept to ourselves." As time goes on, this capacity for self-revelation grows, and on the most intimate details of family life, court people become amazingly frank with each other. No one, they point out, ever need face a problem alone.

In the battle against loneliness even the architecture becomes functional. Just as doors inside houses—which are sometimes said to have marked the birth of the middle class—are disappearing, so are the barriers against neighbors. The picture in the picture window, for example, is what is going on *inside*—or, what is going on inside other people's picture windows.

The walls in these new apartments are also dual purpose. Their thinness is occasionally a disadvantage, one court scandal, as a matter of fact, was provoked by a woman who chronically inverted a tumbler against the wall to

eavesdrop But there is more good than bad, many transients say, to the thinness I never feel lonely, even when Jim's away," goes a typical comment You know friends are nearby, because at night you hear the neighbors through the walls'

The children, no less outgoing, are a key factor in determining court behavior The kids are the only ones who are really organized here," says the resident of a patio court at Parkmerced in San Francisco, "and we older people sort of tag along after them" Suburbanites elsewhere agree 'We are not really 'kid centered' here as some people say," one Park Forester observes, "but our friendships are often made on the kids' standards and they are purer standards than ours When your kids are playing with the other kids, they force you to keep on good terms with everybody"

That they do With their remarkable sensitivity to social nuance the children are a highly effective communication net, and parents sometimes use them to transmit what custom dictates elders cannot say face to face 'One newcomer gave us quite a problem in our court," says a resident in an eastern development "He was a Ph D, and he started to pull rank on some of the rest of us I told my kid he could tell his kid that the other fathers around here had plenty on the ball I guess all we fathers did the same thing, pretty soon the news trickled upward to this guy He isn't a bad sort, he got the hint—and there was no open break of any kind"

So pervasive are the concerns of parenthood that adjustment to court life is almost impossible for childless couples Unless the wife patently loves children—unless she is the kind, for example, who keeps a cooky jar for the neighbors' kids—her daily routine is painfully out of kilter with the others' Understandably, the recourse of adopting a child is sought very frequently, equally understandably, adoption agencies look on Park Forest couples as particularly good bets to furnish a stable home

Not only are transients better parents, older observers believe, they are better mates as well "The kind of social situation you find here discourages divorce," says United Protestant Church minister Dr Gerson Engelmann "Few people, as a rule, get divorces until they break with their groups I think the fact that it is so hard to break with a group here has had a lot to do with keeping some marriages from going on the rocks"

Personal morals? Places like Park Forest are the greatest invention since the chastity belt There have been, to be sure, some unpleasant occurrences, in one court there was talk of wife trading several years ago, and there have been affairs here and there since The evidence is strong, however, that there is less philandering among Park Foresters than among their contemporaries in more traditional communities

For one thing, it's almost impossible to philander without everyone's knowing about it One's callers are observed, and if neighbors feel there is anything untoward, Park Forest's phenomenal grapevine will speed the news This is

not mere venom, in a web of relationships as delicate as that of the court an affair can harm not only two marriages—it can upset the whole court apple cart. And everyone is aware of the fact.

More important, the neighborliness of court life fills a void in the life of the young wife that is not always filled elsewhere—and this is particularly important for the wife whose husband travels. "You don't find as many frustrated women in a place like this," says one wife. "We girls have each other. A young girl who would get to brooding if she was in an apartment all by herself on the outside can talk things over with us. She's just too busy to get neurotic. Kitty, for example, she's married to a real creep—pardon me, but that's what he is—but when she's disturbed she comes over here for coffee and a little chat, and we have a fine old time yakking away. It helps, for people like her."

So far we have dwelt on the beneficent effects of court living. The emphasis, we believe, is in order, for all the exceptions that we are going to note, the fact that people do get along so well in such propinquity bespeaks a pretty high quotient of kindness and fundamental decency. But it also bespeaks, unfortunately, something else, too.

To appreciate what this is, let's take a closer look at the question of privacy—and Park Foresters' attitude toward it. Fact One, of course, is that there isn't much. In most small towns there is at least enough space to soften the shock of intimate contact, and besides, there is usually some redoubt to which the individual can withdraw. In Park Forest not even the apartment is a redoubt, people don't bother to knock and they come and go furiously—even when the traffic subsides momentarily the thin walls transmit the knowledge that the court, the group, is omnipresent. The lack of privacy, furthermore, is retroactive, as one resident puts it, "They ask you all sorts of questions about what you *were* doing. Who was that that stopped in last night? Who were those people from Chicago last week? You're never alone, even when you think you are."

With communication so intensive, the slightest misunderstanding can generate a whole series of consequences. If Charley ducks his turn at the lawn mower, if little Johnny sasses Mrs. Erdlick just once more, if Gladys forgets to return the pound of coffee she borrowed, the frictions become a concern of the group and not just of the principals.

For individual spats and feuds threaten the equilibrium of the whole court, and the court, like all informal groups, reacts to discipline the errant. The sanctions are not obvious, indeed people are often unconscious of wielding them, but the look in the eye, the absence of a smile, the inflection of a hello can be exquisite punishment, and they have brought more than one to a nervous breakdown.

The tensions are particularly acute for the wife. It has been noted ("The Wives of Management," *Fortune*, October, 1951) that husbands get from their wives very little understanding of the social problems of their daytime

life, the reverse, in the new suburbs at least, is also true. From eight until six the court is a woman's world, and its social problems are of critical importance to her life. But the husband doesn't see it this way, and neither, curiously does she, for while men have the faculty of seeing their daytime squabbles in terms of the Principle of the Thing, wives are less likely to "I don't like to bother Henry about these things," says one wife, currently involved in an unpleasant court conflict. "He just hates gossip. He's right, I guess. We women get so petty."

From the eye of the court there is no escape. Theoretically, one could keep entirely to himself, and some people do. It is not, however, a happy alternative. Like the double bed, the court enforces intimacy, and self-imposed isolation becomes psychologically untenable. People so ingoing that they have been proof against 'bringing out' usually seem less happy than the others, and though the causes of their unhappiness may antedate their entry into the court, some leave at the first opportunity. The court checks off another failure. "At the very end the Smithers were beginning to come out of their shell," one outgoing resident recalls. "But it was too late, they'd already given up their lease. The night they left, you could tell by their faces, the way they tried to get friendly, they wished they weren't leaving. It was so pathetic."

Is there a middle course? The ability to steer it is vouchsafed to very few, and if one had to sum up the characteristic that most marks those likely to rise to leadership this might well be it. The transients' defense against rootlessness, as we have noted, is to get involved in meaningful activity at the same time, however, like the seasoned shipboard traveler, the wisest transients don't get *too* close. Keeping this delicate balance requires a very highly developed social skill, and also a good bit of experience. "It takes time," explains one transient. "I had to go through fraternity life, then the services, and a stretch at Parkmere before I realized you just get into trouble if you get personally involved with neighbors."

More basically, what is required is a rather keen consciousness of self—and the sophistication to realize that while individualistic tastes may raise eyebrows, exercising those tastes won't bring the world crashing down about you. "One day one of the girls busted in," one upper middle brow cheerfully recounts. "She saw I was reading 'What you got there, hon' she asked. You might have known it would be Plato that day. She almost fell over from surprise. Now all of them are sure I'm strange." Actually, they don't think she's overly odd, for her deviance is accompanied by enough tact, enough observance of the little customs that oil court life, so that equilibrium is maintained.

For most people the problem of deviance hardly comes up at all. Even the most outgoing, of course, confess that the pace of court life occasionally wears them down, and once in a while they reach such a point of rebellion they don't answer the phone. But, they say, there is no real problem. "You

have all this companionship," one resident puts it, "and yet you can have all the privacy you want"

The term needs qualification With court behavior so participative that doors don't need knocking on, such a purely negative response as not answering the phone is not enough To gain privacy one has to *do something* One court resident, for example, moves his chair to the front rather than the court side of his apartment to show he doesn't want to be disturbed Often a whole court or a wing of it will develop such a signal, a group in one Drexelbrook court has decided that whenever one of them feels he or she has finally had it, the venetian blinds should be drawn all the way down to the bottom of the picture window Since this position is an unusual one, the rest spot it as a plea to be left alone

But there is an important corollary of such efforts at privacy—*people feel a little guilty about making them* Except very occasionally, to shut oneself off from others like this is regarded as either a childish prank or, more likely, an indication of some inner neurosis The individual, not the group, has erred So, at any rate, many errands seem to feel, and they are often penitent about what elsewhere would be regarded as one's own business, and rather normal business at that "I've promised myself to make it up to them," one court resident recently told a confidant "I was feeling bad and just plain didn't make the effort to ask the others in later I don't blame them, really, for reacting the way they did I'll make it up to them somehow"

Privacy has become clandestine Not in solitary and selfish contemplation but in doing things with other people does one fulfill oneself Nor is it a matter of overriding importance just what it is that one does with other people even watching television together—for which purpose, incidentally, several groups have been organized—help make one more of a real person The important thing, to borrow a phrase, is the *togetherness*

What does this all add up to? A good many observers have fastened their eyes on the physical homogeneity of the new suburbia and seen it as the avenue to 1984 But this physical homogeneity is not the real issue The external similarities in the way of life revealed by the new suburbia are dictated by economic necessity, and it is intellectually irresponsible to be moan them without facing up to the lack of a reasonable alternative Rows and rows of identical houses are not in themselves a force for conformity—any more than, say, rows of identical Park Avenue apartments or rows of city houses built at the turn of the century, or, for that matter, some of the identical brick fronts of eighteenth century America

It is not in the physical similarities that so preoccupy some observers that the problem lies, nor is it even in the similarities of behavior that mark the young transients The problem lies in the transients' attitude toward these similarities

The potential leaders differ, as we have noted, from most of their neighbors

But how much do they differ? They are more the individualist than the rest of their contemporaries, but this is only a relative comparison, for their values also indicate how very far the balance between the group and the individual has shifted. In a more muted fashion many of the potential leaders hold the same basic view of man as a social animal, and though they say it much more intelligently—and know that they are saying it—they, too, tend to equate the lone individual with psychic disorder. We have learned not to be so introverted,” one junior executive, and a very thoughtful and successful one, describes the lesson. “Before we came here we used to live pretty much to ourselves. On Sundays, for instance, we used to stay in bed until around maybe two o’clock reading the paper and listening to the symphony on the radio. Now we stop around and visit with people, or they visit with us. I really think Park Forest has broadened us.”

A passing phase? The transients’ emphasis on the group, it could be argued, is simply a temporary accommodation to the necessities of the dormitory life and will conveniently evaporate as the generation matures. If this hopeful explanation were correct, one proof would be found in the schools, would not the transients have the schools encourage the child’s sense of autonomy? Like their parents, the children have developed such high social skill that it would seem redundant to intensify this already pronounced characteristic.

But this is not the way the parents see it. In their more hopeful moments they can view their schools as almost a culmination of contemporary American educational philosophy—and they are probably right. The Park Forest school curriculum seems based on the proposition that learning to get along with other people—or “citizenship”—is what the schools need to teach most of all. The value of solitary thought, the fact that conflict is sometimes necessary, and other such disturbing thoughts rarely intrude.

Not merely as an instinctive wish, but as an articulate set of values to be passed on to one’s children, the next generation of leaders are coming to deify social utility. *Does it work*, not *why*, has become the key question. With society having become so complex, the individual can have meaning only as he contributes to the harmony of the group, transients explain—and for them constantly on the move, ever exposed to new groups, the adapting to groups has become particularly necessary. They are all, as they themselves so often put it, in the same boat.

But where is the boat going? No one seems to have the faintest idea, nor, for that matter, do they see much point in even raising the question. Once people liked to think, at least, that they were in control of their destinies, but few of Park Forest’s young executives cherish such notions, most see themselves as objects, more acted upon than acting—and their future, therefore, determined as much by the system as by themselves.

The feeling is understandable enough. For most of the transients, life has been a succession of fairly beneficent environments—college, the paternalis-

tic, if not always pleasant, military life, then, perhaps, graduate work through the G I Bill of Rights, a corporation apprenticeship during a period of industrial expansion and high prosperity, and, equally important, the camaraderie of communities like Park Forest. The system, they instinctively conclude, is essentially benevolent.

In one respect, at least, the young transients have been well conditioned: no generation of junior executives has been so well equipped, psychologically as well as technically, to cope with the intricacies of vast organizations, few generations will be so well equipped to lead a meaningful community life, and probably none will be so adaptable to the constant shifts in environment that corporation life is making increasingly necessary.

They will, in short, make excellent technicians. Will they make bold leaders as well? "One thing that has always struck me about the top executives," says a consultant who has intimately studied a great many of them, "is that they are sort of sore at the system. They realize that they are pretty subject to it, but they don't altogether like it, somehow, they're always trying to wrench back the control into their own hands. But these junior executives are a different breed, and I'm not sure it's just that they're young."

To be fair, we must note that the young transients' adaptability is not, as some observers assume, a reversal of our national character. The American genius has always lain, in good part, in our adaptability, in our distrust of dogma, in our regard for the opinion of others, and in this respect the transients are true products of the American past. "The more equal social conditions become," de Tocqueville, no friend of conformity, presciently observed over a century ago, "the more men display this reciprocal disposition to oblige each other."

We cannot have it both ways, certainly, we cannot enjoy the advantages of our talent for adjustment without paying some price. We can wonder, however, if we have not finally come to worship what we once took for granted, and in the process come to caricature our virtues into defects. We may have to endure conformity, but we do not have to love ourselves for doing it.

Given the fact of organization society, what is in order is not the impossible cliché of rugged individualism. But it is very much in order that we recognize that we are moving toward the other extreme, that we recognize we cannot go too far in accommodation without making a sacrifice, that in its warmth, the group can be a tyrant as well as a friend. That, in short, there is a time to pull the blinds down.

A TEXAN IN ENGLAND¹*J Frank Dobie*

I

SAILING WEST from the British Isles, I cabined with an English civilian who told me this about himself 'I am sixty one years old I was born and reared in Pennsylvania My parents were German, with a touch of Irish I grew up in an atmosphere hostile to the English In 1914, at the age of thirty one, I went to England, spent a night in London in the old Morley Hotel on Trafalgar Square, and when I woke up in the morning realized that for the first time in my life I was at home I have lived in England, never far from London, ever since '

I understood him The impact of England was gradual upon my own consciousness I have known, in broken spells, harmony with my own environments the greater part of my life I have known it best when I was doing the kind of work I wanted to do in the way I wanted to do it, I have known it with individual human beings, I have known it with nature—more jubilantly perhaps in the vast and unpeopled mountains of western Mexico than anywhere else Before I went to England I never knew any consistent harmony with what is called "civilization —American civilization as it is realized in cities, expressed in newspapers, blared out over the radio, and otherwise proclaimed I have never felt harmony with that civilization as it tries to flower, but generally balls, in American universities Now, however, that the humanities are cutting loose from the German Ph D strait jacket, they may enjoy some freedom To find harmony, I have had to flee the stidencies, not the strenuousness, the insincerities and blatancies of much that passes for Americanism The ways of life that I have been in harmony with in my own country have not been typical of the vaunted "American way "

Many times I have thought that the greatest happiness possible to a man—probably not to a woman—is to become civilized, to know the pageant of the past, to love the beautiful, to have just ideas of values and proportions, and then, retaining his animal spirits and appetites, to live in a wilderness where nature is congenial, with a few barbarians to afford picturesqueness and human relations The young Englishman Frederick Ruxton camping in the Rocky Mountains a hundred years ago with his pack mules, his Pancho horse and a lobo wolf, now and then seeing trappers and Taos Mexicans, while guarding his scalp from Indians, satisfies this ideal According to it, civiliza-

¹ From *A Texan in England* by J Frank Dobie by permission of Little, Brown & Company Copyright 1944 1945 b ¹ Frank Dobie

tion is necessary to give a man perspective, but is otherwise either a mere substitute for primitiveness or else a background to flee from

Such an ideal was never practicable except to a few individuals who in retreating from society substituted camp fire for ivory tower. In this shrinking world, it becomes less and less practicable. It precludes the idea of a civilized democracy—though any democracy will be tolerant of nonconformists who draw off to one side as well as of those who march in the ranks.

Some thoughtful Englishmen fear lest civilization, accepting the popular American conception of civilization, will destroy their culture. By culture here I mean not only traditions but traditional outlook derived from the cultivation of mind, body and spirit. American culture is derived largely from frontier life, from space. Population, wealth, mechanical comforts and luxuries and urban living have already largely destroyed that frontier culture. Among tens of millions of Americans, civilization has come to mean the diffusion of manufactured contrivances. The disciplines that created old civilizations have certainly been in retreat against the advance of machine civilization. Machine civilization has not yet had time to demonstrate whether it can create a culture that gives graciousness, charm, depth and tolerance to human life.

In England I was for the first time in my life really confined to civilization—in the old sense of the word. Barring some inconveniences, I liked it. If at times I grew hungry for spaces, I readily found that cultivated nature gave me freedom and joy. Life in an old English college is subject to certain formulas. Yet that life came to me to seem freer of rigidities than much American life, either in or out of a college. This sense of easiness, of freedom, is hard for me to explain. Perhaps it depends on the presence of a tolerance made modest by centuries of custom. I believe that it depends also on the absence of propaganda and other forms of controls that big business in America has come to exercise or to try to exercise on all mediums of expression—an unannounced but pervasive fascism, reaching down into primers for infants and up into popular magazines too holy to accept advertisements. The absence of sinister designs, like the absence of noise, contributes to peace of mind.

At any rate, while England gave me serenity and a sense of freedom, it gave me a more critical attitude towards life. I suppose this is a concomitant of civilization. Matthew Arnold defined poetry as "criticism of life."

Under bombs both piloted and pilotless I have felt more serene than I can feel under the everlasting bombing by American avarice wanting to sell me not only goods but a dependence upon goods and calling its business "service," seeking to hinder the spread of truth and the play of ideas and calling its conduct "free enterprise." It is no wonder that young Americans, especially young soldiers, have become as distrustful of the motives behind truth as they are of the motives behind axegrinders. Little in their training, either pre-military or military, has conduced to the process of clear thinking. Their "opiate" has been not the religion of a church but that of the National Association of Manufacturers. When their distrust brings to them more confusion

than enlightenment, it serves their manipulators as well as ignorant trust serves

'The trail is counter, you false Danish dogs,' who restrict your fear of regimentation to government bureaus We Americans have a promoted mass movement for loving our mothers—promoted by the sellers of gifts, another mass promotion for appreciation of dads, and yet another for remembering the dead We have proclamations for clean up week, for garden planting week, for go to church week, for cutting ragweeds week, for careful driving week, and proclaiming governors, with the brains of adding machines, alone know how many other special weeks Not alone our physical acts but our ethics and our very emotions are to be channeled, standardized, mass formulated

England, even among its crowded millions receiving war as well as making it, renewed in me a feeling for the individual I go to a football game at home, and while I hear and look at the organized cheering, I remember the casualness with which a crowd in bleachers viewed a game of rugby between Oxford and Cambridge teams Each of the loosely massed spectators seemed to feel as easy with himself as if he were fishing alone on a sunlit riverbank The crowd applauded good plays on either side—without orders for any cheer leader to goose step

England gave me a fresh realization of proportions At the American foot ball game I have just spoken of, two bands paraded the field between halves—a truly colorful spectacle, but each played two local college tunes at which the crowds were expected to rise and stand with as much reverence as if the national anthem were being played I like to stand for the national anthem, the music and the standing both make me proud and give me noble feelings and bring long memories Every time one goes through the motions of saluting a bed sheet, the dignity of the salute to the country's flag is lowered

One early morning I was in a Red Cross club at a bomber base in East Anglia where I had talked the night before The only people in it were the Red Cross woman, three or four servants scrubbing the floors and washing dishes, and a big good natured sergeant from Oregon He wouldn't dance, the Red Cross woman charged him, but she thanked him for always helping decorate for the dances

Presently he said, "Before the thundering herd comes in I'm going to practise at the piano" He spoke of how it would be possible to keep the British Broadcasting Corporation radio on all day without being driven mad by the advertisements and the "murder of silence" palmed off on the public as music He said that a good many soldiers had come to prefer British news broadcasts because they are generally more direct than the American broadcasts, which often "seem to be trying to sell the news as well as something that the sponsor of the broadcast has to sell" He wondered whether the American people really want to be constantly "sold" on something He said that he could make a clock strike twelve times every hour but that noon

would still come only once a day and midnight only once between sunset and dawn, yet the radio people often try to make the clock strike twelve even on the quarter hours

He might have added that if he listened to the B B C clear around the clock he would be unable to hear a syllable from some brass lined, steel headed, metal voiced, hollow tile hearted, data manufacturing, conclusion prefabricated commentator In the name of free speech and free enterprise, Americans will stand more propaganda than any other people outside of Russia and Germany A great many of them have sense enough to be impervious to it It is probably good taste as much as good sense that saves the British from such sluices of not only sterile but fertility choking lava

II

"He valued 'suffrages' at a most low figure," Carlyle said of his boyhood schoolmaster, a Scot Few Englishmen have the 'you be damned sort of attitude' of one of Kipling's characters, but their national motto is not "We Aim to Please" "The Irish and the Welsh are difficult people for the English and the Scotch to know or to understand," says Margot Asquith in her wise little book *Off the Record* "Their desire to please—though a lovable desire—does not commend itself to candid and simple people You either please or you do not please, in any case, it is not of paramount importance"

It is of paramount importance that a person be candid, be what he is Contrasting the two countries, Henry Steele Commager said that political democracy is farther advanced in England and social democracy in America In agreeing, I would add that the working of social democracy in America has made an enormous number of Americans expend an enormous amount of energy and endure an enormous amount of uneasiness within themselves, subjecting themselves to constant financial strain, in order to keep up with the Joneses More than once I have been embarrassed in England by the apology of some American sergeant or other enlisted man for not being an officer I remember in particular a gunner whose chief contribution to the conversation at dinner was explaining how at his bomber base he did not have to salute officers You would have to go a long way to find an English or a Scotch noncommissioned officer apologizing for his rank In the realm of naturalness a solid red cow does not apologize for not having a white face

The English belong in the realm of naturalness I doubt if between the sexes one tenth as much effort is exerted by one sex to impress the other as in America America has never coined an Americanism more expressive of the country's modern spirit than the special use of "sell" in such phrases as "sell himself," "sold on the idea," and so on The average Englishman would shrink from the idea of selling himself, on the other hand, because you do not want to buy the article, he will not discount it a penny

It is pleasant to dwell in the realm of naturalness George Borrow did not want to wash in a basin inside the house "I am a primitive sort of man,"

he said to Jenny at the pump, and doused his head under the stream that she pumped Too much has, I think, been said of English bluntness You will during one day in New York encounter more harshness—from elevator operators in public buildings, bus conductors, keepers of newsstands and other folk—than during a whole year in London After a sojourn in wartime regimented England, Americans upon returning to these democratic shores note the incivilities of civil servants The natural courtesy and unaffected kindness of the English made a far deeper impression on me than traditional bluntness

‘The way to get along with the British,’ a much traveled friend counseled as I was leaving for England, “is to tell them to go to hell” I found no occasion for that procedure The way to get along with the British is their own way of getting along with each other Be yourself The ‘go to hell’ attitude is a holdover from the age that prompted James Russell Lowell to write (1869) “On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners” “It will,” he said, ‘take England a great while to get over her airs of patronage toward us, or even passably to conceal them’”

I doubt if any people can conceal “airs of patronage” An English attempt, on a national scale, to practise deception would be as ridiculous as Malvolio’s assumption of the courtier’s smile and cross gartered yellow stockings The fact is that the English in general have gotten over their patronizing ways In *The American Language*, Mr H L Mencken—himself probably America’s largest contributor among sneerers—amasses all the evidence of colonial and succeeding times to show British contempt for and patronization of American diversions from the King’s English What George III’s court said about the independence of the United States of America would represent current British respect for this mighty nation about as well as most of the Mencken evidence represents the modern British attitude In British eyes America is full grown The English do not relish domination by American economic power, but they have in their realistic way accepted the fact They prefer their own slang to American slang, yet they constantly adopt vigorous, picturesque American expressions They consider that they have a right to pronounce their own language in their own way No newspaper, magazine or individual in their realm has become distinguished for being anti-American They are in a position where they have to play second fiddle to America in many ways, but—considering anti-British feeling and talk among Americans—their tolerance and dignity are astounding No, they are not shaking “that rattle” in American faces any longer Of course, there are always exceptions to any rule A few Southerners are still fighting the Civil War

III

The leaders of a country may or may not be typical, when they are ample, they are representative Lincoln was not typical of lawyers or of the citizens who elected him, he was vastly representative, compassing in himself many

types and individuals. Harding was merely typical. The English have a way of electing to their government men more representative than typical. Individuals often drop out of the so-called "governing class", individuals enter it from other classes. The "class" maintains itself only by virtue of the fact that the people composing it are trained in the science of government, are competent, and are responsible. One would have to read far into Hansard's full reports of Parliamentary debates to find an example of the moronic puerility exemplified in the *Congressional Record* almost daily. The English educational system is not equalitarian in the manner of the American system, it does not recognize every boy as a possible prime minister, yet it certainly does train leaders.

The Evening News recently printed a protest against a move on the part of London cabmen to elect one of their number to Parliament to represent cabby interests. A Member of the House of Commons, the protestor pointed out, should be larger than a "delegate sent by a sectional interest to plug that interest." In America we are used to two kinds of lobbyists, one paid by special interests to work on Congress and legislatures from the outside, and one elected—largely by special interests—to work inside. Parliament may have a few such members, they are not in the tradition of the British government.

Such legislators might at times be useful in performing limited governmental functions. They could never lead a government. They could never advance the civilization of a country and contribute to its culture. Yet the tradition of English statesmanship is the tradition of advances of civilization and of contributors to culture. The amplitude of Churchill's nature, the prodigality of his wit and the compass of his imagination are hardly realized in his paintings or in his fiction, but they are suggested. Disraeli's epigrams may keep his name alive longer than his career as prime minister. Macaulay's work as historian and man of letters has already overshadowed his useful Parliamentary career. It was Burke's great mind operating in conversation, not in his sublime eloquence, that "called forth" all of Doctor Johnson's powers. The many-sidedness of Thomas Jefferson sets him increasingly apart from traditional American statesmen. Theodore Roosevelt has been the only president who might have written a book like Viscount Grey of Fallodon's *The Charm of Birds*—the kind of book one expects from the ranks of English statesmen.

Emerson observed in Walter Savage Landor "a wonderful brain, despotic, violent and inexhaustible, meant for a soldier, by what chance converted to letters, in which there is not a style nor a tint not known to him, yet with an English appetite for action and heroes." Byron was, in effect, a warrior, Shakespeare managed a theater. The soldier and man of action, Field Marshall Wavell, whose brilliant accomplishments in Africa, achieved with such slender means, were built upon by General Montgomery and the Allied armies, brings out with commentaries of pith an anthology of memorized poetry entitled *Other Men's Flowers*. Lawrence of Arabia translated action into spirit-riven prose. In or out of government, this mixture of the elements in

Englishmen is constant Whether it is owing to something racial, to long absorbed Greek ideal of balance, to both, or to other elements, I do not know I know that it both reflects and engenders richness of life It is civilized

It is the very antipodes of the powerful and persistent American doctrine that businessmen should run the government, also education, and that a poet like Archibald MacLeish is to be distrusted even in a minor government post William Randolph Hearst buys art in wholesale lots, but somehow he has never melted the beautiful and the free into his own soul The people running the British government have for centuries stood steadfast on the idea that government should secure capital, they have not been capitalists themselves, though many of them have been men of capital They have never confused humanism with unfitness for active life, or liberalism with anarchy John Locke, who died two hundred and forty years ago, perhaps best formulated the idea that it is the function of government to secure property He had an immense influence on Jefferson, but when Jefferson nominated the unalienable rights of man to 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,' he emphatically omitted *property* In the Warren G Harding prayer for more business in government "flowered Jacksonian democracy's denial of the Jefferson idea of a civilization fostering liberal thought and humanism The stark passion for stark business in charge of government will have nothing to do with the thinking and imagining class Nor have the thinkers and imaginers of America compounded much action within themselves No country has ever had more of idealism in government, but idealism flows in one stream and materialism in another, not confluent The businessman's government, instead of adding sweetness and warmth and grace to national life, making it more fluid, has added barrenness and constricted it This, even while democratizing material prosperity and manufactured goods

It takes the human race a long time to adjust itself to revolutionary physical changes, the World Wars might be traced to the Industrial Revolution inaugurated a century and a half ago It usually takes even longer for revolutionary thoughts to work home Charles Darwin published *The Origin of Species* in 1859 Before that civilized man could look—historically—for perfection only in the receding past There had been a paradise on earth, in the Garden of Eden—though the earth was very sparsely populated at the time Profane historians conspired with biblical to place the ideal life far back, beyond recall

Then none was for a party,
 Then all were for the State,
 Then the great man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great,
 Then lands were fairly portioned,
 Then spoils were fairly sold,
 The Romans were like brothers
 In the brave days of old

The theory of evolution implied, in Darwin's own words, a belief that "man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, after long continued slow progress" At first common men regarded this theory, if they regarded it at all, with hostility, because it apparently contradicted something in their religion Even after the theory became commonly accepted, it was accepted merely as theory, only remotely connected with man's daily life on earth At last, however, the import of evolution is coming home Better ways of living lie ahead, not behind By taking thought, by employing science in its widest meaning, man can add more than one cubit unto his stature

Few Englishmen, rich or poor, expect to go back to normalcy Normalcy was ugly, like the word Normal life ahead comprises something beyond what electrical fixtures can supply The economy of the nation did not just happen Man brought it about Man can manage it so as to benefit from it in a more democratic way Yet management does not imply a Russian break with the long continuity of English tradition To find hope, English people need not migrate to a new world They have the intelligence and the power to renew their own world In other words, the British, the conservative English especially, have comprehended the meaning of evolution

This deduction did not come to me from reading Parliamentary debates, though some debates on the Education bill, the Beveridge Plan and other subjects warrant it It did not define itself to me anywhere in the multitudinous plans for rebuilding demolished cities and better utilizing the lovely country, yet many plans imply it I probably base it more on the facts and enthusiasms encountered in youth conferences all over the land and on the spirit of promoting and receiving ABCA (Army Bureau of Current Affairs) among the young men and young women of the British armed forces The air in England is not static

IV

Thought is the weariest of all the Titans Love has many times been explained away, I doubt if ever once it has been explained in I did not come to like the English because of expositions about them My liking must have sprung from English literature—and in the long run nothing else so represents the life and spirit of a people as their literature There is no literature apart from imagination and the emotions English people on their own good land and in their own mutilated cities were increasingly, so long as I dwelt among them, personifying for me English literature In a way not intended by the paradoxer, nature followed art

In a British port I stood on the deck of a lighter carrying many young English wives of American soldiers to the great ship soon to take them to unknown homes The solemnity of saying good by, perhaps forever, to their native soil and the wonder, with something of fear, of what might lie ahead were deep in their eyes and on the strained features of their faces One very

young wife said to me, in her low voice, "I know something about American men I am married to one This baby is his as well as mine But I do not understand American women I have never talked to them Their voices seem so loud' Voices from a group of young American women on deck pierced the air Surely the culture, or control, of vitality does not wither it All sounds of nature—the source of vitality—give a normal human being feelings of harmony A panther's squall is a lullaby compared with woman's shrillness I recall often the soothing nature in voices of certain American women I think that modern party going has intensified the stridency of many feminine voices in America At constant parties and conventions they raise and raise their voices to be heard over other voices I cannot conceive of a more alarming sound than the blend coming out of a big room full of talking American women

"Their voices seem so loud," the young English wife of the American soldier said, very low Then all at once, the representative tone of the voices of Englishwomen came to me "She left an echo in the sense" But before I heard voices of Englishwomen in their native land, I knew, without particular realization, of their quality Now on the deck of the lighter, what I knew came really home Standing over dead Cordelia's body, the wheel at last having "come full circle" for him, spent King Lear said—and it was the last fine truth of life he spoke —

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman

Twenty years ago on the plaza in Santa Fe I bought an earthen jar from a Pueblo Indian woman I bought it because it made me feel pleasant It has a bird painted on it After I had paid the woman her dollar, just at which time her husband came up, I asked her what bird the picture represents She looked at the bird, she looked at her benign featured husband, she looked at me, and then with a laugh that rippled into the sunshine she said, *Es un pajarito que canta*—"It is a bird that sings" I don't believe that any ornithologist, or any anthropologist either, could give the Latin name for that bird But the Pueblo Indian was dead right, and likely she didn't know why

It is a long way from Santa Fe plaza to a plane tree in a college garden in Cambridge, to Dartmouth House on Charles Street in London, to a certain cheer lit home down in Suffolk—to forty dozen particular English places that gleam in my memory The one thing that I really know about England is that it made whatever it is that is inside me respond in the manner of the bird on the Pueblo jar

RETURN TO INTEGRITY¹



Edgar Ansel Mowrer

IN GETTING RID of Hitler, the American people paid heavily. They seem ready, if necessary, to stake their all in resisting Malenkov.

Yet, in view of what is going on in the United States, one inevitably wonders *why*. Here freeborn Americans are letting themselves be half dragooned, half enticed, in the direction of the very regimes they oppose abroad.

I refer of course to the trend towards a *herd state* of which the essence is the denial of supreme value to the human individual. Such a denial was the kernel of the unlamented Nazi regime. It inspires both the cold inhumanity and the tyranny of the USSR. It is the most "un American" of possible societies.

The United States was originally dedicated to the preservation not only of national independence but of personal preeminence within the national state. If, however, the American can be further bullied or educated or bribed into renouncing his individuality, then it becomes hard to explain his hostility to governments based upon mass anonymity.

And—in my opinion—it is towards such a hateful renunciation, rather than towards any wonderful new "mass democracy," that we are moving.

To put it bluntly, to remain truly free, American (indeed Occidental) society will have to reverse the "adjustment" trend. It will have to erect a wall against further encroachment on the personal field by the three monsters: Big Government, Big Business, and Big Labor. It will have to "degroup" (individualize) its social life. It may have to pit against excessive standardization the maxim: "Never urge people to do together what the self-reliant among them can do alone."

Such a reversal will seem as radical as making the old Chicago River run backwards away from Lake Michigan—and as necessary to the general health.

Most of the impersonal factors of our times seem to block any such reversal. Today's very real national peril urges us not to loosen but to close the ranks. Economic interdependence cries out for yet more standardization of product. Mass communications both require and promote uniformity of minds. So a generation ago did the need for "Americanizing" the foreigners in our midst. So increasingly do the monstrously swelling populations of our own and other countries.

So particularly does the perverse persistence of our educators and intellectuals in urging surrender to the forces making for depersonalization.

¹ Reprinted from the *Saturday Review* February 5, 1955 by permission of the author and the *Saturday Review*.

True, eighteenth-century American society, unquestionably the most civilized our country has ever known, pivoted on its outstanding individuals. But average Americans, long before the emergence of the mass making factors, seem to have been intolerant of individualism. Tocqueville noticed this over a century ago and warned against the tyranny of a majority.

By 1918 the NEA Report on the Cardinal Principles of Secondary Education stated the following:

'The purpose of democracy is so to organize society that each member may develop his personality primarily through activities designed for the *well being of his fellow members and of society as a whole*' (my italics)

Today, little effort at developing the member's personality remains. No, the modern disciple of "dynamic Functional Learning," according to John Haverstick, even in teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic "stresses not proficiency in these elementary skills but instead the adjustment of the individual to the group in which he lives."

Joseph Wood Krutch found school consultants advising against giving a baby a hobby horse which "does not develop the group spirit." David Riesman—the invaluable reporter of the integration epidemic—tells of the mother who will not let John play the piano as much as he likes because she wants to keep him a normal boy. Today's teacher—writes Riesman—conveys to the children that what matters is not their industry in learning but their adjustment to the group. Today—he concludes—'all little pigs go to market, none stay home, all have roast beef if any do and all say 'wee wee' and (I might add) all emit the same grunts about the necessity of eliminating from the gang those 'who stand up or stand out in any direction'."

The social results are already alarming. No less an authority than the Administration has taken the lead in enforcing not only political but moral and social conformity upon its millions of employees. It may be—though many doubt—that the omnipresent Communist conspiracy in our midst requires the existence of an outspoken political police to cope with it. It may be that our safety requires every Government employee to bare his entire life and personality to official inquisitors under pain of dismissal. It may be that there is nothing funny in having a Secretary of State order himself to be "investigated" in order to justify a similar investigation of all those who work for him and for us. But no other democratic state has yet found it necessary to imitate the United States in this respect. Right or wrong, a society every member of which is encouraged to spy and report upon every other member has gone a long way towards the "one outlook" (if not the "one party") state. What more startling symptom of "total adjustment" could one find?

Moreover, the U.S. Government has succumbed to another, perhaps allied form of the "integration" mania.

It is called "collective thinking." Telephone any Government executive in business hours and you will probably be told that he is "at a meeting." For he spends most of his time at meetings. Most important Government deci-

sions get taken—when they get taken—only after endless, mostly aimless discussion in the name of something like the “sense of the meeting”—if any! It is not only that the presumably responsible top man listens to his more competent assistants (obviously he should) It is that after listening he frequently shirks his responsibility and makes the “Department” responsible What prevails is not the highest, wisest, boldest view, but the highest common bureaucratic denominator

Some corporations are trying to “integrate” employees’ private lives! Riesman states that “up to date personnel directors are weeding out of commerce and industry the lone wolf who is not cooperative, no matter what his gifts”

A recent “etiquette column” confirms this It quotes “several thousand employers” as stating that “the commonest reason for firing employees” is not—as sanity would infer—incompetence No, it is the “inability to get along with people”¹

The potential Fords and Edisons and Firestones—if they manage to pass the preposterous “personality testers” and are hired—soon get the gate The nonentities and yes boys stay and are promoted As a result we have a new class of big business directors who are less outstanding than the corporations they boss

Labor unions have more excuse Perhaps in order to bring Americans to the point where they could be organized for their own good into disciplined unions they had to become “integration incarnate” Perhaps the organizers had to drive out any notion of competing with or excelling one’s fellows and hammer the “stiffs” into practically interchangeable units The fact remains that in certain plants conformity and the elimination of personal ambition have robbed the job of most of its interest—with results yet to appear

Or look at our “mass media” Try to sell a manuscript to a radio chain, a motion picture company, or a popular magazine Who finally passes on your work? The boss? No, your stuff is passed around among a dozen editors Then—if accepted—it is “processed” by them—and by you, too, if you want your money! It is checked for “reader identification,” age group, etc., according to a cliché formed in the staff’s mind by a “survey”

What emerges has sometimes been smoothed (yes), but with the roughness has gone the writer’s specific flavor The stereotype could have been written by almost anybody It resembles the saltier original about as much as “processed cheese” resembles a first class camembert, brie, or hederkranz I have even been told (in dark corners, of course) of editorial staffs that prefer to commission amateur “authors” who merely submit an “idea” or an “outline” and allow it to be “developed” by the office Professional writers still have “too much pride of authorship,” it seems

Now, standardized amusements may be harmless (I wonder) But conformist, collective government is low intelligence government and dubiously capable of solving the kind of life or death problems which face us Regimentation whether imposed or voluntary, is debasing Corporation or labor union

interference outside the job robs people of what should be dearest to them—their privacy

Equally disturbing are the human results of "Dynamic Functional Learning." Visit any of our overseas military camps and see what remains of our young people once they can no longer lean for support upon the corner drug store or the gang. Around the small minority of 'self directed' soldiers happy to be making the most of exciting and novel surroundings you find a lackluster majority, devouring their horror comics, mooning uncomprehendingly around Pompeii, the Parthenon, Westminster Abbey, or Notre Dame, pining for home—or getting into serious trouble.

"Why," asks Riesman innocently, 'are American young people so frequently aimless, lacking private passions and pursuits [in other words half dead] when a greater variety of skilled careers are open to them than ever before?'"

Obviously, because they have been trained to eschew private passions and pursuits (the thrills of life) and pursue only the inevitably tepid aims which they find they have in common.

One can understand underpaid schoolteachers succumbing to the selfish economic pressure of businessmen who want "homogenized" young people to fit into their 'homogenized' administrations. But how explain the support of the intellectuals? Yet educators, psychologists, sociologists, social reformers go yelping along the neo tribal trails.

Here surely is a new and fantastic *trahison des clercs*² Here are fine minds renouncing traditional intellectual and cultural values—in deference to what? To undemonstrated theories that deny the dignity of man! To an easy acceptance of "conventional happiness" as the goal worthiest of pursuit! And—sometimes—to a calculated acquiescence in the demands of leading citizens with personal axes to grind!

There is also something incongruous in their surrender. These leaders—or most of them—say that they are alarmed by the current trends toward intolerance and the garrison state. They deplore the fifteen years of slow whittling away of basic liberties, from the Smith Act through the Vinson Supreme Court decisions to the Oppenheimer case. Yet those were logical examples of the very herd spirit which they are consciously promoting.

Surely in times of anxiety it is the duty of leaders to make life tolerable not by encouraging herd warmth but by fostering the unique exaltation that lies in danger bravely faced. Have they forgot the ancient truth that to know how to live one must know how to die?

In its way this apostasy is as strange as the admiration that some of them developed for Soviet Marxism in the Thirties.

Obviously, it is not a question of blaming anybody but of replacing the "integrators" by the opposite kind of leaders. To keep the all but overwhelming impersonal factors of the age from leading us along the garden path of

² Treason of the trained minds

mediocracy straight into some sort of fascism (white or red) they will have to cultivate the exceptional in each and the prestige of the lonely. They must start preaching even to the least gifted, "Look, you too can be Somebody."

They will have to accept—as Friedrich Nietzsche, a philosopher whom I have otherwise never liked, proclaimed, plagiarizing Jesus—that present mankind is not something to be standardized or thrown back into primitive anonymity, but *surpassed*. And spiritual evolution is strictly individual business.

How do we start?

My own conversion to non conformity began at an early age. More specifically, it started when, at the age of ten or twelve, I became aware that the most interesting distinction among people of all ages whom I knew was between the *many who accepted group standards as authoritative and the few who stubbornly insisted on thinking things out for themselves*.

"*E pur si muove*"⁸

This brought me into some conflict both in the public schools and a couple of American universities which I attended. It also brought me some personal uncertainty especially when I discovered that at the state university conformity both of intellect and habits was all but indispensable to the highest success. Could individualism be wrong?

Nevertheless, I stuck it out. I was fortified by what I read about great individuals and by the few really great people I began to meet—Jane Addams, Henrik Christian Andersen, and President Thomas Masaryk of Czechoslovakia. I also found comfort in certain writers. I can remember my joy when, studying in the freer atmosphere of the University of Paris, I came upon the passage by Nietzsche (well known, but not to me)

"The surest way to corrupt a youth is to instruct him to hold in higher esteem those who think alike than those who think differently."

Gradually, with the experience of an international correspondent in most parts of the world, all doubts departed. I remember a few supreme experiences.

One was that day in Berlin in the Twenties when my young friend Dr. H. was late for lunch.

"Please excuse me," he panted. "I have been first delayed and then cut down to size by the great Professor Kraus of Munich."

"Cut down?"

"And how! Our director asked me to show the professor over the hospital. He inspected almost everything. Then before one closed door he stopped and asked

"What is in there?"

"That was my undoing. 'Nothing that would interest you, Professor,' I answered stupidly. 'Just a bunch of neurotics.'"

⁸ "And nevertheless it moves. Galileo's famous reference to the motion of the earth around the sun."

He withered me Young man, don't be a damn fool God bless the neurotics! But for them we should still be living in the caves' "

It may of course be argued that, while total submission to a tyrant and an atheistic doctrine is lamentable, acceptance of group or majority standards is invaluable 'adjustment' and leads to the highest happiness 'for most people' Moreover, it is the "soul of democracy"

It may be so argued—but unconvincingly

Majority rule without constitutional checks is also a form of tyranny But such rule need not lead to the ultimate surrender A minority who submit to a majority do not abdicate their personal judgment Instead, they cling to their views and persist in their efforts to become a majority

A true democracy—as I see it—must rest upon fact, not upon fiction Since people are obviously born 'free but different' a true democracy protects minorities and welcomes originality It seeks to develop the personality of each child individually to the fullest extent to which this development does not substantially prevent or restrict the development of other personalities

Old stuff? And how!—but it has been discredited or forgotten Instead, present education is producing young people who—Riesman says—"*cannot make decisions because they no longer know what they want and what they do not want*" Now old Jeremy Bentham also sought the "greatest happiness of the greatest number" But he declared that "he who is not a judge of what is agreeable to him is less than a child, he is an idiot" Consequently, a society 'integrated' to the point of similar idiocy is a pushover for a bold (or glib) adventurer who offers to remove the burden of choice from his fellows It is an ancient truism that mass rule leads to tyranny

But if it makes the majority happy? Here we reach deep into the matter

This is a field where no amount of argument can settle anything Nor is there any proof of the superiority of one's own belief—except that it is one's own and has grown out of one's own total experience (Indeed, as Carl G Jung has written, "There is nothing to prevent the speculative intellect from treating the *psyche* as a complicated biochemical phenomenon or regarding the unpredictable behavior of electrons as the sign of mental life in them")

After a moment's puzzlement I too caught on Of course Progress—if it exists—is the work of the dissatisfied

Of all the dissatisfied the neurotics are the most Many neurotics are unproductive But some of the greatest human benefactors have been neurotic And all great individuals share with the neurotics the fact of positive non conformity and self direction Therefore, human progress is the responsibility of the self directed Every individual who can should therefore seek to be self-directing, regardless of the handicaps and suffering which that search may entail Nobody should deliberately delegate his judgment to any group or individual The most dangerous Italians and Germans under Fascism were not those who forced castor oil down dissidents' throats and *heiled* Hitler They were those who failed to laugh (at least inwardly) when it was announced

that "Mussolini is always right" or that Herman Goering "will decide who is a real Jew"

Inevitably, I suppose, the most perfect example of "group adjustment" I found was in the USSR in the Thirties. Angarskaya was my interpreter, an educated woman, the wife of a college professor and Party member.

Except on the occasion when she threatened to have the hotel waiter sent to a labor camp for accepting a tip we got along well. She was intelligent and full of factual information about everything. Yet she never uttered an opinion of her own.

"Marx wrote to Engels" "Lenin warned us" "The Comintern has decided" and unendingly, 'Stalin says,' 'Stalin thinks,' 'Stalin wants us to,' "Stalin told Voroshilov," *ad nauseam*.

Here clearly was the perfect "integration." I determined to test its strength.

One day when she asked me the time of day, I let her have it.

Carefully I peered at my watch. Then sweetly

"Stalin says it is a quarter to five."

Angarskaya said nothing then. And she never again quoted the Communist Fathers. Instead she retreated into her "group." She "had no opinion" or "did not know." There was still no question of her thinking for herself, or, at least, of her acknowledging such thought. That would have been heresy.

Enough therefore to explain that, for me, the good life is the search for excellence. Excellence at its origin can be only individual. Man's will is free. It follows therefore that the deliberate furthering of social adjustment as the highest human aim is immoral. *The alternative to "integration" is personal integrity based on personal responsibility.*

Men and women do not achieve integrity by pursuing the negative virtues—adjustment, security, or even conventional happiness. (What is one to think of a country where a radio recruiter announces that "for all round security there's nothing like the U.S. Army"?) They achieve excellence (and the highest happiness) by accepting burdens. A healthy people thrives under troubles, as our ancestors well knew. Tocqueville says of the Americans of his time:

"Life would have no relish if they were delivered from the anxieties which harass them."

What a change from the processions of defeated folk trooping to the psychiatrist in search of "adjustment" and of the courage to accept, each, "his difference" (to quote Frost).

Here one hears from two separate types of protest. The first alleges that a return to individualism would be undesirable. The second pronounces it impossible.

Both merit attention. Argument One fears a return to "anarchy" and "uninhibited competition." The contemporary crisis—so it runs—calls not for less but for *more cooperation* if our country and our civilization are to survive. In

fact, survival calls for worldwide cooperation. And again, how can anyone advocate a return to the ancient 'cruelty of competition' at a time when we have tempered the rigors of natural inequality from our schools, our labor unions, and even—it would seem—from our larger corporations?

Well, nobody is asking Americans to quit "giving to Eisenhower what is Eisenhower's and to General Motors what is Charley Wilson's"—to cease, that is, being either patriotic or productive *Voluntary* group effort—even when it leads to timewasting *Vereinsmeierei* (to use an apt German term for our limitless *joining*) does not preclude self direction. Harmful is only *induced* or *enforced* integration.

Recognizing that no man is an island unto himself should not preclude anyone's chance of becoming a high and rugged promontory jutting out into the future and recognized as giving shape to the human continent. The safe guard against tyranny is not faceless conformity but the presence of many individualized persons who refuse either to submit or serve.

Nor is there any present danger of revived excessive competition. At least two kinds of competition are, indeed, beneficial under all circumstances: (1) emulating outstanding leaders, past and present, (2) pitting oneself against the task. The benefits of the first are—or were once—obvious. The second is what golfers call *medal play* (rather than *match play*). For all history shows that competition is necessary to temper the human will—obviously the greatest need of our self-indulgent society.

Far more damaging to my thesis is the belief that what I advocate is impossible. What folly to pit Lilliput against Leviathan! What can one or a million individualists do against the trend of the age? How stage a revolt against the overwhelming power of the impersonal factors—technology, communications, swelling government, galloping capitalism, spreading trade unionism—not to speak of super weapons. Don't I know that these are children of humanity's insistence on a better material life? Do I think that the public will for a moment forego the abundance of mass production techniques, the security of mass organization, the many services that only a swollen bureaucracy can provide? Do I think the H bomb and guided missiles will go away?

Against these great impersonal factors making for conformity a call for individualism is like defeated Roland's horn at Roncevalles—merely "sad." Self direction is as antiquated as knight errantry. (And anyhow most people, craving the warmth of the herd, are happier when integrated and incapable of making decisions.)

This—the argument of the "integrators"—is powerful. It is founded on the firm conviction that babies are the "raw material of character patterns" and therefore "infinitely educable." In consequence, environment, the "impersonal factors," are definitive and bucking them is like trying to stop a lava flow.

But suppose the heredity champions are right and people come into this world basically pretty much as they will remain during their lives? If person

ality is *inborn* rather than shaped, then what? George Santayana has written

'In the past or the future my language and my borrowed knowledge would have been different. But under whatever sky I had been born, since it is the same sky, *I should have had the same philosophy*' (Italics mine.)

If Santayana is right, then against the "impersonal factors" of our time the greatest impersonal factor of all is present and working against excessive "adjustment." I mean, what is called human nature. Then against every overdevelopment, every deformation, mankind at a certain moment will react and correct the balance. This has happened before. The English reacted to the excessive constriction of Puritanism with the license of the Restoration. Germans fled from the sloppy romanticism of *Sturm und Drang* into a stony *Sachlichkeit* that still makes them the terror of their neighbors. Prohibition turned sober Americans into bootleggers and gin bibbers.

Having lived among many peoples, from individualist France to totalitarian Russia, Italy, and Germany, I have come to agree with Santayana. I find human nature to be *the most stable of all known factors*. Within mankind are many who *must conform*, some few who are incurably self directed, and, in the middle, a mass of undecided who can go either way. The difference between society and society is therefore not a matter of the relative numbers of the three types. These seem roughly constant. It is a matter of the relative prestige and influence of the types at a given moment. When, as in the modern world, material advantage has magnified the value of uniformity, the undecided combine with the "integrators" to glorify a sheeplike conformity. When, to the contrary, the self directed prevail, official educators encourage individualism and the society goes in for hero worship. Human nature, instinctively seeking social health, regularly corrects an excess.

All this may seem far fetched. But in my eyes it is simple fact. Upon it I base my view that today, when the adjustment drive has reached the point of caricature, when the external "impersonal factors" are urging men to be in sects, human nature is already quietly busy *erecting a wall against further encroachment*.

The first signs are already in the open. I refer to horror comics and TV, to growing alcohol and drug addiction, to increasing mental breakdowns, and above all, to multiplying juvenile delinquency of a revoltingly brutal type. The last particularly is a typical reaction against the emptiness of uniformity and the boredom of "group" life. Nothing wakens latent barbarism so quickly as the drab absence of legitimate personal thrills. *Taedum vitae* may not have caused Rome's downfall. It certainly prepared the Roman masses passively to welcome the barbarian invaders.

Therefore, the day may not be far distant when further anonymity and integration would cause masses subsequently to welcome any international adventure, however destructive.

If such peril already threatens—as I think it does—then how much greater will be the danger when widespread automation has confronted millions of

empty personalities with a vastly increased leisure they have never been taught to fill?

This need never happen. Already articles and books are being written in protest.

In his latest book, "The Twentieth Century Capitalist Revolution," Adolf Berle, Jr., the American scholar and politician, after describing the fantastic growth of the modern corporation from a voluntary organization to a social institution, wistfully concludes that if the "instincts and impulses" of our universities and philosophers 'continue to demand the *self realization of individuals*, if they continue to call for methods, institutions, and remedies making it *possible for every man to protect his personality against invasion*' (no more group integration!) "then society emerging in the capitalist revolution will continue to be free. So long as speech and thought are free men will always rise capable of transcending the massed effects of any organization or group of organizations."

Are such voices just the last protests of a society doomed by its mechanical ingenuity and its false prophets to be just another meaningless collectivism? If so, then, indeed, we shall be remembered as one more people who, after a brave start, succumbed to excessive indulgence in material things.

Or are they—as I believe—twitchings of the more sensitive human antennae heralding a return to our ancient American heritage of individualism? In which case, after rescuing our society from the "integrators," we may still side step the herd state.

Because men are still incapable of being angels is no good reason why they should be ants.

APOLOGY FOR MAN¹



Earnest A. Hooton

ANTHROPOLOGY is the science of man. However, after nearly a quarter of a century of study of that science, I have decided that the proper function of the anthropologist is to apologize for man. To some, indeed, it may never have occurred that an apology in behalf of man is required, to others, more thoughtful, it may seem that for man no apology is possible. Man usually either considers himself a self-made animal and consequently adores his maker, or he assumes himself to be the creation of a supreme intelligence, for which the latter is alternately congratulated and blamed. An attitude of humility, abasement, contrition, and apology for his shortcomings is thoroughly uncharacteristic of *Homo sapiens*, except as a manifestation of religion. This

¹ From E. A. Hooton *Apes, Men, and Morons* (1937). Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

most salutary of religious attitudes should be carried over into science. Man should confess his evolutionary deficiencies and resolve that in future he will try to be a better animal.

I propose to offer two apologies for our species, the one defensive, the other penitential. The defensive apology in behalf of man pertains to his appearance, physique, and biological habits. The only proper recipients of such an apology would be the anthropoid apes, whom man sometimes claims as his nearest relatives. The second and penitential apology is offered for man's behavior—for his use of the gift of articulate speech, for his attempts to control nature, for his social habits and his systems of ethics. It is owed to man himself, to Nature, and to the universe.

APOLOGY FOR MAN'S PHYSIQUE HIS NAKEDNESS

If you were a respectable anthropoid ape catching your first glimpse of a specimen of man, your modesty would be shocked by the spectacle of his obscene nakedness. Indeed, even to man himself it is a well nigh insupportable sight, unless he be a savage devoid of culture or a nudist devoid of sensibility. For here is a mammalian anomaly which lacks the customary covering of fur or hair and displays only clumps and tufts disgustingly sprouting from inappropriate areas. What strange capillary blight has afflicted this animal so as to denude his body of the hairy coat which protects the tender skin from bruises and abrasions, insulates the vital organs, and prevents too rapid loss of heat or scorching of the tissues by the actinic rays of the sun? Why has man retained abundant hair only in places where it is relatively useless—such as the brain case, which is already adequately protected by a thick shell of bone, and the face, where whiskers merely interfere with feeding?

To cover his bodily nakedness, man has been forced to slay more fortunate mammals so that he may array himself in their furs or to weave fabrics from their shorn hair or from vegetable fibers, wherewith to make inconvenient, unhygienic, and generally ridiculous garments. On the other hand, in order to get rid of the superfluous and entangling hair on his face and head, man has been driven to invent many contrivances for eradicating, cutting, and shaving. The adult male White has experimented unhappily through several millennia, trying everything from a flint flake to an electric lawn mower in order to clear his face from hirsute entanglement without flaying himself. Each morning he immolates himself for ten minutes on the altar of evolutionary inefficiency, until, at the age of threescore and ten, he has paid his full tribute of some 3,047 hours of suffering—physical torture, if self-inflicted, both physical and mental, if he has patronized a barber. And even this staggering total is exclusive of haircuts.

We may dismiss summarily the naive supposition that parts of the body have been denuded of hair by the friction of clothing. The least amount of body hair growth is found, on the one hand, in Negroid stocks which have gone naked for, presumably, at least 30,000 years and, on the other hand, in

Mongoloids, who have probably sewed themselves up for the winter during a considerable part of that period I do not recall the origin of the suggestion that human hairlessness was evolved in the tropics to enable man to rid himself of the external parasites commonly called lice. It need be remarked only that, if such was the case, the evolutionary device has been singularly unsuccessful.

Darwin noted that the female in man and among the anthropoid apes is less hairy than the male and suggested that denudation began earlier in the former sex. He imagined that the process was completed by the incipiently hairless mothers' transmitting the new characteristic to the offspring of both sexes and exercising, both for themselves and for their comparatively naked daughters, a discriminatory choice of mates. The smooth-skinned suitor would be preferred to the shaggy and hirsute. Thus Darwin, like Adam, blamed it on the woman. But abundant body hair in the male is traditionally and probably physiologically associated with an excess of strength and virility, and the prehuman female probably liked her man hairy. In any case, zoological studies of the habits of contemporary subhuman primates indicate that the female is not asked but taken, that she is passive and devoid of aesthetic perception. She does not choose but only stands and waits. There are other theories to account for this deplorably glabrous human condition, but none which would satisfy a critical anthropoid ape.

HIS BODY BUILD AND POSTURE

The second aspect of man which would revolt the gazing anthropoid is the monstrous elongation of his legs, his deformed feet, with their misshapen and useless toes, his feeble and abbreviated arms, and his extraordinary posture and gait. Beginning with the juncture of the lower limbs and trunk and avoiding indelicate details, a scrutinizing anthropoid would comment unfavorably on the excessive protrusion of the human buttocks. He would judge the architecture of man's rear elevation to be inept, bizarre, and rococo. The anthropoid gaze, hastily lowered to the thighs, would be further offended by monstrous bulges of muscles, knobby kneecaps, razor-crested shinbones, insufficiently covered in front and unduly padded behind, hammer-like heels, humped insteps terminating in vestigial digits—a gross, spatulate great toe devoid of grasping power, lesser toes successively smaller and more misshapen, until the acme of degeneracy is reached in the little toe, a sort of external vermiform appendix.

Planting these mutilated slabs flat on the ground, man advances upon his grotesque hind legs, protruding his thorax, his belly, and those organs which in quadrupeds are modestly suspended beneath a concealing body bulk. It devolves on me to attempt a defense of these human deviations from the norms of mammalian posture and proportions.

Seven millions of years ago the common ancestors of man were already giant primates, perhaps as large as they are today. They were tree dwellers,

who progressed from bough to bough by the method of arm swinging. Their arms were elongated and overdeveloped by this method of locomotion. Their legs were comparatively short and weak, equipped with mobile, grasping feet. When on the ground, these generalized anthropoids moved on all fours. At this critical juncture of prehuman and anthropoid affairs, man's forebears seem to have abandoned arboreal life and taken to the ground.

Tree dwelling is advantageous and safe only for small and agile animals. The newly terrestrial protohumans were now confronted with two alternatives of posture and gait: either to go down on all fours like baboons or to attempt an erect stance and progression on the precarious support of their hind limbs. The former offers greater possibilities of speed and stability, but it sentences its users to the fate of earth-bound quadrupeds, nosing through life. Bipedal gait and erect posture, on the contrary, provide the inestimable advantages of increased stature, the ability to see wider horizons, and an emancipated pair of prehensile limbs. Here, forsooth, the ape with human destiny was at the very crossroads of evolution. He took the right turning.

Almost all of man's anomalies of gait and proportion were necessitated by that supremely intelligent choice. The quadruped had to be remade by dint of all sorts of organic shifts and compromises. The axis of the trunk had to be changed from the horizontal to the vertical by a sharp bending of the spine. The pelvis underwent a process of flattening and other changes necessary to adapt it for the transmission of the entire body weight to the legs. The whole lower limb became enormously hypertrophied in response to its amplified function. However, the most profound modifications were effected in the foot—at that time a loose-jointed, prehensile member, with a great toe stuck out like a thumb, long, recurving outer digits, a small heel, and a flat instep. The great toe was brought into line with the long axis of the foot, the lesser toes, no longer needed for grasping, began to shrink, the loose, mobile bones of the instep were consolidated into a strong but elastic vault, the heel was enlarged and extended backward to afford more leverage for the great calf muscles which lift the body weight in walking. Thus a mobile, prehensile foot was transformed into a stable, supporting organ.

Further, the seemingly grotesque abbreviation of man's arms becomes intelligible if one considers the disadvantages of elongated, trailing arms to an animal with upright stance and gait. The creature would be in continual danger of stepping on his own fingers, and, in order to feed himself, would be forced to move the segments of his upper extremity through vast arcs. Lifting his hand to scratch his nose would involve a major gymnastic effort.

HIS FACE, HIS TEETH, HIS BRAIN

Doubtless, to the superior anthropoid ape, man's most unsightly deformity would be his head. Wherefore the swollen brain case and the dwarfed face receding beneath bulging brows, with a fleshy excrescence protruded in the

middle and with degenerative hairy growth pendant from feeble jowls? What of the charnel house exposed when man opens his mouth—the inadequately whited sepulcher of a decaying dentition?

Plausible, if somewhat rationalized, explanations of these features are offered by students of the evolution of the primate brain. The early primates were diminutive, long snouted, small brained creatures which ran along the boughs on all fours. The first step toward higher evolution took place when some of the more progressive forms began to sit up in the trees, thus specializing their hind limbs for support and emancipating the upper pair of prehensile limbs. These, equipped with their pentadactyl hands, could be used for plucking food, conveying it to the mouth, bringing objects before the eyes for examination, and general tactile exploration.

The greater the demands made on an organ, the larger it becomes. The movements of the hands are controlled by motor areas in the nervous covering of the forebrain. These areas expand in response to increasing use and complexity of the movements of the members which they direct. Greater use of the brain demands a larger blood supply, which in turn promotes growth. By tactile exploration and visual examination there grow up, adjacent to the respective motor areas in the cortical surface of the brain, areas which picture the movements of the parts concerned, so that the animal is enabled to visualize actions which are to be carried out and to recall those which have been performed. In short, this functional theory of the evolution of the primate brain assumes a sort of physiological perpetual motion, in which emancipated hands continually call for more nervous surface of the brain to govern their increasing movements and to store up their multiplying impressions, while the expanding and active brain, on its part, devises ever more mischief still for idle hands to do.

But what of our shrunken face, the remnant of a once projecting mammalian snout? The elongate muzzle of the lower animals is useful for ‘feeling,’ smelling, grazing, and fighting—mainly because the eyes are set well back of the biting or business end, thus allowing the brute to see what it is doing with its jaws. Now the emancipation of the prehensile forelimbs from the duties of support and locomotion permits them to be used for hand feeding and for developing weapons, thus relieving the snout of its grazing and fighting functions.

Just as increased function of a bodily part results in its development, so diminished use causes shrinkage. Consequently, the new utilization of the liberated hands results in a recession of the jaws. The dental arches grow smaller, the outthrust facial skeleton is bent down beneath the expanding brain case, the nose, still a respiratory organ and the seat of the sense of smell, is left—a forlorn, fleshy promontory overhanging the reduced mouth cavity.

However, some doubting Thomases among our ape critics may regard as

futile man's attempt to correlate with superior intelligence that vast malignancy which surmounts his spinal cord

APOLOGY FOR MAN'S BEHAVIOR HIS GIFT OF ARTICULATE SPEECH

For at least 30,000 years, and quite probably for thrice that period of time, man has existed at his modern anatomical status. With this superior evolutionary endowment, what has been the achievement of *Homo sapiens*?

Man frequently distinguishes himself from other animals by what he proudly calls the gift of articulate speech. To an anthropoid ape the range, quality, and volume of human vocalization would not be remarkable. A gorilla, for example, can both outscreech a woman and roar in a deep bass roll, like distant thunder, which can be heard for miles. Even the small gibbon has a voice described by a musician as much more powerful than that of any singer he had ever heard. In fact, one might conclude that an anthropoid ape would regard a Metropolitan opera star as next door to dumb.

The ape, unimpressed with the range and volume of the human voice, would nevertheless be appalled at its incessant utilization. Lacking himself, presumably, the ability to fabricate lofty and complicated thoughts, he would not understand man's unintermittent compulsion to communicate these results of his cerebration to his fellows, whether or not they care to listen. In fact, it would probably not occur to an ape that the ceaseless waves of humanly vocalized sound vibrating against his eardrums are intended to convey thoughts and ideas. Nor would he be altogether wrong. Man's human wants are not radically dissimilar to those of other animals. He wakes and sleeps, eats, digests, and eliminates, makes love and fights, sickens and dies in a thoroughly mammalian fashion. Why, then, does he eternally discuss his animalistic affairs, preserving a decent silence but once a year, for two minutes, on Armistice Day?

"But," I say (in my role of apologist), "human culture is based on the communication of knowledge through the medium of speech." Many competent anatomists who have examined the various fragmentary skulls and brain cases of the earliest known fossil men—undoubtedly the fabricators of some of the more advanced types of Pleistocene stone tools—have questioned their ability to employ articulate speech. I myself disagree with this view and think that man originated from an irrepressibly noisy and baffling type of ape. However, it seems possible that most of the transmission of culture was effected through watching and through imitation, in the early days of human evolution, rather than by language.

Although language is the universal possession of all races of *Homo sapiens*, the diversification of speech has been so rapid that the world's population from prehistoric times has consisted of many groups whose articulate and written communications are, for the most part, mutually unintelligible. Thus, whereas the common possession of speech might be expected to unite all men, the reverse is the case. Language erects more barriers than bridges.

There is in man a deep rooted tendency to dislike, to distrust, and to adjudge inferior the individual or group speaking a language unintelligible to him, just as he considers the apes lower animals because they have no language at all. Culture is now transmitted largely by language, and, the more groups differ in the former, the further they are likely to be apart in the latter.

Larger and more powerful groups attempt to impose their languages on alien folk with whom they come into contact. The consequent linguistic servitude not only awakens hatred in the vanquished but tends to destroy their native culture without giving them in exchange an understanding of or participation in that of the conquerors. Possibly, then, language has destroyed as much of culture as it has produced.

HIS ATTEMPTS TO CONTROL NATURE

Man is pre eminently an animal good at gadgets. However, there is reason for doubting his good judgment in their utilization.

Perhaps the first chemical process which man employed for his own service was combustion. First utilized to warm naked and chilled bodies, it was then discovered to be effective for scaring off nocturnal beasts of prey and an admirable agent for the preparation and preservation of food. Much later came the discovery that fire could be used in extracting and working metals and last of all that it could be employed to generate power. In ancient times man began to use fire as a weapon, beginning with incendiary torches and arrows and proceeding to explosives, which have been developed principally for the destruction of human beings and their works.

In the control and utilization of gases, the achievements of our species have not been commendable. One might begin with air, which man breathes in common with other terrestrial vertebrates. He differs from other animals in that he seems incapable of selecting the right kind of air for breathing. Man is forever doing things which foul the air and poisoning himself by his own stupidity. He pens himself up in a limited air space and suffocates, he manufactures noxious gases which accidentally or intentionally displace the air and remove him from the ranks of the living, he has been completely unable to filter the air of the disease germs, which he breathes to his detriment, he and all his works are powerless to prevent a hurricane or to withstand its force. Man has indeed been able to utilize the power of moving air currents to a limited extent and to imitate the flight of birds, with the certainty of eventually breaking his neck if he tries it.

Man uses water much in the same way as other animals, he has to drink it constantly, washes in it frequently, and drowns in it occasionally—probably oftener than other terrestrial vertebrates. Without water, he dies as miserably as any other beast and, with too much of it, as in floods, he is equally unable to cope. However, he excels other animals in that he has learned to utilize water power.

But it is rather man's lack of judgment in the exercise of control of natural

resources which would disgust critics of higher intelligence, although it would not surprise the apes. Man observes that the wood of trees is serviceable for constructing habitations and other buildings. He straightway and recklessly denudes the earth of forests in so far as he is able. He finds that the meat and skins of the bison are valuable and immediately goes to work to exterminate the bison. He allows his grazing animals to strip the turf from the soil so that it is blown away and fertile places become deserts. He clears for cultivation and exhausts the rich land by stupid planting. He goes into wholesale production of food, cereals, fruit, and livestock and allows the fruits of his labors to rot or to starve because he has not provided any adequate method of distributing them or because no one can pay for them. He invents machines which do the work of many men, and is perplexed by the many men who are out of work. It would be hard to convince judges of human conduct that man is not an economic fool.

HIS ATTEMPTS TO CONTROL HIMSELF

Man's efforts to control himself, individually and in society, might impel a gorilla to thump his chest and roar with laughter. Let us consider the probable reactions of the chimpanzee to familial functions as performed by modern man.

The ape child begins to fend for itself at an early age. An anthropoid would not understand the domestic custom whereby the young are maintained as economic parasites by their parents for two decades or more of their lives, long after they have reached sexual maturity and adult size.

In ape society a young male does not acquire a mate until he is able to take her by beating off his rivals and to make good his possession. The female is, of course, always self supporting. The situation of the young man who could not marry his girl because they couldn't live with her folks because her folks were still living with their folks, would not arise in anthropoid society. Apes appear to manage the number of their progeny with such discretion that no mother produces new offspring while she is still burdened with the care of previous infants. Furthermore, the size of any ape group seems to be restricted by the ability of its members to gain a livelihood, whereas, in human society, the less economically capable the group, the more numerous the offspring.

Again, the weak, sickly, and constitutionally unfit among the anthropoid apes are eliminated, either through neglect or deliberately. This is doubtless because our cousins are insufficiently intelligent to have developed those humanitarian sentiments which demand the preservation of life, however painful it is to its possessors and however useless to society.

A critic who had surveyed the great advances which man has made in his material culture might examine with high expectation the extent to which he has applied his intelligence to the improvement of his health and biological status.

The ordinary animal tries to protract his individual existence only by eating, running away, and hiding and his species' existence by breeding and by some exercise of parental care. Primitive man has added another preservative—medical care. The medical science of the savage is, however, compounded by magic and superstition and includes few remedies of actual value. The doctor at the primitive stage of culture kills oftener than he cures. He merely adds to the strain, on a long suffering organism, exerted by the pressure of a ruthless natural selection.

Medical skill was a negligible factor in the increase of human populations up to the last century, even in the most civilized societies. Now, however, advance in medical knowledge, together with public hygiene and sanitation, has radically reduced the mortality at the beginning of the life span and literally has taken the graves out from under the feet of the aging. In the United States the death rate during the first year of males born alive has been reduced from 12.7 per cent to 6.2 per cent in 30 years, and the expectation of life has increased since the beginning of the century from 48 to 59 years for males and from 51 to 63 years for females. Short of homicide, a man has practically no chance of outliving his wife, females, after attaining a certain age, become almost immortal.

Now it is perfectly obvious to intelligent judges of man's behavior that this preservation and prolongation of life largely increases the proportion among the living population of the constitutionally inferior—the lame, the halt, and the blind. It also makes for a world peopled increasingly with the immature and the senile—those who have not yet developed their mental powers and their judgment and those who are in process of losing both. If medical science were able to make whole the bodies and minds it preserves, one might find little to criticize in the age shift in the composition of the population. But it is unfortunately true that we have succeeded all too well in keeping the engine running but have been quite unable to repair the steering gear. Since the immature are not granted a voice in the government and the decrepit are not denied it, we may expect ever increasing social ructions, as a result of senile decay dominating dementia praecox in a world of diminishing average intelligence.

One of the human institutions for which apology is required is government. Undoubtedly an anthropoid ape would appreciate and understand government by dictatorship, he might even realize the advantages of a communistic regime. But a superhuman critic of man's affairs would be puzzled by a democracy. He would have to be informed that democracy involves the essential principle that all law abiding adults have equal rights and privileges and an equal voice in government. Such a democratic government should imply an approximate parity of intelligence in the electorate or a majority of individuals of superior intelligence, if it is to function capably and successfully. There can be no miracle whereby the group intelligence transcends the possibly moronic mean of its constituent members.

Now, on the whole, there is a marked positive association between bodily health and mental health. A ten year study of American criminals and insane has convinced me that there is an even stronger correlation between mental and social inadequacy and biological inferiority. Since civilized men are preserving the unfit in body, it follows that they are depreciating their intelligence currency.

Judges of human behavior, examining modern warfare, would probably reason as follows: "Men are too soft hearted to keep their populations down to the right numbers by birth control or infanticide. Therefore, when the weak, the unfit, and the useless grow to adult years and become a menace to the common good, nations conspire mutually to start patriotic crusades, whereby their superfluous and inferior populations destroy each other in a high atmosphere of heroism and devotion to public duty."

As the protagonist of the human race, I must admit that in warfare, on the contrary, we select as the victims not the bodily and mentally unfit but those adjudged to be the flower of each nation. Nor do I know how to answer the retort that man's right hand certainly does not know what his left hand is doing, when with the one he preserves the worst of his kind and with the other destroys the best.

I ought probably to try to divert attention from this issue by descanting on the grandeur of human conceptions of justice, the sanctity of the law, and the efficiency of the police systems organized to prevent its infraction, how we regard the criminal not as a vicious brute to be exterminated but as a wayward or sick child to be rehabilitated and cured by patient and loving care. I ought to tell how, at each Christmas season, our wise and noble governors bestow on their happy States the priceless gift of a goodly parcel of liberated murderers, thieves, and other convicted felons.

Such a plea would nauseate an ape. For no animal society tolerates the outlaw. The anti-social animal is killed or driven out. Judges of superior intelligence, however, would put some pertinent questions.

"Is it not true that a liberal education at the public expense has long been extended to nearly every class of person in the United States?"

"Is it true that the noble spirited, who formerly concerned themselves with the salvation of men's souls, are now no longer attempting to prepare men for heaven but rather to rescue them from a very present hell?"

"Has not the treatment of the delinquent been improved until now it almost may be said that the convicted felon receives more social consideration than the law-abiding working man?"

"Does not crime still increase enormously, and the discharged convict continue to return to his crime like a dog to his vomit?"

"Is it not therefore apparent, in the light of the evidence you have presented, that modern man is selling his biological birthright for a mess of morons, that the voice may be the voice of democracy but the hands are the hands of apes?"

NATURE ¹

John Stuart Mill

THE CONSCIOUSNESS that whatever man does to improve his condition is in so much a censure and a thwarting of the spontaneous order of Nature, has in all ages caused new and unprecedented attempts at improvement to be generally at first under a shade of religious suspicion, as being in any case uncomplimentary, and very probably offensive to the powerful beings (or, when polytheism gave place to monotheism, to the all powerful Being) supposed to govern the various phenomena of the universe, and of whose will the course of nature was conceived to be the expression. Any attempt to mould natural phenomena to the convenience of mankind might easily appear an interference with the government of those superior beings and though life could not have been maintained, much less made pleasant, without perpetual interferences of the kind, each new one was doubtless made with fear and trembling, until experience had shown that it could be ventured on without drawing down the vengeance of the Gods. The sagacity of priests showed them a way to reconcile the impunity of particular infringements with the maintenance of the general dread of encroachment on the divine administration. This was effected by representing each of the principal human inventions as the gift and favour of some God. The old religions also afforded many resources for consulting the Gods, and obtaining their express permission for what would otherwise have appeared a breach of their prerogative. When oracles had ceased, any religion which recognized a revelation afforded expedients for the same purpose. The Catholic religion had the resource of an infallible Church, authorized to declare what exertions of human spontaneity were permitted or forbidden, and in default of this, the case was always open to argument from the Bible whether any particular practice had expressly or by implication been sanctioned. The notion remained that this liberty to control Nature was conceded to man only by special indulgence, and as far as required by his necessities, and there was always a tendency, though a diminishing one, to regard any attempt to exercise power over nature, beyond a certain degree, and a certain admitted range, as an impious effort to usurp divine power, and dare more than was permitted to man. The lines of Horace in which the familiar arts of shipbuilding and navigation are reprobated as *vetitum nefas*, indicate even in that sceptical age a still unexhausted vein of the old sentiment. The intensity of the corresponding feeling in the middle ages is not a precise parallel, on account of the superstition about dealing with evil spirits with which it was complicated but the

¹ From *Nature Three Essays on Religion* 1874

imputation of prying into the secrets of the Almighty long remained a powerful weapon of attack against unpopular inquirers into nature, and the charge of presumptuously attempting to defeat the designs of Providence, still retains enough of its original force to be thrown in as a make weight along with other objections when there is a desire to find fault with any new exertion of human forethought and contrivance. No one, indeed, asserts it to be the intention of the Creator that the spontaneous order of the creation should not be altered, or even that it should not be altered in any new way. But there still exists a vague notion that though it is very proper to control this or the other natural phenomenon, the general scheme of nature is a model for us to imitate—that with more or less liberty in details, we should on the whole be guided by the spirit and general conception of nature's own ways—that they are God's work, and as such perfect, that man cannot rival their unapproachable excellence, and can best show his skill and piety by attempting, in however imperfect a way, to reproduce their likeness, and that if not the whole, yet some particular parts of the spontaneous order of nature, selected according to the speaker's predilections, are in a peculiar sense, manifestations of the Creator's will, a sort of finger posts pointing out the direction which things in general, and therefore our voluntary actions, are intended to take. Feelings of this sort, though repressed on ordinary occasions by the contrary current of life, are ready to break out whenever custom is silent, and the native promptings of the mind have nothing opposed to them but reason—and appeals are continually made to them by rhetoricians, with the effect, if not of convincing opponents, at least of making those who already hold the opinion which the rhetorician desires to recommend, better satisfied with it. For in the present day it probably seldom happens that any one is persuaded to approve any course of action because it appears to him to bear an analogy to the divine government of the world, though the argument tells on him with great force, and is felt by him to be a great support, in behalf of anything which he is already inclined to approve.

If this notion of imitating the ways of Providence as manifested in Nature, is seldom expressed plainly and downrightly as a maxim of general application, it also is seldom directly contradicted. Those who find it on their path, prefer to turn the obstacle rather than to attack it, being often themselves not free from the feeling, and in any case afraid of incurring the charge of impiety by saying anything which might be held to disparage the works of the Creator's power. They therefore, for the most part, rather endeavor to show, that they have as much right to the religious argument as their opponents, and that if the course they recommend seems to conflict with some part of the ways of Providence, there is some other part with which it agrees better than what is contended for on the other side. In this mode of dealing with the great *a priori* fallacies, the progress of improvement clears away particular errors while the causes of errors are still left standing, and very little weakened by each conflict yet by a long series of such partial victories

precedents are accumulated, to which an appeal may be made against these powerful prepossessions, and which afford a growing hope that the misplaced feeling, after having so often learnt to recede, may some day be compelled to an unconditional surrender. For however offensive the proposition may appear to many religious persons, they should be willing to look in the face the undeniable fact, that the order of nature, in so far as unmodified by man, is such as no being, whose attributes are justice and benevolence, would have made, with the intention that his rational creatures should follow it as an example. If made wholly by such a Being, and not partly by beings of very different qualities, it could only be as a designedly imperfect work, which man, in his limited sphere, is to exercise justice and benevolence in amending. The best persons have always held it to be the essence of religion, that the paramount duty of man upon earth is to amend himself; but all except monkish quietists have annexed to this in their inmost minds (though seldom willing to enunciate the obligation with the same clearness) the additional religious duty of amending the world, and not solely the human part of it but the material, the order of physical nature.

In considering this subject it is necessary to divest ourselves of certain preconceptions which may justly be called natural prejudices, being grounded on feelings which, in themselves natural and inevitable, intrude into matters with which they ought to have no concern. One of these feelings is the astonishment, rising into awe, which is inspired (even independently of all religious sentiment) by any of the greater natural phenomena. A hurricane, a mountain precipice, the desert, the ocean, either agitated or at rest, the solar system, and the great cosmic forces which hold it together, the boundless firmament, and to an educated mind any single star, excite feelings which make all human enterprises and powers appear so insignificant, that to a mind thus occupied it seems insufferable presumption in so puny a creature as man to look critically on things so far above him, or dare to measure himself against the grandeur of the universe. But a little interrogation of our own consciousness will suffice to convince us, that what makes these phenomena so impressive is simply their vastness. The enormous extension in space and time, or the enormous power they exemplify, constitutes their sublimity, a feeling in all cases, more allied to terror than to any moral emotion. And though the vast scale of these phenomena may well excite wonder, and sets at defiance all idea of rivalry, the feeling it inspires is of a totally different character from admiration of excellence. Those in whom awe produces admiration may be aesthetically developed, but they are morally uncultivated. It is one of the endowments of the imaginative part of our mental nature that conceptions of greatness and power, vividly realized, produce a feeling which though in its higher degrees closely bordering on pain, we prefer to most of what are accounted pleasures. But we are quite equally capable of experiencing this feeling towards maleficent power, and we never experience it so strongly towards most of the powers of the universe, as when we

have most present to our consciousness a vivid sense of their capacity of inflicting evil. Because these natural powers have what we cannot imitate, enormous might, and overawe us by that one attribute, it would be a great error to infer that their other attributes are such as we ought to emulate, or that we should be justified in using our small powers after the example which Nature sets us with her vast forces.

For, how stands the fact? That next to the greatness of these cosmic forces, the quality which most forcibly strikes every one who does not avert his eyes from it, is their perfect and absolute recklessness. They go straight to their end, without regarding what or whom they crush on the road. Optimists, in their attempts to prove that "whatever is, is right," are obliged to maintain, not that Nature ever turns one step from her path to avoid trampling us into destruction, but that it would be very unreasonable in us to expect that she should. Pope's "Shall gravitation cease when you go by?" may be a just rebuke to any one who should be so silly as to expect common human morality from nature. But if the question were between two men, instead of between a man and a natural phenomenon, that triumphant apostrophe would be thought a rare piece of impudence. A man who should persist in hurling stones or firing cannon when another man "goes by," and having killed him should urge a similar plea in exculpation, would very deservedly be found guilty of murder.

In sober truth, nearly all the things which men are hanged or imprisoned for doing to one another, are nature's every day performances. Killing, the most criminal act recognized by human laws, Nature does once to every being that lives, and in a large proportion of cases, after protracted tortures such as only the greatest monsters whom we read of ever purposely inflicted on their living fellow creatures. If, by an arbitrary reservation, we refuse to account anything murder but what abridges a certain term supposed to be allotted to human life, nature also does this to all but a small percentage of lives, and does it in all the modes, violent or insidious, in which the worst human beings take the lives of one another. Nature impales men, breaks them as if on the wheel, casts them to be devoured by wild beasts, burns them to death, crushes them with stones like the first Christian martyr, starves them with hunger, freezes them with cold, poisons them by the quick or slow venom of her exhalations, and has hundreds of other hideous deaths in reserve, such as the ingenious cruelty of a Nabis or a Domitian never surpassed. All this, Nature does with the most supercilious disregard both of mercy and of justice, emptying her shafts upon the best and noblest indifferently with the meanest and worst, upon those who are engaged in the highest and worthiest enterprises, and often as the direct consequence of the noblest acts, and it might almost be imagined as a punishment for them. She mows down those on whose existence hangs the well being of a whole people, perhaps the prospects of the human race for generations to come, with as little compunction as those whose death is a relief to them.

selves, or a blessing to those under their noxious influence. Such are Nature's dealings with life. Even when she does not intend to kill, she inflicts the same tortures in apparent wantonness. In the clumsy provision which she has made for that perpetual renewal of animal life, rendered necessary by the prompt termination she puts to it in every individual instance, no human being ever comes into the world but another human being is literally stretched on the rack for hours or days, not unfrequently issuing in death. Next to taking life (equal to it according to a high authority) is taking the means by which we live, and Nature does this too on the largest scale and with the most callous indifference. A single hurricane destroys the hopes of a season, a flight of locusts, or an inundation, desolates a district, a trifling chemical change in an edible root, starves a million of people. The waves of the sea, like banditti seize and appropriate the wealth of the rich and the little all of the poor with the same accompaniments of stripping, wounding, and killing as their human antitypes. Everything in short, which the worst men commit either against life or property is perpetrated on a larger scale by natural agents. Nature has Noyades more fatal than those of Carrier, her explosions of fire damp are as destructive as human artillery, her plague and cholera far surpass the poison cups of the Borgias. Even the love of "order" which is thought to be a following of the ways of Nature, is in fact a contradiction of them. All which people are accustomed to deprecate as "disorder" and its consequences, is precisely a counterpart of Nature's ways. Anarchy and the Reign of Terror are overmatched in injustice, ruin, and death, by a hurricane and pestilence.

But, it is said, all these things are for wise and good ends. On this I must first remark that whether they are so or not, is altogether beside the point. Supposing it true that contrary to appearances these horrors when perpetrated by Nature, promote good ends, still as no one believes that good ends would be promoted by our following the example, the course of Nature cannot be a proper model for us to imitate. Either it is right that we should kill because nature kills, torture because nature tortures, ruin and devastate because nature does the like, or we ought not to consider at all what nature does, but what it is good to do. If there is such a thing as a *reductio ad absurdum*, this surely amounts to one. If it is a sufficient reason for doing one thing, that nature does it, why not another thing? If not all things, why anything? The physical government of the world being full of the things which when done by men are deemed the greatest enormities, it cannot be religious or moral in us to guide our actions by the analogy of the course of nature. This proposition remains true, whatever occult quality of producing good may reside in those facts of nature which to our perceptions are most noxious, and which no one considers it other than a crime to produce artificially.

But, in reality, no one consistently believes in any such occult quality. The phrases which ascribe perfection to the course of nature can only be con-

sidered as the exaggerations of poetic or devotional feeling, not intended to stand the test of a sober examination. No one, either religious or irreligious, believes that the hurtful agencies of nature, considered as a whole, promote good purposes, in any other way than by inciting human rational creatures to rise up and struggle against them. If we believe that those agencies were appointed by a benevolent Providence as the means of accomplishing wise purposes which could not be compassed if they did not exist, then everything done by mankind which tends to chain up these natural agencies or to restrict their mischievous operation, from draining a pestilential marsh down to curing the toothache, or putting up an umbrella, ought to be accounted impious, which assuredly nobody does account them, notwithstanding an undercurrent of sentiment setting in that direction which is occasionally perceptible. On the contrary, the improvements on which the civilized part of mankind most pride themselves, consist in more successfully warding off those natural calamities which if we really believed what most people profess to believe, we should cherish as medicines provided for our earthly state by infinite wisdom. Inasmuch too as each generation greatly surpasses its predecessors in the amount of natural evil which it succeeds in averting, our condition, if the theory were true, ought by this time to have become a terrible manifestation of some tremendous calamity, against which the physical evils we have learnt to overmaster, had previously operated as a preservative. Any one, however, who acted as if he supposed this to be the case, would be more likely, I think, to be confined as a lunatic, than revered as a saint.

It is undoubtedly a very common fact that good comes out of evil, and when it does occur, it is far too agreeable not to find people eager to dilate on it. But in the first place, it is quite as often true of human crimes, as of natural calamities. The fire of London, which is believed to have had so salutary an effect on the healthiness of the city, would have produced that effect just as much if it had been really the work of the "furor papisticus" so long commemorated on the Monument. The deaths of those whom tyrants or persecutors have made martyrs in any noble cause, have done a service to mankind which would not have been obtained if they had died by accident or disease. Yet whatever incidental and unexpected benefits may result from crimes, they are crimes nevertheless. In the second place, if good frequently comes out of evil, the converse fact, evil coming out of good, is equally common. Every event public or private, which, regretted on its occurrence, was declared providential at a later period on account of some unforeseen good consequence, might be matched by some other event, deemed fortunate at the time, but which proved calamitous or fatal to those whom it appeared to benefit. Such conflicts between the beginning and the end, or between the event and the expectation, are not only as frequent, but as often held up to notice, in the painful cases as in the agreeable, but there is not the same

inclination to generalize on them, or at all events they are not regarded by the moderns (though they were by the ancients) as similarly an indication of the divine purposes men satisfy themselves with moralizing on the imperfect nature of our foresight, the uncertainty of events, and the vanity of human expectations. The simple fact is, human interests are so complicated, and the effects of any incident whatever so multitudinous, that if it touches mankind at all, its influence on them is, in the great majority of cases, both good and bad. If the greater number of personal misfortunes have their good side, hardly any good fortune ever befel any one which did not give either to the same or to some other person, something to regret and unhappily there are many misfortunes so overwhelming that their favourable side, if it exist, is entirely overshadowed and made insignificant, while the corresponding statement can seldom be made concerning blessings. The effects too of every cause depend so much on the circumstances which accidentally accompany it, that many cases are sure to occur in which even the total result is markedly opposed to the predominant tendency and thus not only evil has its good and good its evil side, but good often produces an overbalance of evil and evil an overbalance of good. This, however, is by no means the general tendency of either phenomenon. On the contrary, both good and evil naturally tend to fructify, each in its own kind, good producing good, and evil, evil. It is one of Nature's general rules, and part of her habitual injustice, that "to him that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not, shall be taken even that which he hath." The ordinary and predominant tendency of good is towards more good. Health, strength, wealth, knowledge, virtue, are not only good in themselves but facilitate and promote the acquisition of good, both of the same and of other kinds. The person who can learn easily, is he who already knows much. It is the strong and not the sickly person who can do everything which most conduces to health, those who find it easy to gain money are not the poor but the rich, while health, strength, knowledge, talents, are all means of acquiring riches, and riches are often an indispensable means of acquiring these. Again, *e converso*, whatever may be said of evil turning into good, the general tendency of evil is towards further evil. Bodily illness renders the body more susceptible of disease, it produces incapacity of exertion, sometimes debility of mind, and often the loss of means of subsistence. All severe pain, either bodily or mental, tends to increase the susceptibilities of pain for ever after. Poverty is the parent of a thousand mental and moral evils. What is still worse, to be injured or oppressed, when habitual, lowers the whole tone of the character. One bad action leads to others, both in the agent himself, in the bystanders, and in the sufferers. All bad qualities are strengthened by habit, and all vices and follies tend to spread. Intellectual defects generate moral, and moral, intellectual, and every intellectual or moral defect generates others, and so on without end.

That much applauded class of authors, the writers on natural theology,

have, I venture to think, entirely lost their way, and missed the sole line of argument which could have made their speculations acceptable to any one who can perceive when two propositions contradict one another. They have exhausted the resources of sophistry to make it appear that all the suffering in the world exists to prevent greater—that misery exists, for fear lest there should be misery a thesis which, if ever so well maintained, could only avail to explain and justify the works of limited beings, compelled to labour under conditions independent of their own will, but can have no application to a Creator assumed to be omnipotent, who, if he bends to a supposed necessity, himself makes the necessity which he bends to. If the maker of the world *can* all that he will, he wills misery, and there is no escape from the conclusion. The more consistent of those who have deemed themselves qualified to “vindicate the ways of God to man” have endeavoured to avoid the alternative by hardening their hearts, and denying that misery is an evil. The goodness of God, they say, does not consist in willing the happiness of his creatures, but their virtue, and the universe, if not a happy, is a just, universe. But waiving the objections to this scheme of ethics, it does not at all get rid of the difficulty. If the Creator of mankind willed that they should all be virtuous, his designs are as completely baffled as if he had willed that they should all be happy and the order of nature is constructed with even less regard to the requirements of justice than to those of benevolence. If the law of all creation were justice and the Creator omnipotent, then in whatever amount suffering and happiness might be dispensed to the world, each person’s share of them would be exactly proportioned to that person’s good or evil deeds, no human being would have a worse lot than another, without worse deserts, accident or favouritism would have no part in such a world, but every human life would be the playing out of a drama constructed like a perfect moral tale. No one is able to blind himself to the fact that the world we live in is totally different from this, insomuch that the necessity of redressing the balance has been deemed one of the strongest arguments for another life after death, which amounts to an admission that the order of things in this life is often an example of injustice, not justice. If it be said that God does not take sufficient account of pleasure and pain to make them the reward or punishment of the good or the wicked, but that virtue is itself the greatest good and vice the greatest evil, then these at least ought to be dispensed to all according to what they have done to deserve them, instead of which, every kind of moral depravity is entailed upon multitudes by the fatality of their birth, through the fault of their parents, of society, or of uncontrollable circumstances, certainly through no fault of their own. Not even on the most distorted and contracted theory of good which ever was framed by religious or philosophical fanaticism, can the government of Nature be made to resemble the work of a being at once good and omnipotent.

The only admissible moral theory of Creation is that the Principle of Good *cannot* at once and altogether subdue the powers of evil, either physical

or moral, could not place mankind in a world free from the necessity of an incessant struggle with the maleficent powers, or make them always victorious in that struggle, but could and did make them capable of carrying on the fight with vigour and with progressively increasing success. Of all the religious explanations of the order of nature, this alone is neither contradictory to itself, nor to the facts for which it attempts to account. According to it, man's duty would consist, not in simply taking care of his own interests by obeying irresistible power, but in standing forward a not ineffectual auxiliary to a Being of perfect beneficence, a faith which seems much better adapted for nerving him to exertion than a vague and inconsistent reliance on an Author of Good who is supposed to be also the author of evil. And I venture to assert that such has really been, though often unconsciously, the faith of all who have drawn strength and support of any worthy kind from trust in a superintending Providence. There is no subject on which men's practical belief is more incorrectly indicated by the words they use to express it, than religion. Many have derived a base confidence from imagining themselves to be favourites of an omnipotent but capricious and despotic Deity. But those who have been strengthened in goodness by relying on the sympathizing support of a powerful and good Governor of the world, have, I am satisfied, never really believed that Governor to be, in the strict sense of the term, omnipotent. They have always saved his goodness at the expense of his power. They have believed, perhaps, that he could, if he willed, remove all the thorns from their individual path, but not without causing greater harm to some one else, or frustrating some purpose of greater importance to the general well being. They have believed that he could do any one thing, but not any combination of things: that his government, like human government, was a system of adjustments and compromises, that the world is inevitably imperfect, contrary to his intention. And since the exertion of all his power to make it as little imperfect as possible, leaves it no better than it is, they cannot but regard that power, though vastly beyond human estimate, yet as in itself not merely finite, but extremely limited. They are bound, for example, to suppose that the best he could do for his human creatures was to make an immense majority of all who have yet existed, be born (without any fault of their own) Patagonians, or Esquimaux, or something nearly as brutal and degraded, but to give them capacities which by being cultivated for very many centuries in toil and suffering, and after many of the best specimens of the race have sacrificed their lives for the purpose, have at last enabled some chosen portions of the species to grow into something better, capable of being improved in centuries more into something really good, of which hitherto there are only to be found individual instances. It may be possible to believe with Plato that perfect goodness, limited and thwarted in every direction by the intractableness of the material, has done this because it could do no better. But that the same perfectly wise and good Being had absolute power over the material, and made it, by voluntary choice, what

it is, to admit this might have been supposed impossible to any one who has the simplest notions of moral good and evil Nor can any such person, what ever kind of religious phrases he may use, fail to believe, that if Nature and Man are both the works of a Being of perfect goodness, that Being intended Nature as a scheme to be amended, not imitated, by Man

INFALLIBILITY ¹



John Henry Newman

STARTING THEN with the being of a God (which, as I have said, is as certain to me as the certainty of my own existence, though when I try to put the grounds of that certainty into logical shape I find a difficulty in doing so in mood and figure to my satisfaction), I look out of myself into the world of men, and there I see a sight which fills me with unspeakable distress The world seems simply to give the lie to that great truth of which my whole being is so full, and the effect upon me is, in consequence, as a matter of necessity as confusing as if it denied that I am in existence myself If I looked into a mirror and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me when I look into this living busy world and see no reflection of its Creator This is, to me, one of the great difficulties of this absolute primary truth to which I referred just now Were it not for this voice, speaking so clearly in my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist, or a pantheist, or a polytheist when I looked into the world I am speaking for myself only, and I am far from denying the real force of the arguments in proof of a God, drawn from the general facts of human society, but these do not warm me or enlighten me, they do not take away the winter of my desolation, or make the buds unfold and the leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice The sight of the world is nothing else than the prophet's scroll, full of "lamentations, and mourning, and woe"

To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts, and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship, their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental an

¹ From J H Newman, *Apologia pro Vita Sua* (1864)

guish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words "having no hope and without God in the world"—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal, and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery which is absolutely beyond human solution

What shall be said to this heart piercing, reason bewildering fact? I can only answer that either there is no Creator or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence Did I see a boy of good make and mind, with the tokens on him of a refined nature, cast upon the world without provision, unable to say whence he came, his birthplace or his family connections, I should conclude that there was some mystery connected with his history and that he was one of whom, from one cause or other, his parents were ashamed Thus only should I be able to account for the contrast between the promise and condition of his being And so I argue about the world *if* there be a God, *since* there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator This is a fact, a fact as true as the fact of its existence, and thus the doctrine of what is theologically called original sin becomes to me almost as certain as that the world exists and as the existence of God

And now, supposing it were the blessed and loving will of the Creator to interfere in this anarchical condition of things, what are we to suppose would be the methods which might be necessarily or naturally involved in His object of mercy? Since the world is in so abnormal a state, surely it would be no surprise to me if the interposition were of necessity equally extraordinary—or what is called miraculous But that subject does not directly come into the scope of my present remarks Miracles as evidence involve an argument, and of course I am thinking of some means which does not immediately run into argument I am rather asking what must be the face to face antagonist by which to withstand and baffle the fierce energy of passion and the all corroding, all dissolving skepticism of the intellect in religious inquiries I have no intention at all to deny that truth is the real object of our reason, and that, if it does not attain to truth, either the premise or the process is in fault, but I am not speaking of right reason, but of reason as it acts in fact and concretely in fallen man I know that even the unaided reason, when correctly exercised, leads to a belief in God, in the immortality of the soul, and in a future retribution, but I am considering it actually and historically, and in this point of view I do not think I am wrong in saying that its tendency is toward a simple unbelief in matters of religion No truth, however sacred, can stand against it, in the long run, and hence it is that in the pagan world, when our Lord came, the last traces of the religious knowledge of former times were all but disappearing from those portions of the world in which the intellect had been active and had had a career

And in these latter days, in like manner, outside the Catholic Church things

are tending, with far greater rapidity than in that old time from the circumstance of the age, to atheism in one shape or other. What a scene, what a prospect, does the whole of Europe present at this day! and not only Europe, but every government and every civilization through the world which is under the influence of the European mind! Especially, for it most concerns us, how sorrowful, in the view of religion, even taken in its most elementary, most attenuated form, is the spectacle presented to us by the educated intellect of England, France, and Germany! Lovers of their country and of their race, religious men, external to the Catholic Church, have attempted various expedients to arrest fierce wilful human nature in its onward course and to bring it into subjection. The necessity of some form of religion for the interests of humanity has been generally acknowledged, but where was the concrete representative of things invisible which would have the force and toughness necessary to be a breakwater against the deluge? Three centuries ago the establishment of religion, material, legal, and social, was generally adopted as the best expedient for the purpose in those countries which separated from the Catholic Church, and for a long time it was successful, but now the crevices of those establishments are admitting the enemy. Thirty years ago education was relied upon, ten years ago there was a hope that wars would cease forever, under the influence of commercial enterprise and the reign of the useful and fine arts, but will anyone venture to say that there is anything anywhere on this earth which will afford a fulcrum for us whereby to keep the earth from moving onwards?

The judgment which experience passes on establishments or education as a means of maintaining religious truth in this anarchical world must be extended even to Scripture, though Scripture be divine. Experience proves surely that the Bible does not answer a purpose for which it was never intended. It may be accidentally the means of the conversion of individuals, but a book, after all, cannot make a stand against the wild living intellect of man, and in this day it begins to testify, as regards its own structure and contents, to the power of that universal solvent which is so successfully acting upon religious establishments.

Supposing then it to be the Will of the Creator to interfere in human affairs and to make provisions for retaining in the world a knowledge of Himself so definite and distinct as to be proof against the energy of human skepticism, in such a case—I am far from saying that there was no other way—but there is nothing to surprise the mind, if He should think fit to introduce a power into the world invested with the prerogative of infallibility in religious matters. Such a provision would be a direct, immediate, active, and prompt means of withstanding the difficulty, it would be an instrument suited to the need, and when I find that this is the very claim of the Catholic Church, not only do I feel no difficulty in admitting the idea, but there is a fitness in it which recommends it to my mind. And thus I am brought to speak of the Church's infallibility as a provision adapted by the mercy of the Creator to preserve

religion in the world, and to restrain that freedom of thought which of course in itself is one of the greatest of our natural gifts, and to rescue it from its own suicidal excesses. And let it be observed that, neither here nor in what follows, shall I have occasion to speak directly of the revealed body of truths, but only as they bear upon the defense of natural religion. I say that a power possessed of infallibility in religious teaching is happily adapted to be a working instrument for smiting hard and throwing back the immense energy of the aggressive intellect, and in saying this, as in the other things that I have to say, it must still be recollected that I am all along bearing in mind my main purpose, which is a defense of myself.

I am defending myself here from a plausible charge brought against Catholics, as will be seen better as I proceed. The charge is this: that I, as a Catholic, not only make profession to hold doctrines which I cannot possibly believe in my heart but that I also believe in the existence of a power on earth which at its own will imposes upon men any new set of *credenda*,² when it pleases, by a claim to infallibility, in consequence, that my own thoughts are not my own property, that I cannot tell that tomorrow I may not have to give up what I hold today, and that the necessary effect of such a condition of mind must be a degrading bondage, or a bitter inward rebellion relieving itself in secret infidelity, or the necessity of ignoring the whole subject of religion in a sort of disgust, and of mechanically saying everything that the Church says and leaving to others the defense of it. As then I have above spoken of the relation of my mind towards the Catholic Creed, so now I shall speak of the attitude which it takes up in the view of the Church's infallibility.

And first, the initial doctrine of the infallible teacher must be an emphatic protest against the existing state of mankind. Man had rebelled against his Maker. It was this that caused the divine interposition, and the first act of the divinely accredited messenger must be to proclaim it. The Church must denounce rebellion as of all possible evils the greatest. She must have no terms with it, if she would be true to her Master, she must ban and anathematize it. This is the meaning of a statement which has furnished matter for one of those special accusations to which I am at present replying. I have, however, no fault at all to confess in regard to it, I have nothing to withdraw, and in consequence I here deliberately repeat it. I said, "The Catholic Church holds it better for the sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail, and for all the many millions on it to die of starvation in extremest agony, as far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul, I will not say should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, or should steal one poor farthing without excuse." I think the principle here enunciated to be the mere preamble in the formal credentials of the Catholic Church, as an Act of Parliament might begin with a "*Whereas*." It is because of the intensity of the evil which has possession of mankind that a suitable antagonist has been provided against it, and the initial act of that

² Articles of faith

divinely commissioned power is of course to deliver her challenge and to defy the enemy. Such a preamble then gives a meaning to her position in the world and an interpretation to her whole course of teaching and action.

In like manner she has ever put forth with most energetic distinctness those other great elementary truths which either are an explanation of her mission or give a character to her work. She does not teach that human nature is irreclaimable, else wherefore should she be sent? not that it is to be shattered and reversed, but to be extricated, purified, and restored, not that it is a mere mass of evil, but that it has the promise of great things, and even now has a virtue and a praise proper to itself. But in the next place she knows and she preaches that such a restoration as she aims at effecting in it must be brought about, not simply through any outward provision of preaching and teaching, even though it be her own, but from a certain inward spiritual power of grace imparted directly from above and which is in her keeping. She has it in charge to rescue human nature from its misery, but not simply by raising it upon its own level, but by lifting it up to a higher level than its own. She recognizes in it real moral excellence though degraded, but she cannot set it free from earth except by exalting it toward heaven. It was for this end that a renovating grace was put into her hands, and therefore from the nature of the gift, as well as from the reasonableness of the case, she goes on, as a further point, to insist that all true conversion must begin with the first springs of thought, and to teach that each individual man must be in his own person one whole and perfect temple of God while he is also one of the living stones which build up a visible religious community. And thus the distinctions between nature and grace, and between outward and inward religion, become two further articles in what I have called the preamble of her divine commission.

Such truths as these she vigorously reiterates and pertinaciously inflicts upon mankind, as to such she observes no half measures, no economical reserve, no delicacy or prudence. "Ye must be born again," is the simple, direct form of words which she uses after her Divine Master, "your whole nature must be reborn, your passions, and your affections, and your aims, and your conscience, and your will must all be bathed in a new element, and reconsecrated to your Maker, and, the last not the least, your intellect." It was for repeating these points of her teaching in my own way that certain passages of one of my volumes have been brought into the general accusation which has been made against my religious opinions. The writer has said that I was demented if I believed, and unprincipled if I did not believe, in my statement that a lazy, ragged, filthy, story telling beggar woman, if chaste, sober, cheerful, and religious, had a prospect of heaven which was absolutely closed to an accomplished statesman, or lawyer, or noble, be he ever so just, upright, generous, honorable, and conscientious, unless he had also some portion of the divine Christian grace, yet I should have thought myself defended from criticism by the words which our Lord used to the chief priests: "The publi

cans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you' And I was subjected again to the same alternative of imputations for having ventured to say that consent to an unchaste wish was infinitely more heinous than any lie viewed apart from its causes, its motives, and its consequences, though a lie, viewed under the limitation of these conditions, is a random utterance, an almost outward act, not directly from the heart, however disgraceful it may be, whereas we have the express words of our Lord to the doctrine that "whoso looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart" On the strength of these texts I have surely as much right to believe in these doctrines as to believe in the doctrine of original sin, or that there is a supernatural revelation, or that a Divine Person suffered, or that punishment is eternal

Passing now from what I have called the preamble of that grant of power with which the Church is invested, to that power itself, Infallibility, I make two brief remarks on the one hand, I am not here determining anything about the essential seat of that power, because that is a question doctrinal, not historical and practical, nor, on the other hand, am I extending the direct subject matter over which that power has jurisdiction, beyond religious opinion—and now as to the power itself

This power, viewed in its fullness, is as tremendous as the giant evil which has called for it It claims, when brought into exercise in the legitimate manner, for otherwise of course it is but dormant, to have for itself a sure guidance into the very meaning of every portion of the divine message in detail which was committed by our Lord to His apostles It claims to know its own limits and to decide what it can determine absolutely and what it cannot It claims, moreover, to have a hold upon statements not directly religious, so far as this, to determine whether they indirectly relate to religion and, according to its own definitive judgment, to pronounce whether or not, in a particular case, they are consistent with revealed truth It claims to decide magisterially, whether infallibly or not, that such and such statements are or are not prejudicial to the apostolic *depositum* of faith,³ in their spirit or in their consequences, and to allow them, or condemn and forbid them, accordingly It claims to impose silence at will on any matters, or controversies, of doctrine, which on its own *ipse dixit*⁴ it pronounces to be dangerous, or inexpedient, or inopportune It claims that whatever may be the judgment of Catholics upon such acts, these acts should be received by them with those outward marks of reverence, submission, and loyalty, which Englishmen, for instance pay to the presence of their sovereign without public criticism on them, as being in their matter inexpedient or in their manner violent or harsh And lastly, it claims to have the right of inflicting spiritual punishment, of cutting off from the ordinary channels of the divine life, and of simply excommunicating, those who refuse to submit themselves to its formal declarations Such is the infal

³ Faith entrusted to the Christian religion

⁴ Authority

libility lodged in the Catholic Church, viewed in the concrete, as clothed and surrounded by the appendages of its high sovereignty, it is, to repeat what I said above, a supereminent prodigious power sent upon earth to encounter and master a giant evil

THE FALL OF MAN¹



C S Lewis

THE STORY IN GENESIS is a story (full of the deepest suggestion) about a magic apple of knowledge, but in the developed doctrine the inherent magic of the apple has quite dropped out of sight, and the story is simply one of disobedience. I have the deepest respect even for Pagan myths, still more for myths in Holy Scripture. I therefore do not doubt that the version which emphasises the magic apple, and brings together the trees of life and knowledge, contains a deeper and subtler truth than the version which makes the apple simply and solely a pledge of obedience. But I assume that the Holy Spirit would not have allowed the latter to grow up in the Church and win the assent of great doctors unless it also was true and useful as far as it went. It is this version which I am going to discuss, because, though I suspect the primitive version to be far more profound, I know that I, at any rate, cannot penetrate its profundities. I am to give my readers not the best absolutely but the best I have.

In the developed doctrine, then, it is claimed that Man, as God made him, was completely good and completely happy, but that he disobeyed God and became what we now see. Many people think that this proposition has been proved false by modern science. "We now know," it is said, "that so far from having fallen out of a primeval state of virtue and happiness, men have slowly risen from brutality and savagery." There seems to me to be a complete confusion here. *Brute* and *savage* both belong to that unfortunate class of words which are sometimes used rhetorically, as terms of reproach, and sometimes scientifically, as terms of description, and the pseudo scientific argument against the Fall depends on a confusion between the usages. If by saying that man rose from brutality you mean simply that man is physically descended from animals, I have no objection. But it does not follow that the further back you go the more *brutal*—in the sense of wicked or wretched—you will find man to be. No animal has moral virtue, but it is not true that all animal behaviour is of the kind one should call "wicked" if it were practised by

¹ Reprinted from C. S. Lewis, *The Problem of Pain* (1940), with the permission of The Macmillan Company.

men On the contrary, not all animals treat other creatures of their own species as badly as men treat men Not all are as gluttonous or lecherous as we, and no animal is ambitious Similarly if you say that the first men were 'savages,' meaning by this that their artefacts were few and clumsy like those of modern "savages," you may well be right, but if you mean that they were "savage" in the sense of being lewd, ferocious, cruel, and treacherous, you will be going beyond your evidence, and that for two reasons In the first place, modern anthropologists and missionaries are less inclined than their fathers to endorse your unfavourable picture even of the modern savage In the second place you cannot argue from the artefacts of the earliest men that they were in all respects like the contemporary peoples who make similar artefacts We must be on our guard here against an illusion which the study of prehistoric man seems naturally to beget Prehistoric man, because he is prehistoric, is known to us only by the material things he made—or rather by a chance selection from among the more durable things he made It is not the fault of archaeologists that they have no better evidence but this penury constitutes a continual temptation to infer more than we have any right to infer, to assume that the community which made the superior artefacts was superior in all respects Everyone can see that the assumption is false, it would lead to the conclusion that the leisured classes of our own time were in all respects superior to those of the Victorian age Clearly the prehistoric men who made the worst pottery might have made the best poetry and we should never know it And the assumption becomes even more absurd when we are comparing prehistoric men with modern savages The equal crudity of artefacts here tells you nothing about the intelligence or virtue of the makers What is learned by trial and error must begin by being crude, whatever the character of the beginner The very same pot which would prove its maker a genius if it were the first pot ever made in the world, would prove its maker a dunce if it came after millenniums of pot making The whole modern estimate of primitive man is based upon that idolatry of artefacts which is a great corporate sin of our own civilisation We forget that our prehistoric ancestors made all the most useful discoveries, except that of chloroform, which have ever been made To them we owe language, the family, clothing, the use of fire, the domestication of animals, the wheel, the ship, poetry and agriculture

Science, then, has nothing to say either for or against the doctrine of the Fall A more philosophical difficulty has been raised by the modern theologian to whom all students of the subject are most indebted² This writer points out that the idea of sin presupposes a law to sin against and since it would take centuries for the "herd instinct" to crystallise into custom and for custom to harden into law, the first man—if there ever was a being who could be so described—could not commit the first sin This argument assumes that virtue and the herd instinct commonly coincide, and that the "first sin" was

² N P Williams *The Ideas of the Fall and of Original Sin* p 516

essentially a *social* sin. But the traditional doctrine points to a sin against God, an act of disobedience, not a sin against the neighbour. And certainly, if we are to hold the doctrine of the Fall in any real sense, we must look for the great sin on a deeper and more timeless level than that of social morality.

This sin has been described by Saint Augustine as the result of Pride, of the movement whereby a creature (that is, an essentially dependent being whose principle of existence lies not in itself but in another) tries to set up on its own, to exist for itself.³ Such a sin requires no complex social conditions, no extended experience, no great intellectual development. From the moment a creature becomes aware of God as God and of itself as self, the terrible alternative of choosing God or self for the centre is opened to it. This sin is committed daily by young children and ignorant peasants as well as by sophisticated persons, by solitaries no less than by those who live in society: it is the fall in every individual life, and in each day of each individual life, the basic sin behind all particular sins. At this very moment you and I are either committing it, or about to commit it, or repenting it. We try, when we wake, to lay the new day at God's feet, before we have finished shaving, it becomes *our* day and God's share in it is felt as a tribute which we must pay out of "our own" pocket, a deduction from the time which ought, we feel, to be "our own." A man starts a new job with a sense of vocation and, perhaps, for the first week still keeps the discharge of the vocation as his end, taking the pleasures and pains from God's hand, as they come, as 'accidents.' But in the second week he is beginning to "know the ropes" by the third, he has quarried out of the total job his own plan for himself within that job, and when he can pursue this he feels that he is getting no more than his rights, and, when he cannot, that he is being interfered with. A lover, in obedience to a quite uncalculating impulse, which may be full of good will as well as of desire and need not be forgetful of God, embraces his beloved, and then, quite innocently, experiences a thrill of sexual pleasure, but the second embrace may have that pleasure in view, may be a means to an end, may be the first downward step towards the state of regarding a fellow creature as a thing, as a machine to be used for his pleasure. Thus the bloom of innocence, the element of obedience and the readiness to take what comes is rubbed off every activity. Thoughts undertaken for God's sake—like that on which we are engaged at the moment—are continued as if they were an end in themselves, and then as if our pleasure in thinking were the end, and finally as if our pride or celebrity were the end. Thus all day long, and all the days of our life, we are sliding, slipping, falling away—as if God were, to our present consciousness, a smooth inclined plane on which there is no resting. And in deed we are now of such a nature that we must slip off, and the sin, because it is unavoidable, may be venial. But God cannot have made us so. The gravitation away from God, "the journey homeward to habitual self," must, we think, be a product of the Fall. What exactly happened when Man fell

³ *De Civitate Dei* XIV xiii

we do not know, but if it is legitimate to guess, I offer the following picture—a “myth” in the Socratic sense,⁴ a not unlikely tale

For long centuries God perfected the animal form which was to become the vehicle of humanity and the image of Himself. He gave it hands whose thumb could be applied to each of the fingers, and jaws and teeth and throat capable of articulation, and a brain sufficiently complex to execute all the material motions whereby rational thought is incarnated. The creature may have existed for ages in this state before it became man: it may even have been clever enough to make things which a modern archaeologist would accept as proof of its humanity. But it was only an animal because all its physical and psychical processes were directed to purely material and natural ends. Then, in the fullness of time, God caused to descend upon this organism, both on its psychology and physiology, a new kind of consciousness which could say “I” and “me,” which could look upon itself as an object, which knew God, which could make judgements of truth, beauty, and goodness, and which was so far above time that it could perceive time flowing past. This new consciousness ruled and illuminated the whole organism, flooding every part of it with light, and was not, like ours, limited to a selection of the movements going on in one part of the organism, namely the brain. Man was then all consciousness. The modern Yogi claims—whether falsely or truly—to have under control those functions which to us are almost part of the external world, such as digestion and circulation. This power the first man had in eminence. His organic processes obeyed the law of his own will, not the law of nature. His organs sent up appetites to the judgement seat of will not because they had to, but because he chose. Sleep meant to him not the stupor which we undergo, but willed and conscious repose—he remained awake to enjoy the pleasure and duty of sleep. Since the processes of decay and repair in his tissues were similarly conscious and obedient, it may not be fanciful to suppose that the length of his life was largely at his own discretion. Wholly commanding himself, he commanded all lower lives with which he came into contact. Even now we meet rare individuals who have a mysterious power of taming beasts. This power the Paradisal man enjoyed in eminence. The old picture of the brutes sporting before Adam and fawning upon him may not be wholly symbolical. Even now more animals than you might expect are ready to adore man if they are given a reasonable opportunity: for man was made to be the priest and even, in one sense, the Christ, of the animals—the mediator through whom they apprehend so much of the Divine splendour as their irrational nature allows. And God was to such a man no slippery, inclined plane. The new consciousness had been made to repose on its Creator, and repose it did. However rich and varied man’s experience of his fellows (or fellow) in charity and friendship and sexual love, or of the beasts, or of the surrounding world then first recognised as beautiful and awful, God

⁴ *I.e.*, an account of what *may have been* the historical fact. Not to be confused with ‘myth’ in Dr Niebuhr’s sense (*i.e.* a symbolical representation of non historical truth).

came first in his love and in his thought, and that without painful effort in perfect cyclic movement, being, power and joy descended from God to man in the form of gift and returned from man to God in the form of obedient love and ecstatic adoration and in this sense, though not in all, man was then truly the son of God, the prototype of Christ, perfectly enacting in joy and ease of all the faculties and all the senses that filial self-surrender which Our Lord enacted in the agonies of the crucifixion

Judged by his artefacts, or perhaps even by his language, this blessed creature was, no doubt, a savage. All that experience and practice can teach he had still to learn. If he chipped flints, he doubtless chipped them clumsily enough. He may have been utterly incapable of expressing in conceptual form his paradisaical experience. All that is quite irrelevant. From our own childhood we remember that before our elders thought us capable of "understanding" anything, we already had spiritual experiences as pure and as momentous as any we have undergone since, though not, of course, as rich in factual context. From Christianity itself we learn that there is a level—in the long run the only level of importance—on which the learned and the adult have no advantage at all over the simple and the child. I do not doubt that if the Paradisaical man could now appear among us, we should regard him as an utter savage, a creature to be exploited or, at best, patronised. Only one or two, and those the holiest among us, would glance a second time at the naked, shaggy bearded, slow-spoken creature but they, after a few minutes, would fall at his feet.

We do not know how many of these creatures God made, nor how long they continued in the Paradisaical state. But sooner or later they fell. Someone or something whispered that they could become as gods—that they could cease directing their lives to their Creator and taking all their delights as uncovenanted mercies, as "accidents" (in the logical sense) which arose in the course of a life directed not to those delights but to the adoration of God. As a young man wants a regular allowance from his father which he can count on as his own, within which he makes his own plans (and rightly, for his father is after all a fellow creature) so they desired to be on their own, to take care for their own future, to plan for pleasure and for security, to have a *meum* from which, no doubt, they would pay some reasonable tribute to God in the way of time, attention, and love, but which nevertheless, was theirs not His. They wanted, as we say, to "call their souls their own." But that means to live a lie, for our souls are not, in fact, our own. They wanted some corner in the universe of which they could say to God, "This is our business, not yours." But there is no such corner. They wanted to be nouns, but they were, and eternally must be, mere adjectives. We have no idea in what particular act, or series of acts, the self-contradictory, impossible wish found expression. For all I can see, it might have concerned the literal eating of a fruit, but the question is of no consequence.

This act of self-will on the part of the creature, which constitutes an utter

falsehood to its true creaturely position, is the only sin that can be conceived as the Fall. For the difficulty about the first sin is that it must be very heinous, or its consequences would not be so terrible, and yet it must be something which a being free from the temptations of fallen man could conceivably have committed. The turning from God to self fulfills both conditions. It is a sin possible even to Paradisal man, because the mere existence of a self—the mere fact that we call it “me”—includes, from the first, the danger of self idolatry. Since I am I, I must make an act of self surrender, however small or however easy, in living to God rather than to myself. This is, if you like, the “weak spot” in the very nature of creation, the risk which God apparently thinks worth taking. But the sin was very heinous, because the self which Paradisal man had to surrender contained no natural recalcitrancy to being surrendered. His *data*, so to speak, were a psycho physical organism wholly subject to the will and a will wholly disposed, though not compelled, to turn to God. The self surrender which he practised before the Fall meant no struggle but only the delicious overcoming of an infinitesimal self adherence which delighted to be overcome—of which we see a dim analogy in the rapturous mutual self surrenders of lovers even now. He had, therefore, no *temptation* (in our sense) to choose the self—no passion or inclination obstinately inclining that way—nothing but the bare fact that the self was *himself*.

Up to that moment the human spirit had been in full control of the human organism. It doubtless expected that it would retain this control when it had ceased to obey God. But its authority over the organism was a delegated authority which it lost when it ceased to be God's delegate. Having cut itself off, as far as it could, from the source of its being, it had cut itself off from the source of power. For when we say of created things that A rules B this must mean that God rules B through A. I doubt whether it would have been intrinsically possible for God to continue to rule the organism *through* the human spirit when the human spirit was in revolt against Him. At any rate He did not. He began to rule the organism in a more external way, not by the laws of spirit, but by those of nature.⁵ Thus the organs, no longer governed by man's will, fell under the control of ordinary biochemical laws and suffered whatever the inter workings of those laws might bring about in the way of pain, senility and death. And desires began to come up into the mind of man, not as his reason chose, but just as the biochemical and environmental facts happened to cause them. And the mind itself fell under the psychological laws of association and the like which God had made to rule the psychology of the higher anthropoids. And the will, caught in the tidal wave of mere nature, had no resource but to force back some of the new thoughts and desires by main strength, and these uneasy rebels became the subcon-

⁵ This is a development of Hooker's conception of Law. To disobey your *proper* law (i.e. the law God makes for a being such as you) means to find yourself obeying one of God's lower laws. e.g. if when walking on a slippery pavement you neglect the law of Prudence you suddenly find yourself obeying the law of gravitation.

scious as we now know it. The process was not, I conceive, comparable to mere deterioration as it may now occur in a human individual, it was a loss of status as a *species*. What man lost by the Fall was his original specific nature "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." The total organism which had been taken up into his spiritual life was allowed to fall back into the merely natural condition from which, at his making, it had been raised—just as, far earlier in the story of creation, God had raised vegetable life to become the vehicle of animality, and chemical process to be the vehicle of vegetation, and physical process to be the vehicle of chemical. Thus human spirit from being the master of human nature became a mere lodger in its own house, or even a prisoner, rational consciousness became what it now is—a fitful spot light resting on a small part of the cerebral motions. But this limitation of the spirit's powers was a lesser evil than the corruption of the spirit itself. It had turned from God and become its own idol, so that though it could still turn back to God,⁶ it could do so only by painful effort, and its inclination was self ward. Hence pride and ambition, the desire to be lovely in its own eyes and to depress and humiliate all rivals, envy, and restless search for more, and still more, security, were now the attitudes that came easiest to it. It was not only a weak king over its own nature, but a bad one. It sent down into the psychophysical organism desires far worse than the organism sent up in to it. This condition was transmitted by heredity to all later generations, for it was not simply what biologists call an acquired variation, it was the emergence of a new kind of man—a new species, never made by God, had sinned itself into existence. The change which man had undergone was not parallel to the development of a new organ or a new habit, it was a radical alteration of his constitution, a disturbance of the relation between his component parts, and an internal perversion of one of them.

God might have arrested this process by miracle but this—to speak in somewhat irreverent metaphor—would have been to decline the problem which God had set Himself when He created the world, the problem of expressing His goodness through the total drama of a world containing free agents, in spite of, and by means of, their rebellion against Him. The symbol of a drama, a symphony, or a dance, is here useful to correct a certain absurdity which may arise if we talk too much of God planning and creating the world process for good and of that good being frustrated by the free will of the creatures. This may raise the ridiculous idea that the Fall took God by surprise and upset His plan, or else—more ridiculously still—that God planned the whole thing for conditions which, He well knew, were never going to be realised. In fact, of course, God saw the crucifixion in the act of creating the first nebula. The world is a dance in which good, descending from God, is

⁶Theologians will note that I am not here intending to make any contribution to the Pelagian Augustinian controversy. I mean only that such return to God was not even now an impossibility. Where the initiative lies in any instance of such return is a question on which I am saying nothing.

disturbed by evil arising from the creatures, and the resulting conflict is resolved by God's own assumption of the suffering nature which evil produces. The doctrine of the free Fall asserts that the evil which thus makes the fuel or raw material for the second and more complex kind of good is not God's contribution but man's. This does not mean that if man had remained innocent God could not then have contrived an equally splendid symphonic whole—supposing that we insist on asking such questions. But it must always be remembered that when we talk of what might have happened, of contingencies outside the whole actuality, we do not really know what we are talking about. There are no times or places outside the existing universe in which all this 'could happen' or 'could have happened.' I think the most significant way of stating the real freedom of man is to say that if there are other rational species than man, existing in some other part of the actual universe, then it is not necessary to suppose that they also have fallen.

STUDENT HELPS AND THEME SUGGESTIONS

BIOGRAPHY

Florence Nightingale—STRACHEY, page 3

Does Florence Nightingale's story rouse your interest? For what reasons? Have you met men or women like her? Do you think it would be a good thing if there were more like her in your home town and in college? Do you feel that the portrait is true? Does Strachey indulge in humor at his heroine's expense? With what effect? How much does Strachey quote, and why? Can you explain the frequent use of question and exclamation? Does the end detract from your admiration of the character? Does it seem to have the same effect as a great tragedy has purging our minds, as Aristotle declared, through the emotions of pity and terror?

Possible Themes 1 A Character Study of a Reformer I Have Known 2 The Story of a Strong willed Woman, 3 Inefficiency in Our Armed Forces, 4 Florence Nightingale Writes a Letter on 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' (see Tennyson's poem), 5 Do We Need a Reformer in College? 6 A Woman's Handicaps Today

J E B Stuart—BRADFORD, page 38

Study the arrangement in this biography. How does it differ from that in Strachey's? What is its guiding principle? Note carefully the transitional sentences. What are the characteristics of the ideal officer? Are any of Stuart's ideals or methods out of date? How does the code of honor in modern warfare differ from that maintained in the Civil War?

Possible Themes 1 The Knight of the Golden Spurs 2 Chivalry in Modern Warfare, 3 Southern Colonel, 4 A Gentleman of the Old South, 5 Bombing Women and Children 6 J E B Stuart in an Atomic War

Abraham Lincoln The First Prairie Years—SANDBURG, page 51

What elements of greatness did Lincoln have to start with? What elements did he acquire by his own efforts? What outside forces or circumstances lent depth and strength to his mind and character? As revealed in this part of his life, does he seem a bigger personality than Florence Nightingale or Stuart, or a smaller? Can you detect anywhere the seeds of the Gettysburg Address? Does Sandburg's familiarity with Illinois and its people appear in these pages? Can you detect passages where Sandburg is revealed as a poet? Do you find any traces of sentimentality in phrasing? After reading Sherman's review of Sandburg's *Lincoln The First Prairie Years* are there any additions you would like to make?

Possible Themes 1 How Lincoln Made Himself 2 If Lincoln Had Gone to College 3 Lincoln and Stuart—a Contrast 4 Lincoln and Stuart—a Comparison 5 The Prairie a Hundred Years Ago, 6 Lincoln Would Have Appreciated Hardy

Four Years in a Shed—CURIE, page 60

What makes scientists, as well as other men, conservative? In what spheres and in what people have you observed similar conservatism? What motives have you discovered for this attitude? If you have read Robinson's "Four Kinds of Thinking" in this book, do you find there a correct diagnosis of the conservative mind? Of the creative mind? Is there any sound argument in favor of conservatism? Should the government endow scientific research or should it be left to the universities and corporations? What valuable researches does our government carry on? What do you know about them? How is the difference between Pierre and Marie Curie brought out? What is the value of a strong emotional nature in science? How does it appear in this narrative? What light does this biography shed on marriage and a career for women? Read Fadiman's review of *Madame Curie* in this book. What does he emphasize?

Possible Themes 1 Science and Conservatism, 2 The Standpat Mind, 3 The Endowment of Research, 4 Women in Science, 5 The Poetic Side of Science, 6 A Husband, a Home, and a Career, 7 When Should a Married Woman Engage in a Profession?

Galileo—COHEN, page 69

State clearly the author's purpose in writing this article. How has the purpose influenced the tone and style of the work? How has it influenced his choice of detail? Compare the details, tone, and style with those of other biographies. What do the quotations tell you of Galileo's character? Does Cohen give a satisfactory explanation of Galileo's recantation? How does that recantation alter your views of Galileo? What is the essential moral issue underlying his recantation? Is this same issue alive today? Where? When? How do you account for Galileo's inquisitors' refusal to accept the evidence of his eyes? Is it sufficient just to call them stupid? Read Bergen Evans' "Some Popular Delusions" before answering.

Possible Themes 1 The Scientific Mind, 2 Curie and Galileo, 3 A Good Scientist Needs Plenty of Imagination, 4 Scientists and Politicians, 5 They Laughed at _____, 6 A Modern Galileo

The Unsinkable Mrs. Brown—FOWLER, page 76

What one word or phrase best describes Mrs. Brown? How does Fowler emphasize this dominant trait? Does he do more than offer us examples of her conduct, that is, does he try to explain Mrs. Brown's mental attitudes? Point out passages to support your answer. Does the sketch ring true? Have you ever known a character like Mrs. Brown? How do you account for such a character? Has Fowler satisfactorily accounted for Mrs. Brown? In other words, is she psychologically believable?

Possible Themes 1 The Town Character, 2 High Society Is Not So High, 3 There's No Room for Eccentrics Today, 4 An Act of Heroism, 5 Characters Are Fun to Read About, But _____

AUTOBIOGRAPHIC CHAPTERS

Life with Father—DAY, page 85

Note in these two sketches the introduction of brief explanatory passages. Underline the vigorous verbs. Observe that the diction though colloquial is not slangy.

Be able to show what each of "Father's remarks contributes to the realization of his character

Possible Themes 1 Father Meets an Emergency, 2 Helpless Male, 3 Tinkering with the Car, 4 Masculine Pride, 5 Housekeeping Crisis, 6 Father and Mother, 7 Who's the Boss?

Early Impressions—ADAMS, page 88

What does Adams mean in the first paragraph by atmosphere or tone? Where and how could one learn to recognize it? What treasures of sense were yours in childhood? By what means, by what phrases does Adams convey an impression of his grandmother's personality? What ideas have you been brought up to believe are alone respectable? Is society today approaching a chasm with its eyes turned away? What aspects of American life are neglected by the comfortable classes?

Possible Themes 1 Sense Impressions of Childhood, 2 Winter versus Summer, 3 She Belonged to Another World, 4 Respectable Beliefs, 5 Religious Stagnation, 6 My Religion

Rowing—LA FARGE, page 93

Into what parts is this autobiographic sketch divided? How are the divisions indicated? Which parts are expository, which descriptive, which narrative? What are the values of athletics? What are its drawbacks?

Possible Themes 1 How I Trained for , 2 The Way to Handle a Paddle (Tennis Racket, Ax, Scythe, Lasso), 3 The Art of Canoeing (Tackling, Pitching Hay, Broiling a Steak), 4 The Last Lap, 5 The Last Inning, 6 The Last Play, 7 What I Get Out of Athletics

University Days—THURBER, page 99

Is there a serious aspect to this humorous piece of writing? What devices does the author use to prepare and touch off your sense of humor?

Possible Themes 1 Laboratory Comedy, 2 Pulling Our Fullback Through, 3 Drill, 4 A Field Trip, 5 And the Class Exploded, 6 Do Instructors Understand? 7 Is College a Joke?

Campus Life—SEVAREID, page 103

Have you ever had a teacher like Lippincott? Did you like his method of teaching? Would you have preferred his lecturing in outline fashion? Why? What are the advantages and disadvantages of each kind of teaching? Have you, like Severeid, felt the excitement of the world of ideas? Have you ever experienced the thrill of suddenly "seeing clearly" what had hitherto been confused in your politics? religion? relationships with people? Describe your experience. Has the spirit of reform died out among the students in your college? Did the spirit of Severeid's time have any effect? Or should he have spent his time preparing for a career, and let others worry about politics? Severeid says he learned the meaning of fascism. What is that meaning? Do you agree with him? Have you had a similar experience?

Possible Themes 1 Campus Architecture, 2 Alumni Reunions, 3 Hollywood and Campus Life, 4 I Learn the Meaning of , 5 Must One Become Conservative? 6 Education Is Learning, Not Thinking

Gilroy Was Here—KAHN, page 112

In this account of a storm why is so little made of physical sensations? How is character revealed by dialogue? How is it revealed by action? What is the main effect intended? How does the last paragraph emphasize this effect?

Possible Themes 1 The Big Blow, 2 Snowbound, 3 Neighborliness, 4 Truck drivers I Have Known, 5 Stalled, 6 The Flood

THE PERSONAL ESSAY

Poor Relations—LAMB page 121

List the main elements of Lamb's style—the sentence structure, rhythm, the use of irony, anticlimax metaphor simile, hyperbole, and so on. What tone does this style develop? What does the tone tell you of Lamb's attitude toward poor relations? Is it cruel? tolerant? What do your answers to these questions tell you of Lamb himself? Note the organization of the essay. Is it haphazard? logical? Does it *appear* haphazard? logical? What do your answers tell you about the nature of the personal essay?

Possible Themes 1 My Uncle , 2 Grinds 3 Apple Polishers, 4 The B M O C 5 Younger Brothers (or Sisters), 6 Characterize a particular kind of teacher, doctor, businessman, dentist, advertising man, salesman, or friend

Crabbed Age and Youth—STEVENSON, page 126

What advice have you heard or what proverbs have you read which counsel caution? When is caution wisdom? When is it folly? When is it cowardice? Is Stevenson right in saying that opinions inevitably change with changes in age or circumstances? Is there no possibility of arriving at some fairly solid conclusions early in life? Do college studies offer such a possibility? Does the reading of books? Can you already suggest some ideas which you confidently expect to hold the rest of your life? On what are these ideas based? Study the means by which Stevenson gives vitality and humor to broad generalities

Possible Themes 1 On Being Too Cautious, 2 Lying Proverbs, 3 My Generation, 4 When I Am a Grandfather, 5 Boyhood Enthusiasms, 6 Son's Advice to Father

How Shall I Word It?—BEERBOHM, page 134

Do you consider the first paragraph to be a good introduction to what follows? Is there any novelty in the subject? Note the author's figures of speech, his sudden turns of thought, and his choice of names. What do these things tell you about him? Do you think him malicious? What would happen if we were to tell our real thoughts for even one hour?

Possible Themes 1 A Letter I Should Like to Write, 2 The Art of Insult, 3 Sweetness and Light in Business Letters, 4 False Courtesy and True, 5 It's Tact That Makes the World Go Round, 6 Are We All Hypocrites?

Comfort—HUXLEY, page 139

Do you agree that comfort is the most desirable end that the twentieth century can propose to itself? What do you think of Huxley's argument, that is that comfort

had to wait for democracy to develop it? Does he wish you to take his reasoning seriously, or lightly? Does he approve of the enormous houses of the past? Is he right in saying that our love of comfort is artificially created by enormous material interests? Notice the organization of the essay—the introduction—the development—the conclusion. Note also the paragraph organization—how does it differ from that of Lamb's essay? What does this organization tell you of Huxley's purpose? What is the tone of the essay? How does Huxley achieve this tone? What does the tone tell you of his meaning? Or are tone and meaning here synonymous?

Possible Themes 1 Some Thought-saving Gadgets 2 Gadgets I Could (or Couldn't) Do Without 3 What Do We Do Once We're All Comfortable? 4 A Defense of Comfort, 5 The World Needs Ceremony—and Discomfort

Farewell, My Lovely—WHITE page 146

What are your associations with mail order catalogues? With automobiles? With gadgets? With garage men? Note the effectiveness of accurate detail, and point to example. Observe how vivid phrases call up images and sensations.

Possible Themes 1 Reflections on a Mail Order Catalogue 2 We Still Miss the Old Car! 3 It's Easier to Walk, 4 Advice to the Used Car Owner 5 The Gadget Racket

From Spargo to Carver to Speaker—BROWN page 151

Does this essay illustrate Robinson's distinction between "good reasons" and "real reasons"? (See pp. 370–372.) What feature makes it equally amusing and inoffensive to radicals and conservatives? Does it read well? Test the sentences by ear. Note the bookish phrases and the colloquial. Do they harmonize? Why? Is the alliteration effective?

Possible Themes 1 In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy 2 Where Are the Notes of Yesteryear? 3 The Bases Were Full and , 4 Rugged Individualism in Athletics, 5 I Became a Convert to

Spring Comes to the Farm—MARTIN page 154

How do you like the style of this essay as compared with that of Krutch's "April—The Day of the Peepers"? Do you think it fits the subject?

Possible Themes 1 Spring (or another season) Comes to the Campus 2 Peace in the Country, 3 Farm Days 4 The Price of Butter and Eggs, 5 A Woman on the Farm

A Garland of Ibids—SULLIVAN, page 157

Do not forget to read the footnotes. Do not forget that the author's name is Sullivan.

Possible Themes 1 A Footnote on Frank Sullivan, 2 Cabots and Coughlins, 3 I Like Footnotes, 4 The Irish of It

April—The Day of the Peepers—KRUTCH, page 160

Do we, as Krutch says, live by "mere symbols"? Name some examples. Why does Krutch call them "mere" symbols? Why does he draw a parallel between Easter and the Day of the Peepers? Do you think he is being irreverent? Why does he deplore man's living less and less in a world of sights, sounds, and natural urges?

Do you think we do? What pleasure or wisdom has the world of sight (sound) given to you? Is Krutch's statement that we live more and more in a world of abstractions and statistics but another way of describing Lewis's *Fall of Man*? (page 540) What does Krutch mean when he says to the peepers, "Don't forget, we're all in this together"?

Possible Themes 1 The Signs (or Sounds) of Summer (Winter, Fall), 2 Sounds and Memories, 3 City Sounds and the Decline of Attention (page 180), 4 The Symbols I Live By

READING AND WRITING

Of Reading Books—LOWES, page 167

How many hours a week do you give on the average to the radio? to the moving pictures? to the newspaper? to the picture magazines such as *Life* and *Look*? Add up the total. After careful consideration, estimate how much of that time afforded mere relaxation and entertainment without any sort of intellectual or cultural value. Set down the figure. On the other hand, estimate the number of hours you give weekly to the *voluntary* reading of literature that possesses style, including everything from the best modern weeklies, such as the *New Yorker* and the *New Republic*, to Emerson and *Don Quixote*. Does the comparison afford you satisfaction? Do you ever read for pleasure in your vacations? What? Does the amount and quality of voluntary reading you do bear any relation to your ability to write? What do you consider the ideal conditions for reading?

Possible Themes 1 The Radio and Illiteracy, 2 Reading Is a Bore, 3 The Time, the Place, and the Book, 4 Buying My Own Books, 5 An Engineer's (or Farmer's, or Businessman's) Reading, 6 Television and Books

The Decline of Attention—FADIMAN, page 180

Why do certain people—technicians, generals, managers'—have much to gain from the decline of attention? Can you name others? What is the relationship, if any, between the 'decline in the ability to read' and the extension of the modern system of education for all? Have good books *ever* made a connection with the *center* of a culture? Does Fadiman prove his point that the modern cults of Faulkner and others, the multiplication of little magazines, and so on, are not symptomatic of the numerical growth of those who cultivate the faculty of attention? Do you agree that the modern "high brow" is fighting a rear guard action? Is it true that America looks to movie and sports stars for moral and spiritual guidance? Distinguish between the well-informed and the reflective mind. What's wrong with the "make the work-interesting to the student" theory?

Possible Themes 1 A Picture Is Not Worth a Thousand Words, 2 Pocket Magazines versus Pocket Books, 3 Brevity and Simplicity Today Mean Puerility, 4 The Appeal of the "Comic Book View of Life", 5 Life Is Complex Enough—Why Make It Worse by Reading? 6 Today We Just Don't Have Enough Time to Read

The Pursuit of Values in Fiction—BREWSTER AND BURRELL, page 187

What novels or stories have repelled or attracted you most? How did you happen

to read them? Can you explain, as the students in this essay have explained, the reasons for your likes and dislikes? Does the explanation lie in your own temperament or environment? Have your tastes in fiction changed? Why? Do you think your chief pleasure in fiction lies in (1) emotional excitement and novelty of experience, or (2) in the sense of human realities seriously faced, or (3) in the suggested solutions of your emotional and intellectual problems? Or do you find all three satisfactions in some books? Does the fact that a novel or story moves you deeply mean that it is great literature? Are there any other tests?

Possible Themes 1 The Values of a 'Thriller', 2 Why I Hated That Novel 3 The Fairytales of My Childhood, 4 Required Reading in Fiction, 5 Falling in Love with a Heroine (or Hero), 6 Wasting Time on 'Westerns', 7 Rereading Old Favorites

Outline for a Defense of Poetry—DANIELS, page 196

After reading this chapter, can you explain clearly your own feelings about poetry? What misconceptions have you harbored? Has classroom study sharpened or dulled your appreciation? If the proper approach to poetry is hard work, can the experience ever be enjoyable? Are there verses that you enjoy without effort? What 'levels' of poetry (if any) do you thoroughly and spontaneously like? Do you ever read poems aloud or memorize them? What kinds of experience or teaching have helped you most to a feeling for poetry?

Possible Themes 1 How Poetry Should Not Be Taught, 2 I'm Incurably Prosaic, 3 On First Looking into , 4 Nerts for Footnotes 5 A Defense of Explanatory Notes

Writing Prose—MAUGHAM, page 213

Mr Maugham is the author of many successful stories and plays and of one notable novel, *Of Human Bondage*. Can you criticize the criticisms of the secretary? What did Maugham learn from the "intelligent and charming" don? Is a florid, an ornate prose always affected nonsense? Do you know any passages of such prose which you enjoy? Can you justify them? Is Maugham's attitude explained by his assertion that "life is vulgar"? Is it? Consider the life reflected in some of the biographies, essays, and poems in this book in making your answer. Why is it well for the novice at writing to be content with achieving lucidity, simplicity, and euphony? Can you offer any specific, detailed suggestions as to methods of achieving lucidity in the use of words, sentences, and paragraphs?

Possible Themes 1 Learning to Write 2 English Instructors I Have Known, 3 Is There a Place for Ornate Prose? 4 Writing Is a Craft

Snobs, Slobs, and the English Language—LLOYD, page 223

The Retort Circumstantial—BARZUN, page 231

These two articles should be read together, because they discuss both sides of a highly controversial issue, and afford a chance to study a variety of argumentative techniques. State precisely the proposition of each article. Summarize the main points presented by each author to support his position. Criticize the validity of these points. Find examples of the authors' use of induction and deduction (see T. H. Huxley, "The Method of Scientific Investigation"). Study their evidence: does it consist of facts and opinions that are verifiable, authoritative? Does your

own experience supply you with evidence to support or refute either side? Is the author's refutation of his opponent's argument complete and convincing? Which of the following fallacies does each author find his opponent guilty of: insufficient evidence, false analogy, equivocation, begging the question, ignoring the question *non sequitur*? Write a sentence outline of each article, you will then find it easier to evaluate the reasoning. Which article do you find more convincing? Why? How much of your answer is the result of the author's persuasive powers—style, personality, tone—as distinguished from his power of reasoning? Point out specific words, sentences, images to support your answer. Do you approve of eliminating the differences of meaning of words like *continual* and *continuous*, *'barbarous'* and *'barbarian'*, *'liable'*, *'likely'*, and *'apt'*? Why? Do you approve of *'like'* as a conjunction, *'due to'* as an adverb, *'enthuse'* as a verb, *'wait on'* instead of *'wait for'*? What standard do you use to determine what is acceptable? Or do you think that because questions of usage can never be finally answered, we might as well forget them? Before you answer, read Orwell's *Politics and the English Language*."

Possible Themes 1 I Agree (or Disagree) with _____, 2 Slipshod Thinking and Sloppy Writing, 3 Why Words Count, 4 The Language of College Students, 5 Slang: Pro and Con, 6 Relax! The Whole Thing Don't Matter, 7 How I Judge 'Good' English

Politics and the English Language—ORWELL, page 234

Orwell says that language affects politics, and vice versa. Has he proved his point? Does your own experience prove his point? Find some examples of stale imagery, of imprecise thinking. Where do you think you'll find such examples most easily? In Orwell's article? textbooks? newspapers? Can you think of some 'dead metaphors'? Why must you be careful when using them? Are there times when vague writing is justified? Defend your answer. Orwell says that we should "let the meaning choose the word, and not the other way about. What does this statement tell you about the nature of language? Does orthodoxy always demand a lifeless, imitative style?"

Possible Themes 1 Some American 'Evasions by Language', 2 Some Russian 'Evasions by Language', 3 Euphemisms and Honesty, 4 Political Language and the A Bomb, 5 How the Passive Voice Makes a Passive Brain, 6 Orwell's Sixth Rule: What Does It Mean?

The Cliche Expert Reveals Himself in His True Colors—SULLIVAN, page 244

What is the main point of this skit? When is a cliché a cliché? Who determines when a cliché is a cliché? How would you define a cliché? Should you always avoid clichés?

Possible Themes 1 Crimes of the Sports Writer, 2 The Curse of the Cliche, 3 Journalese, 4 Cliches and Politics, 5 My Favorite Cliches

The Daily Theme Eye—EATON, page 247

Do you know anyone who has a sensitive 'daily theme eye'? Does he get more "fun out of life" because of it? Is there such a thing as a 'daily theme ear or nose'? Did Keats possess alert senses? Did Henry Adams (See selections in this book)? Illustrate. Is it possible to cultivate them? How? Read Krutch's *April: The Day of the Peepers*

Possible Themes 1 An Author Who Has the Daily Theme Eve (with quotations), 2 How Can I Learn to See? 3 A Contrast between the Senses of a Man and of a Dog 4 Cultivation of the Ear, 5 Description of a Person House, Room or Animal (study the subject closely, describe it in vivid concise sentences avoid the obvious and uninteresting introduce convincing detail) 6 Write two contrasted descriptions of the same person street or landscape seen under different conditions, or at different hours, or from different angles, 7 A Study of Sounds (or of Odors)

How to Write Your Senator—BALDWIN, page 250

Explain in your own words why some letters have a wrong effect on you Can you illustrate? What are the most desirable features of a personal letter making a request? What are the most desirable features of a letter applying for a position? Is there any measure, affecting you personally, which has been passed on by a governing body (student council, board of trustees legislature), or which is about to be considered by such a body? If so, what authoritative information have you on the subject? Where could you get reliable information? In what ways can a course in composition help you to present your opinions?

Possible Themes 1 A Letter to Senator , 2 A Letter to a College Newspaper, 3 Getting Reliable Information 4 A Personal Letter Is Better 5 The Way It Strikes Me, 6 Good and Bad Pressure Groups

Kidnapped, in Manuscript—WILSEY, page 251

What are the principles which Stevenson applied in his revision? Does he seem to have followed the same principles in *A Lodging for the Night* (pp 564-579) published nine years earlier? Does he seem to agree with Maugham (pp 213-223) on the essentials of a good prose style? What weaknesses in your own selection of words and phrase need correction?

Possible Themes 1 Copy out an old theme, and add a revised version underlining changes in diction 2 The art of characterization in Stevenson's *A Lodging for the Night* , 3 What makes *A Lodging for the Night* vivid? 4 Ways in which the precise word is important in my own writing

REVIEWS AND CRITICISM

A REVIEW OF Madame Curie—FADIMAN page 261

Read first Eve Curie's chapter *Four Years in a Shed* ' What is the main idea conveyed in this review? By what methods is it emphasized? How much space is devoted to the author's and the translator's craftsmanship? How much space to the subject matter? Can you account for these proportions? What touches of irony do you find? What do they add to the review?

Possible Themes 1 A Review of a Short Biography, 2 A Review of Strachey's *Florence Nightingale*

A REVIEW OF The Prairie Years—SHERMAN, page 264

In conjunction with this review read in this book the selection *Abraham Lincoln The First Prairie Years* How does this review differ from Fadiman's in its proportions and arrangement? What are the main points? Be ready to point out vigorous

phrases, picturesque images alliteration, quotation What common property do Fadiman and Sherman find in the two biographies?

Possible Themes 1 Addenda to Sherman's Review of *The Prairie Years*, 2 What Makes a Great Biography?

REVIEWS OF *Beyond the Horizon*—BROUN and WOOLLCOTT, pages 266 and 268

Read *Beyond the Horizon* (pp 779-839), which opened February 2, 1920 Both Broun and Woollcott in their reviews, written immediately after the opening, speak of awkwardness and clumsiness in the construction of the play Do you feel that their strictures are just? Would the final act be more effective if it were not divided into two scenes? In a letter to Barrett Clark in March, 1920, O'Neill defended himself against these strictures and spoke of "the symbolism I intended to convey by the alternating scenes" What symbolism do you detect? What special handicap does a play reviewer have which he does not share with a book reviewer?

Possible Themes 1 Write a review of a play, a film or a television drama Avoid reading any review by someone else before doing your own, 2 Should a reviewer read a play before seeing it? Specifically, why or why not? 3 Should a review recapitulate the plot of a play? Defend your answer, 4 Should a reviewer be familiar with works by the same author?

A REVIEW OF *John Brown's Body*—O'NEILL, JR., page 269

Read 'The Raid on Harper's Ferry' (from *John Brown's Body*) in this book Find examples in it of what O'Neill calls "cinematic techniques" What does O'Neill think are the main characteristics of the epic? Compare his definition with that found in a good encyclopedia Why do you suppose O'Neill stresses the epical quality of the poem? Could an answer to this question be found in the fact that O'Neill is writing about the poem twenty years after its publication? What methods of the reviewer has O'Neill used the comparative? historical? biographical? technical? Write a review of 'The Raid on Harper's Ferry,' in which you discuss aspects of the poem that O'Neill has neglected

Possible Themes 1 Twenty Years After, 2 Benét Is Dramatic, 3 A review of a play, poem, story, or movie in which you discuss the lyric, or epic, or dramatic qualities of your subject

Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses—CLEMENS, page 271

What major rules of good fiction has the author accused Cooper of violating? To answer this question, classify the author's eighteen rules according to their common elements Using Clemens' examples define what he means by "invention" Is the author fair in his attack against Cooper's faulty observation and inconsistency? How accurate and consistent must the facts of a novel be? Clemens objects not only to what Cooper has said but also to how he has said it are there enough examples to support the conclusion that Cooper's entire book is characterized by faulty dialogue and a "literary flattening and sharpening"? Test Clemens' accuracy by looking up in a dictionary the words he accuses Cooper of using inaccurately Do you think Clemens has effectively answered Lounsbury, Matthews, and Collins? How seriously does Clemens wish his accusations to be taken?

Possible Themes 1 Romance and Accuracy Don't Mix, 2 Who Cares about Accuracy, It's the Story That Counts, 3 The Literary Offenses of , 4 Clemens

to the Contrary, Cooper Delighted Millions, 5 Modern Novels Are Too Real,
6 Illusion and Reality in Novels

SPEECHES

Is Clemens' speech likely to corrupt the young or would the audience grasp the irony as well as the humor? Try to state the real point or points he is endeavoring to make. Did Roosevelt feel that the ladies of the D A R were friendly or hostile? Was he insulting them, teasing them, or seriously upholding a serious point of view? Did he believe in new and modern revolutions as well as in that of 1776?

Both Churchill and Foster are fully and carefully documented with verified facts and sound inferences (We omit some of Churchill's facts about wages and material costs as not now relevant to his theme.) Do you agree with what he said on the room being the right size and shape for parliamentary debate under the conditions of party government? Do you have reasons in favor of party government as practiced in Britain or in favor of government by coalitions of groups as practiced in France and Italy? Does Foster persuade you of the advantages of studying hard in college or do you see a good deal of advantage in a less hectic pursuit of grades and scholarships?

Funeral orations from the time of Pericles have frequently combined celebration and praise of the virtues of the dead with pleas to the living for national unity or for dedication to patriotic ideals. Does Lincoln follow this tradition? Would the speech have been better if longer? Would the appeal be greater or less if Lincoln had used a simpler style—following a sentence sequence of subject, verb, complement?

Possible Themes 1 Prepare and deliver to your classmates a very brief speech urging a future course of action to be taken by students in your college, or praising or blaming some person or organization for some recent action, 2 Listen attentively to some political speech on radio or TV and write a short analysis. Was the speech calculated to win the friendly attention of the audience? Did it establish that the proposals of the speaker were possible of attainment, honorable, expedient? 3 Make a rhetorical analysis of a sermon or chapel talk. You should know that you are going to make the report before you listen.

EXPOSITION

SIMPLE EXPOSITION

Depending upon your purpose and the occasion for which you are writing you may develop a subject in a number of different ways. Thus, if you wish to explain democracy, you may define it—tell what it is, or classify it—tell of its relation to other forms of government, or divide it—tell about its parts, or illustrate it—point to the examples of the U S and British governments, or compare it—with republicanism, or contrast it—to totalitarianism, or analyze it—account for its origin, growth, and effects, or show how it operates. The selections listed under 'Simple Exposition' have been classified roughly according to these methods of development. Of course you will find that the classification is not as tight in fact

you may decide that some of the selections defy classification completely. This is as it should be, for skilled writers know the limits beyond which patterns and rules are of no help. Nevertheless, these selections will repay your study, if your aim is to acquire that sense of form which fathers all precise, intelligent writing.

NOTE Three of the selections are followed by *precis*. A *precis* is a brief summary of a longer article which tries to preserve the content and style of the original without altering its order, proportions, or emphasis. *Precis* writing therefore tests your ability to read accurately and to write clearly and concisely. Do the *precis* below meet the requirements of good *precis*? If so, note the devices used by the writer to achieve clarity and economy. If not, point out how they might be improved. Write your own *precis* of one of these short expositions. Then try one of the longer selections from the "Discussions of Modern Problems" section.

DEFINITION—*What Is Liberty? Criticism, What Are the Mammals? Gentleman*, pages 301-304

A logical definition places its subject in a class (or *genus*), and then distinguishes it from other members of that class. Thus, democracy is a form of government (*genus*) in which supreme power is retained by the people and exercised either directly or indirectly through a system of representatives (*differentia*). This is a dictionary definition of democracy. Seldom is such a definition as fully satisfying as an extended or literary definition, which is also made up of *genus* and *differentia* and which should be exact, clear, and interesting. A literary definition may use any of the other methods of development: that is, it may compare denotations and connotations, it may discuss word origins, it may divide a word into its component parts. Which methods are used by the authors represented here? Are the definitions complete? If not, how may their incompleteness be justified? Are they exact and clear? State the *genus* and *differentia* of each. Note the way in which definition is used in longer selections in this book, for example, by Griswold in "Liberal Education Is Practical Education."

Has Wilson defined liberty or the limits of liberty? Part of Sanderson's definition tells us what mammals are not. What are the advantages of this kind of definition?

See Homer Rea's "A Hole Full of Dirt" in this book for another example of definition based upon a study of word origins. Do you find this article more—or less—interesting than "Gentleman"? Account for your answer.

Possible Themes 1. Define a word, using one of the methods illustrated by these selections. A list of words to define appears under theme suggestions for "A Hole Full of Dirt." Other words to define: tawdry, maudlin, macadam, boycott, chivalry, gossip, chortle. You will find the *Oxford English Dictionary* useful for this assignment. 2. Distinguish carefully between house and home, tact, politeness, etiquette, diplomacy, firm, obstinate, stubborn, pig-headed, delusion, illusion, hallucination, poetry and verse, spy, espionage agent, counterintelligence agent, or some other pair or group of synonyms.

CLASSIFICATION AND DIVISION—*What Do Banks Do? Albatrosses, Spruce Manor, Security*, pages 304-309

Classification divides a group into the kinds of units which comprise it, division breaks a single unit into its component parts. Thus, one classifies the parts of speech as nouns, verbs, adjectives, adverbs, pronouns, prepositions, conjunctions.

and interjections, further classifies verbs as transitive and intransitive, and then divides a verb into its principal parts—present infinitive, past tense, and past participle. If development by classification and division is to be effective the classification and division must be based upon a clearly stated and consistently used principle, must be complete enough to satisfy the purpose of the subject, and must avoid overlapping and cross division.

Discover the principle of classification and/or division governing each of the selections in this section. Are the principles clearly stated or implied, consistently used? Could the author of 'What Do Banks Do?' have further divided his subject? What determined the limits of his division?

Does Miss McGinley use a single principle of division for each paragraph in her description? Do her paragraphs overlap? Taken together do they make up a complete picture of Spruce Manor? Complete in what sense?

White has divided men into "airborne freemen and earthbound slaves." Name half a dozen other principles of division which could be used in describing men and women.

Possible Themes 1 Teachers (Actors, Salesmen, Storekeepers, Doctors) I Have Known, 2 Main Street, 3 The Town Square, 4 A Movie Palace, 5 A classification of people according to their hobbies, or possessions or taste in clothing or reading habits, or attitudes toward foreigners, amusements, sports, travel.

ILLUSTRATION—*Relativity, The Method of Scientific Investigation, On Being the Right Size*, pages 309–318

Illustration develops a subject by presenting one or more cases in point. To be at all successful the illustration must be clearly and immediately appropriate, and vigorously presented.

In a single sentence for each state the general idea illustrated by each of these selections. Note how each of the selections achieves strength because of its vivid realistic detail.

Are the examples appropriate, sufficiently developed, sufficient in number? How many examples are needed to 'prove' a point? Has the author of 'Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses' (in this book) given enough examples to convince you that Cooper is a second rate writer?

Can you name a few other examples of relativity of position or motion?

Illustrate in your own way the difference between inductive and deductive reasoning.

To test the logical validity of an induction, ask these questions: Are there enough particular cases to lead to the generalization? Do these particular cases make up a representative cross section of the evidence? Are they typical? Is the conclusion justified? or is it overstated? Test Huxley's reasoning in the light of these questions.

Test the validity of his deduction. Are his terms used consistently throughout his syllogism? Is the minor premise contained in, or covered by, the major premise? Does the conclusion contain anything not found in the premises?

Haldane wishes to emphasize a point that few people, he says, have ever paid attention to. Has he given a sufficient number of examples to convince you that his point deserves attention? Do you think his application of a biological principle to human institutions is justified? Read Julian Huxley, 'The Biological Analogy' in this book.

Possible Themes Illustrate the truth of 1 A proverb 2 A law of physics, economics, mathematics, or literature 3 The meaning of diplomacy, boredom, family, privacy, flattery, 4 The pleasures of country or city life, 5 The difference between

COMPARISON AND CONTRAST—*Auvergne and New England Love and Cookery, The Biological Analogy*, pages 318–322

Comparison develops a subject by pointing out its likeness to something else in the same class, contrast by pointing out its differences from something else in the same class. Fruitful comparison contrasts can be made only if the subjects dealt with are neither completely similar nor completely dissimilar, and only if they are treated in a similar fashion.

How many comparisons and contrasts does De Sales make in his article? What is the exact point of similarity or dissimilarity upon which he bases his comparison/contrast? What pattern of organization has he followed? Is there an alternative pattern? Is the alternative better than the one used?

How are the principles of unity, coherence and emphasis illustrated in “Auvergne and New England”?

Distinguish between analogy, comparison, and contrast. What are the weaknesses of argument by analogy? the strengths?

Possible Themes 1 Florida and California 2 Deep Sea and Freshwater Fishing, 3 Cats and Dogs 4 Speaking and Writing 5 Cigarettes and Pipes 6 Democrats and Republicans, 7 Women's Hats and Men's Ties, 8 The President and the Prime Minister, 9 Socialism and Communism 10 Classicism and Romanticism 11 Football—Then and Now, 12 Taste in Then and Now, 13 Ocean Swimming and Lake Swimming, 14 Thinking and Acting, 15 Romance and History, 16 Discussions and Lectures

ANALYSIS—*The Fifth Freedom, The Effects of Democracy, The Mowing of a Field, Three Simple Casserole Dishes, Ways to Prevent Motion Sickness, Riveters, Why an Airplane Flies*, pages 323–340

As a method of development analysis can be divided into at least two types: causal analysis and process analysis. Causal analysis develops a subject by discussing its causes and its effects, process analysis describes how one makes something or does something, or the way something works. Determining causal relationships is difficult. The most that can be said here is that a true cause produces an effect directly and inevitably. Mere time sequences are not causal relationships. Process analysis, to be effective, must clearly indicate the stages in the process and, if necessary, the laws governing those stages.

Which of the selections in this group can be classified as causal analyses? Which as process analyses? Are the causal relationships clear and convincing? Are they complete? Are any necessary stages or steps in the process analyses omitted? What devices have the authors used to make the steps clear? Are all terms clearly defined?

Possible Themes 1 Democracy and Mediocrity, 2 The Effects of Advertising, 3 The Effects of Travel, 4 The Cult of Permissiveness, 5 How to Kill a Cat, 6 How to Build a Fire, 7 Teamwork in , 8 How to Raise , 9 The Evolution of , 10 How to Prepare a Perfect Steak, 11 How to Run a

RESEARCH PAPERS

A Hole Full of Dirt—REA, page 341

What is the plan adopted in arranging the various meanings of "slough"? Is it geographical or chronological? What other principle could be used, for instance, in listing the meanings of "swell" or "partner"? Gather material, prepare bibliography and outline for a word study.

Possible Themes 1 Romance, 2 Humor 3 Weird 4 Spirit 5 Atom 6 Nice 7 Free, 8 Gothic, 9 Villain, 10 Enthusiasm 11 Marshal, 12 Ether, 13 Shambles, 14 Carol 15 Battery, 16 Clerk 17 Standard 18 Tackle 19 Brand, 20 Cardinal, 21 Ballad 22 Style, 23 Bureau, 24 Character, 25 Damask, 26 Shop, 27 Compass, 28 Legend, 29 Knave, 30 Check

Henry Ford's Five Dollar Day—CAMPBELL, page 343

What is the purpose of the opening statement of the outline? Has the author clearly defined his subject? Has he discussed it completely? Compare the order, emphasis, and relationship of ideas as they appear in the outline and in the text. Do you find any discrepancies or could the outline serve as a table of contents for the paper? What do you think of the order in which the author has presented his material? Can you suggest alternative orders? Are they better or worse? Why? Study the documentation. Has the author adhered to the rules governing the use of footnotes and bibliography? What is the author's attitude toward Ford and his five dollar day? Give evidence to support your answer. Discuss the use of statistics as evidence.

Possible Themes 1 Statistics Don't Lie, but Many Liars Are Statisticians 2 Henry Ford—Saint or Sinner? 3 The Five Dollar Day Was Forced upon Ford 4 The Responsibilities of the Businessman 5 Profit sharing Today, 6 The Guaranteed Annual Wage

Silicosis and Its Prevention—LOESER, page 349

What does the first sentence do for the reader? Why are the second and third paragraphs necessary? How are technical terms handled? What are the main divisions of the article, and how are they indicated? Could you write a sentence in place of the last which would put the matter more forcefully? What is the value of citations from official reports? Study the form of the footnotes.

Possible Themes 1 I Worked in a Factory (Mine, Railroad, Shop, Garage), 2 A research theme on some situation calling for legislation, 3 A research theme on some problem of health such as cancer, polio, arteriosclerosis, mortality among athletes, the relative longevity of women, cigarette smoking 4 A research theme on some interesting process, such as building a modernistic house, color photography, wine making, fire fighting, 5 A research theme on advertising in the daily news paper, English as a universal language, pocket books, newspaper monopolies or the book clubs

The Dream" of Kubla Khan—SCHNEIDER, page 356

Be sure to read the poem "Kubla Khan" and the note Coleridge prefixed to the poem, both printed in this book. In a sentence state the theme of this article.

Summarize the author's arguments against the belief that "Kubla Khan" was composed in an opium dream. Does the author's reasoning and evidence convince you of the truth of her thesis? Note the organization and the transitions. Compose a sentence outline for this article, similar to the one for Henry Ford's Five Dollar Day. Read one of the other interpretations of Kubla Khan mentioned by the author at the beginning of her article; decide if she has treated it fairly.

Possible Themes 1 A research paper on the circumstances surrounding the composition of a poem, a play, a novel (for example, Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*), 2 A research paper which tries to demolish some popular delusion (see Evans, 'Some Popular Delusions,' in this book), 3 A research paper on the various interpretations of a poem (for example, Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn," Tennyson's *Ulysses*, Arnold's *Dover Beach*)

DISCUSSIONS OF MODERN PROBLEMS

Four Kinds of Thinking—ROBINSON, page 369

What defects in the thinking of the past does Robinson emphasize? Can you give examples of these defects from Henry Adams' and Madame Curie's biographies? Are new ideas necessarily sounder than old? Is Robinson right in saying that creative thought must necessarily 'change our minds on all important matters? What does a study of your reveries reveal about yourself? On what subjects do you find yourself wavering from earlier beliefs? Do you attempt to rationalize them? Could you apply creative thought to these problems?

Possible Themes 1 My Favorite Reveries, 2 Good Reasons and Real Reasons for My Political, Economic, or Religious Creed, 3 The Case for Traditional Beliefs, 4 The Case against Traditional Beliefs, 5 My Father (or Mother) Was Right after All, 6 How I Figured It Out for Myself

Some Popular Delusions—EVANS, page 377

Why are the legends about Nero, William Tell, Marie Antoinette, and others appealing? What does your answer tell you about man as a reasoning being? What does it tell you about the problems of the historian? Are similar legends likely to be built around present day figures? How do legends get started? What do you think of Evans' reasoning when he discusses Louis XIV and "*L'Etat, c'est moi*"? Exactly what is the difference between what Voltaire said and what he was supposed to have said? What does Evans' description of the relationship between religion and crime tell you about reasoning from cause to effect? What are the tests of evidence?

Possible Themes 1 If We All Talked Like Lawyers, 2 How Modern Legends Are Born, 3 Do We Need a World of Fables? 4 What Myth Do I Wish to Live Up To? 5 Some Tests of Truth, 6 Puncturing a Balloon

News and the Whole Truth—DAVIS, page 384

Illustrate the distinction between fact and truth. Senator McCarthy is no longer getting the newspaper coverage he once enjoyed. Does this prove that Davis' fear of "objectivity" is unfounded? Should an editor's loyalty to his reader transcend his loyalty to the ideal of objectivity? Argue for and against. Find examples of

'pertinent excerpts' in newspaper columns or reports Try to find the original, to see if the excerpt violates the truth Take a few pertinent excerpts from Davis article, and show how they could be used to imply the opposite of his meaning When are loaded words loaded? What does your answer tell you about the qualifications of a truthful writer? Are there some loaded words that are always loaded? Read two or more papers covering the same event Which report is closer to the truth? Do you know enough about the event to come to a decision?

Possible Themes 1 Loaded Words in (a news report, column, or editorial), 2 Picture Magazines and the Truth, 3 Ethics and Language 4 A Proof by Pertinent Excerpts That Is a Communist (or Atheist) (use an article in this book), 5 Why I Think (newspaper columnist, radio commentator) Is Trustworthy

Too Much Football—JACKSON, page 396

Has intercollegiate football given you or taught you anything that will be of permanent value? If a football player loses study time because of his game who is to blame? the player? the coaches? the alumni? the system? Why does Jackson criticize his alma mater's emphasis on winning? Do you see any points of agreement between what Jackson says of football and what Griswold (*Liberal Education Is Practical Education*) says of the purpose of a liberal education? Do you know any rabid football alumni? How do you account for their interest in the game? How do they act in the stadium? Do you see any relationship between the language of football ('team spirit,' 'a blanket of blue' and so on) and the language of politics (See Orwell, 'Politics and the English Language')? Do you agree with Jackson that the Rose Bowl and other bowl games are nothing more than the product of a public relations man's imagination?

Possible Themes 1 A Definition of Football Sportsmanship, 2 Football—For Whose Benefit? 3 The Inflated Football, 4 Put a Steeple on the Stadium, 5 The Price of Victory 6 Letter Man versus Key Man, 7 Reflections of a Philosopher on the Ruins of the Rose Bowl

Liberal Education Is Practical Education—GRISWOLD, page 408

What do you think of Griswold's definition of liberal education? Find examples of Griswold's use of cause to effect reasoning Does his reasoning satisfy you? Does Griswold clearly distinguish between impressions of the liberal arts which emphasize content and those which emphasize spirit and quality? Develop your answer by drawing upon your own experience What is the relationship if any, between Fadiman's ('The Decline of Attention') distinction between the informed man and the educated man, and Mill's statement that the purpose of the liberal arts is to make "capable and cultivated human beings"? How does Griswold define "practical"? Do you agree? Make an outline of Griswold's argument What is his proposition? What issues does he discuss? How valid is his evidence? How close his reasoning? Where are his vulnerable points? What do you think the purpose of college is to prepare you for life or to prepare you for making a living?

Possible Themes 1 School Can (Cannot) Prepare One for Life, 2 Mr Griswold's Faulty Assumptions, 3 Engineering and the Liberal Arts, 4 The Real Reasons for Public Indifference to the State of Our Schools, 5 I Respectfully Disagree 6 Poetry Never Sold Soap, 7 I Can't Waste Time on the Liberal Arts

Even A B s Must Eat—EARNEST, page 414

On what points do Griswold and Earnest agree? On what points do they disagree? What reason have you to think that one or the other is right? Are the instances selected by Earnest to prove that culture is always a by product of something else sufficient to prove his point? Can you think of instances which refute it? Can you think of ways in which courses in Latin, music, comparative religion, Greek art could be related to your future occupation? If not should you avoid them? What subjects, apart from those clearly vocational, would be most valuable to you in your vocation, in your personal life in your functions as a citizen?

Possible Themes 1 Dean Earnest Has Something 2 Eating to Live or Living to Eat? 3 What Music Means to Me, 4 My Educational Menu, 5 Selling Literature, 6 I Want Success and Something More

Academic Freedom "Opened My Eyes"—KOSTKA, page 418

Do you know of any instances of academic freedom being equated with Communism? Do you approve of loyalty oaths for teachers? for bankers? for union men? Can you define 'subversive'? Should avowed Communists be allowed to teach? Discuss this statement We have Pure Food Laws to protect the body, why not censorship laws to protect the mind? Does the term 'intellectual freedom' clarify for you the term 'academic freedom'? Do you agree that any threat to any phase of democracy is a threat to all of us? Illustrate Can ideas be censored? How would you decide what ideas to censor? What qualities would a censor need? What's the connection, if any, between ignorance, fear, and censorship?

Possible Themes 1 We Must Give Up Freedom to Save Freedom, 2 Communists Are Too Dangerous to Be Allowed to Teach, 3 Censorship and the Movies (Radio, TV) 4 I Approve of Loyalty Oaths, 5 Patriotism Means Conformity, 6 The Tyranny of the Majority

What Do You Mean, Free Enterprise?—ROBERTSON, page 427

What are the meanings of schizophrenia, entrepreneur, capital, nostalgic? Can you describe from personal knowledge one way in which government safeguards the prosperity of a particular business or class? In what ways does support of farm prices affect the rest of the public? Should the popular magazines receive subsidies in the form of low postal rates? Where would you go to get unbiased information on these controversial questions?

Possible Themes 1 Go Back to 1929? 2 What the Bill Means to My Community, 3 My Father's Views on the Fair Deal, 4 State Aids to Education, 5 Subsidizing the Farmer, 6 Subsidizing *Life* Magazine, 7 Better Housing and How to Get It

The Lessons of TVA—LILIENTHAL, page 434

What do you think of the author's suggestions for combining freedom and order? Can you see any objections to this type of federal control? Would it be better to give such control over a region to a private corporation? Can you suggest any other areas where such a plan could be applied? Could it be applied to the slum areas of large cities? How can such projects be kept out of spoils politics? Can they be made to pay their way?

Possible Themes 1 Why People Hate the Fair Deal, 2 My 'Ducktown', 3 The

Dust Bowl, 4 Deforestation, 5 Soil Erosion, 6 The Cure for Slums 7 Boulder Dam (or Columbia Dam)

The Role of Energy, Mainspring of Civilization—DANIELS, page 445

Do you think the mining and drilling for coal and oil should be regulated by the federal government? Or do you think that private owners are sufficiently aware of the problem of conserving fuel to inaugurate a program of self regulation? Has our government taken any steps to bring the benefits of cheap energy to underdeveloped areas of the world? What are they? Do you approve of them? Why? How does the importance of energy influence world politics—in Asia, the Near East, Europe? How has the quest for sources of energy influenced customs? What are some of the problems raised by our greater and greater use of energy? (See, for example, Aldous Huxley's *Comfort*)

Possible Themes 1 The Day of the Great Flood (Hurricane), 2 We Must Regulate Our Fuel Resources, 3 Oil and Politics, 4 America's Prodigal Use of Energy Some Effects, 5 Energy Destroyer of Civilization

How Freedom Divides the Free—STREIT, page 449

What forces, both individual and social, circumscribe your own liberty of thought, of speech, of action? What evidence is there that our two major parties are coalition parties? If each party represents all shades of opinion how can they be distinguished? Point to the recent formation of new nations What have these nations lost? gained? Do you agree with Streit's assumption that the greater the number of nations the greater the chance of war? Has the United Nations in any way contributed to the solution of the problems discussed by Streit? What might Warren Austin (*A Warning on World Government*) say to Streit if they were both members of a panel discussion on the subject of World Government?

Possible Themes 1 How Freedom Unites the Free, 2 How Freedom Divides the United States 3 Nationalism, Pro and Con, 4 Anarchy Freedom, Totalitarianism Some Definitions, 5 The United Nations Our Only Hope

Don't Resign from the Human Race—COUSINS, page 456

Do you think that Cousins overstates the case against human intelligence? Have the so called Christian nations been more pacific and less aggressive than others? Are we Americans as stupid about the application of our knowledge as Cousins asserts? Read the piece by Hooton (pp 515-524) What weapons of warfare threaten to exterminate the human race? What hope does Cousins hold out? Has he answered the arguments against World Government? What effective devices does he use to make his points?

Possible Themes 1 How Christian Are the Christian Nations? 2 Imbecile Interventions, 3 What Will Be Left after World War III? 4 The Consequences of Pacifism, 5 A Letter to Congressman on World Government

A Warning on World Government—AUSTIN, page 468

Why would a federal union of the nations be more difficult to achieve than the union of the original thirteen states? What dangers would lie ahead if world government were established? Has Cousins ignored the difficulty and the dangers?

What would his answer to Austin be? Can one support the United Nations and work for world government too?

Possible Themes 1 Stranger Things than World Government Have Happened, 2 Where There's a Will There's a Way, 3 The Role of Christianity in Achieving Peace, 4 The Next Step, 5 United We Stand, Divided We Fall

Myth Makers and the South's Dilemma—WRIGHT, page 474

What impressions have you gathered of the South? Was your information derived from biased history sensational fiction or personal experience? To what extent do Southern and Northern liberals agree on improving the status of the Negro? To what extent do they disagree? Is the Negro in greater peril today than he has been in a generation? Would it have been better if Lincoln's idea of separate states for Negroes had been adopted? Is complete racial mixture desirable? Is it possible?

Possible Themes 1 The South in Fiction and Reality, 2 Sectional Prejudices, 3 My Relations with Negroes (or Whites), 4 My Feelings on Segregation, 5 Do Northern Liberals Practise What They Preach? 6 Negroes in Athletics, 7 The Fraternity and the Negro

The Outgoing Life—WHYTE, page 483

Have you ever lived in a suburb like Park Forest? Do you think that Whyte exaggerates the pressure to conform that this kind of suburb exerts? Do you think he is right in referring to Park Forest life as a kind of communism? Cite some advantages, disadvantages of living in a community made up of people of approximately the same age, income interests. Whyte says that Park Forest breeds tolerance, distinguish clearly between tolerance and indifference. Do you know any 'outgoing' person? Describe him. Both Whyte and Mowrer ("Return to Integrity") talk about the value of privacy. What is that value? What features of American life are doing most to rob us of privacy?

Possible Themes 1 A Well adjusted Bore, 2 Is It Enough Not to Be Bad? 3 Give Me the Ingoing Life Anytime, 4 The Fun of Privacy, 5 The Necessity of Privacy, 6 The Community I Live In—Or Would Like to Live In

A Texan in England—DOBIE, page 497

What features of American life make for standardization and artificiality? Do Americans pay money to learn 'how to make friends and influence people'? Do American women find it necessary to pay millions of dollars to cosmetic manufacturers and 'beauticians'? Do these facts support Dobie's contention that we are less natural and unaffected than the British? Do our representatives in Congress tend to be sectionalists and partisans rather than broad minded patriots? Which of the English novelists, poets, and essayists you have read best express the characteristics defined by Dobie?

Possible Themes 1 The Cult of Artificiality, 2 The Goose Step in College, 3 A G I's Memories of the English, 3 These Limeys Have Got Guts", 4 The Professional Briton Hater, 5 The Englishman (Englishwoman) Caricature and Reality

Return to Integrity—MOWRER, page 506

Do you agree that Americans are renouncing their individuality? In what ways was eighteenth century society the most civilized our country has ever known? Defend

educational methods that stress developing the group spirit. Have you ever feared to state an opinion that you suspected might be unpopular? Try to account for your fear. What does your answer tell you about yourself? About your responsibilities as a student? a citizen? Why does Mowrer dislike the businessman's emphasis on getting along with people? Why are common aims inevitably tepid? Or don't you agree with Mowrer that they are? What is meant by the ancient truth that to know how to live one must know how to die? When did your conversion to nonconformity begin? Or hasn't it yet begun? Mowrer lists horror comics, drug addiction, and so forth, as results of a reaction to the emptiness of uniformity. Do you know of any healthier signs of such a reaction?

Possible Themes 1 Getting Alongmanship 2 Americans Are Not Sheep! 3 The Dangers of Nonconformity 4 G I s Abroad Are Poor Ambassadors, 5 Nonconformity and Examinations, 6 How TV and Hollywood Breed Nonconformists

An Apology for Man—HOOTON, page 515

Can we improve mankind without improving the human animal? Are there any ways of improving the breed? Can we encourage the multiplication of the intelligent or discourage the multiplication of the unintelligent? Does war tend to kill off the best men first? Does the Roman Church encourage celibacy for the best minds and encourage large families among the inferior classes? Have the educated classes themselves to blame if human intelligence steadily deteriorates? Can we cure criminals, or are they born vicious? Is Hooton right as to the present intelligence of the people? Does the record of such nations as Switzerland, England, France, and Sweden bear out Hooton's assertion that democracy is a less rational and successful form of government than a dictatorship? What is man's favorite idiom?

Possible Themes 1 Breeding Morons, 2 Are We Coddling Criminals? 3 Practical Eugenics 4 Do Dictators Make Their Peoples Happy? 5 Man's Control of Nature, 6 Man Is Half Ape Half Angel, 7 Why Is Tarzan Popular? 8 When Kindness Is Unkind, 9 Human Idiom

Nature—MILL, page 525

Do people still believe that attempts to improve social and physical conditions are violations of the order of nature? Cite some examples. Does Mill define "nature"? Consult the *Oxford English Dictionary* for a definition that fits his meaning. How does Mill account for man's tendency to think of nature as a moral teacher? What do you think of this account? Do you agree with Mill that cosmic forces are amoral, reckless? How do you reconcile God's mercy and goodness with the needless and undeserved suffering caused by nature? Mill devotes a major part of his essay to refutation. What idea is he interested in refuting? And what methods of refutation does he use? Has Mill's concept of God robbed Him of grandeur? What evidence is there for believing with Mill that the majority of believers in God look upon nature as he does? Which label best fits Mill: atheist, agnostic, theist?

Possible Themes 1 Nature Red in Tooth and Claw, 2 Partial Evil Is Universal Good, 3 "To him who hath shall be given", 4 Nature as a Moral Teacher, 5 "Are God and Nature Then at Strife?" (Read Krutch, "April—The Day of the Peepers," and selections from Tennyson, "In Memoriam," both in this book)

Infallibility—NEWMAN, page 534

After reading the selections from Mill and Hooton, do you think Newman has

met the problems of human ignorance and suffering satisfactorily? How does he reconcile the existence of evil with the omnipotence and goodness of God? Does his analogy of the boy of good make and mind really support his case? Does he make it clear why reason correctly exercised, and reason considered actually and historically should lead to opposite conclusions? Do you agree with Newman that an infallible guide in matters of religious faith is desirable? Do you think that the Roman Catholic Church has been successful, wherever and whenever it has prevailed, in fulfilling the functions which Newman assigns to it? What facts of his story confirm or contradict his view? Read over what Mr Maugham says about Newman's style. Be prepared to illustrate his remarks by particular passages.

Possible Themes 1 Human Misery and God's Goodness, 2 Blame Adam or the Anthropoid Ape? 3 Catholics in American Politics, 4 Reason, a Giant Evil?

The Fall of Man—LEWIS page 540

Lewis defends his interpretation of the fall of man by carefully distinguishing various meanings of "brutal" and "savage." Are his distinctions just? Do you agree (paragraph three) that science has nothing to say either for or against the doctrine of the Fall? Do you understand what Lewis means by the journey homeward to habitual self? Try to illustrate his meaning. Lewis distinguishes between the level of concept and 'understanding' and another level of experience which we learn about from Christianity. Do you understand what these levels are? Has Lewis 'Socratic myth' contributed to your knowledge of good and evil? Be sure to look up in a dictionary all unfamiliar words.

Possible Themes 1 The More We Progress, the More We Fall, 2 We Live in a World of Words, 3 Man, the Reasoning Animal, Is Half Dead, 4 It's We Who Are Savages, 5 The 'Savages' in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES

ADAMS, HENRY BROOKS (1838-1918)

The great grandson of one president and grandson of another, he was born on Beacon Hill, Boston studied at Harvard under Lowell and Agassiz, studied and traveled in Europe Was secretary of the American embassy in London and met Browning and the geologist Lyell Was Professor of History at Harvard 1870 to 1877 Resided in Washington for a few years, traveled extensively In 1895 he became profoundly influenced by medieval life and thought, and wrote *Mont St Michel and Chartres* In 1907 appeared his famous autobiography, *The Education of Henry Adams*

ADAMS, JAMES TRUSLOW (1878-1949)

Raised in Brooklyn, N Y, attended Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute (A B, 1898) and Yale University (A M, 1900) For a number of years he was a successful Wall Street broker, a manufacturer, and a railroad man After giving up business for scholarship, he wrote many books and articles outstanding among which are *The Founding of New England* (1921), for which he won a Pulitzer Prize *The Adams Family* (1930), and *Epic of America* (1932)

AUSTIN WARREN ROBINSON (1877—)

Born in Highgate, Vt, and educated at University of Vermont Admitted to bar, 1902 Awarded honorary LL D, University of Vermont, 1932 Has had an active judicial career Former U S Senator and United States Representative to the United Nations

BALDWIN, RAYMOND EARL (1893—)

Former U S Senator Born in Rye, N Y, and educated at Wesleyan University, Yale University, and Trinity College Served in the Navy in World War I Admitted to bar, 1921 Has had an active career in law and politics

BARNETT, LINCOLN (1909—)

A New Yorker educated at Horace Mann School and Princeton he received his master's degree from the Columbia School of Journalism in 1932 For six years he was a reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune* In 1937 he began to work for *Life* magazine as staff writer and associate editor Since 1946 he has devoted full time to writing *The Universe and Dr Einstein* has won a National Book Award special citation

BARZUN JACQUES (1907—)

Dean of the Graduate Faculties, Columbia University Educated at Lycee Janson de Sailly and Columbia University He has lived in the United States since the age of twelve, has taught history at Columbia since 1927 His major volumes are

Darwin, Marx, and Wagner (1941), *Romanticism and the Modern Ego* (1943) *Teacher in America* (1945), *Berlioz and the Romantic Century* (1950), *God's Country and Mine* (1954)

BEEBE, WILLIAM (1877—)

Born in Brooklyn, N Y, educated at Columbia University, since 1899 the Director of the Society's Department of Tropical Research and the Honorary Curator of Birds of the New York Zoological Society. For the past fifty years he has been publishing the results of his deep sea and deep jungle adventures in monographs and books noted for their accuracy and romance. Five of his volumes are *Galapagos*, *World's End*, *Jungle Peace*, *Jungle Days*, *The Arcturus Adventure*, and *Beneath Tropic Seas*. His latest work, *Unseen Life of New York*, appeared in 1953.

BEERBOHM, SIR MAX (1872—)

Educated at Oxford, which he has parodied so delightfully in that classic of college life, *Zuleika Dobson*. Other publications include *More, Yet Again, And Even Now*, *Lytton Strachey* (Rede Lecture, 1943), and many books of caricatures. He was knighted in 1939.

BELLOC, HILAIRE (1870-1951)

Educated at Oxford. A prolific writer of histories, biographies, essays, criticism, verse. Among his better known works are *The French Revolution* (1911), *Marie Antoinette* (1913), *Napoleon* (1932), and *Elizabeth* (1942).

BRADFORD, GAMALIEL (1863-1932)

Born in Boston, and attended Harvard briefly in 1882. Author of many biographical studies, including *Confederate Portraits* (1914), *Daughters of Eve* (1930), and *The Quick and the Dead* (1931).

BREWSTER, DOROTHY (1883—)

Born in St. Louis. Graduated from Barnard College in 1906, and took her doctorate at Columbia in 1913. Edited *A Book of Modern Short Stories* (1928). Has written reviews of modern fiction and collaborated with Professor Burrell on *Dead reckonings in Fiction* (1924), and *Modern Fiction* (1934). Author, *East West Passage* (1954). Associate Professor of English, Columbia University, retired.

BROWN, HLYWOOD (1888-1939)

Born in Brooklyn, N Y, and was a student at Harvard 1906-1910. Newspaper man, sports editor, war correspondent, literary and dramatic critic. Author of *With General Pershing and the American Forces* (1918), *Seeing Things at Night*, essays on the theater (1921), and *Christians Only*, with George Britt (1931). Lectured on drama at Columbia in 1920.

BURRELL, ANGUS (1890—)

Born in Montana. Graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1914. Served in the Navy during World War I. Is now Professor of English at Columbia University. Has published in collaboration with Miss Brewster *Dead reckonings in Fiction* (1924), and *Modern Fiction* (1934). Edited *The Bedside Book of Famous*

American Short Stories (1936), in collaboration with Bennett A. Cerf. Author of *History of Adult Education in Columbia University*

CAMPBELL, ROY KENNEDY (1929—)

Born and educated in Chester, Pa. Presently studying economics at The School of General Studies, Columbia University. A veteran of the U.S. Navy, he now works as an insurance investigator.

CHURCHILL, RT. HON. SIR WINSTON SPENCER (1874—)

Educated at Harrow and Sandhurst. Soldier, war correspondent, traveler, politician, diplomat, statesman. The recipient of dozens of degrees, decorations, and posts of honor. A prolific writer, he has tried his hand at almost every genre—novels, autobiography, travels, speeches. Awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, 1953, for his monumental six-volume history, *The Second World War*.

CLEMENS, SAMUEL LANGHORNE (1835–1910)

Pseudonym Mark Twain. Born and raised in Missouri, where he first began his career as a newspaperman. Later he worked as a Mississippi riverboat pilot. A trip abroad produced *Innocents Abroad* (1869), and then followed the works which earned him an international reputation as a master satirist and comic artist. Among the best known of these are *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (1876), *The Prince and the Pauper* (1880), *Life on the Mississippi* (1883), *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1884), *A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court* (1889).

COHEN, I. BERNARD (1914—)

Born in Far Rockaway, N.Y., and educated at Harvard. Professor of Physics at Harvard since 1942. Editor of *Isis*, official journal of the History of Science Society. Has written extensively on the history of science, science in America, and the effects of science on society.

COUSINS, NORMAN (1912—)

Graduated from Teachers College, Columbia, 1933. Was editor of *Current History*, now editor of *Saturday Review of Literature*. Lectures and writes on books and world affairs. Is moderator and forum leader of Norwalk Town Hall Association (Conn.). Consultant during war to Overseas Publication branch of the Office of War Information. Author of *The Good Inheritance: The Democratic Chance*, 1942, editor (with W. R. Benet) of *An Anthology of the Poetry of Liberty*, 1943. His *Modern Man Is Obsolete*, late in 1945, is an expansion of his much discussed editorial on the social and political implications of atomic energy.

CURIE, EVE (1904—)

A musician and playwright. Younger daughter of Pierre Curie and Marie Skłodowska-Curie, the discoverers of radium. Born in Paris and educated at Sevigne College. Was a music critic and journalist in Paris for years. Author of *The Price of Freedom* (1940).

DANIELS, EARL RICHARDSON KNAPP (1893—)

Professor of English at Colgate University, A.B. Clark University, A.M. Chicago. Ph.D. Harvard. Author of *The Art of Reading Poetry* (1941).

DANIELS, FARRINGTON (1889—)

Born in Minneapolis, educated at the University of Minnesota and Harvard Professor of Chemistry and Chairman of the Department of Chemistry, University of Wisconsin Editor of various scientific journals, 1932-1937 Writer and lecturer on kinetics, atomic power, the utilization of solar energy

DAVIS ELMER HOLMES (1890—)

Born in Aurora, Ill., and educated at Franklin College and Oxford University, he has been a teacher a writer for the *New York Times* (1914-1924), a news analyst for the Columbia Broadcasting System (1939-1942), Director of the Office of War Information (1942-1945) His favorite recreations, as stated in *Who's Who* — listening to music and looking at cats

DAY CLARENCE (1874-1935)

Born in New York City, graduated from Yale in 1896 Was for most of his life an invalid Writer of humorous sketches and essays and of the autobiographical sketches, *God and My Father*, and *Life with Father*

DE SALES, ROLAND DE ROUSSY (1896-1942)

Born in Paris, served as liaison officer with the American Red Cross during World War II, became assistant director of the Rockefeller Foundation in France In 1932 he came to this country as a correspondent for several French newspapers, lectured throughout the country, published many articles in French and American periodicals, and translated *Mein Kampf* for American publication He died in World War II

DOBIE, J FRANK (1888—)

Born on a ranch in Live Oak County, Texas Educated Southwestern University, University of Chicago, and Columbia University Research fellow Rockefeller Foundation and Guggenheim Foundation Served as 1st Lt in US Army World War I In 1943 went to Cambridge as Professor of American History A *Texan in England* was a record of that experience Returned to England to teach in United States Army University near Oxford Author of fiction and nonfiction on life and literature of the Southwest Professor of English at University of Texas, 1933-1947

EARNEST, ERNEST PENNEY (1901—)

Born in Hummelstown Pennsylvania Undergraduate work at Lafayette College and Harvard Princeton Ph D., 1936 He taught at Georgia School of Technology and is now a Professor of English at Temple University Author of *John and William Bartram* (1940) and *A Foreword to Literature* (1945)

EATON, WALTER PRICHARD (1878—)

Born in Massachusetts, graduated from Harvard in 1900 Dramatic critic for many years in Boston and New York, and author of many books on the theater and outdoor life Professor of playwriting at Yale 1933-1947

EVANS BERGEN (1905—)

Raised in Dayton Ohio Educated at Miami University (Ohio) Member of

Phi Beta Kappa and Rhodes Scholar For more than twenty years he has taught at Northwestern, where he is now Professor of English His publications include the *Natural History of Nonsense* Since 1951 he has been master of ceremonies of the television show, "Down You Go!"

FADIMAN CLIFTON (1904—)

A B Columbia 1925 Teacher of English at the Ethical Culture High School, 1925-1927 Editorial adviser to publishers Presiding genius of "Information Please"

FAULKNER, WILLIAM (1897—)

Born in New Albany Miss, and educated at the University of Mississippi he has brought Mississippi and its people to life in a series of books and stories about the world of Jefferson and Yoknapatawpha County, which bear a resemblance in many details to Lafayette County Miss, and its county seat of Oxford where he lives The best known of his books are *Sanctuary* (1931) *Absalom Absalom!* (1936) *Intruder in the Dust* (1949), *Requiem for a Nun* (1953), and *A Fable* (1955) He delivered his famous speech in 1950 on the occasion of his being awarded the 1949 Nobel Prize for Literature

FOSTER, WILLIAM TRUFANT (1879-1950)

Boston bred, Harvard (1901) educated, he taught English and speech at Bates and Bowdoin colleges, was president of Reed College from 1910 to 1920 and was director of the Pollack Foundation for Economic Research from 1920 until his death He is the author of a number of books on speech and economics including *The Road to Plenty* (in collaboration with Waddill Catchings)

FOWLER, GENE (1890—)

Born in Denver, educated at the University of Colorado A newspaperman during the twenties Among his better known books are *The Great Mouthpiece* (1931) *Good Night, Sweet Prince* (1943) and *Timber Line* (1933), in which 'The Unsinkable Mrs Brown' first appeared

GREENOUGH, JAMES BRADSTREET (1833-1901)

Educated at the Boston Latin School and Harvard University During his long career as a teacher at Harvard he was the first to teach Sanskrit and comparative philology He wrote verse produced private theatricals, published monographs and scholarly books on Latin His textbooks were for many years standard fare in Latin classrooms He was one of the principal founders of the Harvard Studies in Classical Philology

GRISWOLD, ALFRED WHITNEY (1906—)

President of Yale University since 1950 Born in Morristown, N J, and educated at Hotchkiss School and Yale The holder of many honorary degrees he taught history at Yale from 1933 to 1950 During World War II he was Director of the U S Army Special Training Program at Yale Among his published works are *The Far Eastern Policy of the United States* (1948), *Farming and Democracy* (1948), and *Essays on Education* (1953)

HALDANE JOHN BURDON SANDERSON (1892—)

A long time teacher scholar, and writer he was educated at Eton and Oxford Since 1937 he has been Professor of Biometry at University College London He has written countless books and articles Among the former may be listed *Animal Biology* (with Julian S Huxley, 1927), *Science and Ethics* (1928), *Causes of Evolution* (1933), and *Everything Has a History* (1951)

HOOTON EARNEST ALBERT (1887-1954)

Professor of Anthropology at Harvard, 1930-1954 Born in Clemansville Wisconsin Educated at Lawrence College (A B, 1907) and the University of Wisconsin (Ph D, 1911) Rhodes Scholar at Oxford 1910-1913 Author of *Up from the Ape* (1931), *Apes, Men and Morons* (1937), *The American Criminal* (1939), and *Why Men Behave Like Apes and Vice Versa* (1940)

HUXLEY, ALDOUS LEONARD (1894—)

One of the most famous of the famous Huxley family Educated at Eton and Oxford Since the publication of *Crome Yellow* (1921), his novels have seldom fallen below the highest level of wit penetration and clarity Among the best known of his works are *Antic Hay* (1923) *Point Counterpoint* (1928) *Brave New World* (1942), *After Many a Summer Dies the Swan* (1939) His latest novel, *The Genius and the Goddess*, was published in 1955 Recently he has been living in California, where he has done some writing for motion pictures

HUXLEY JULIAN SORELL (1887—)

Like his brother Aldous, Julian Huxley went to fashionable Eton and then to Oxford His activities include teaching, writing, and lecturing on radio and television He has been the recipient of awards from nations throughout the world and is the member of countless learned societies He is the author of scores of scientific papers and books, on subjects ranging from birdwatching to evolution Although he has achieved fame as a biologist and teacher, he himself believes that his greatest achievement has been to 'further the cause of scientific humanism' His latest books are *Ancients and Moderns* (1953) and *From an Antique Land* (1954)

HUXLEY, THOMAS HENRY (1825-1895)

Was the son of a schoolmaster at Ealing, outside London Took his degree in medicine in 1845 and went out as a surgeon for four years on H M S *Rattlesnake* His biological papers attracted attention In 1851 he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, and formed friendships with the leading English scientists, including Darwin In many stormy controversies he championed the cause of evolution

JACKSON, ALLEN

Graduated from the University of Michigan in 1951, after winning three letters in football He worked six months as a laborer and used his savings for further study in England and France Playing Rugby football in England with an independent club has led him to champion that game as superior to American football

KAHN ELY JACQUES, JR (1916—)

Born in New York A B, Harvard 1937 He joined the staff of the *New Yorker* right after leaving college and, except for the war years, has been there ever since writing Profiles Reporters at Large, Tall of the Town, and other features His war experiences are reflected in *Army Life* (1942) and *G I Jungle* (1943) His most recent books are *The Voice the Story of an American Phenomenon* (1947) *Who, Me?* (1949), and *The Peculiar War* (1952)

KITTREDGE, GEORGE LYMAN (1860-1941)

Born in Boston A B, Harvard, 1882 He was Professor of English at Harvard 1894-1936 Author of many scholarly works on English and philology, including *Chaucer and His Poetry* (1915), *Shakespeare* (1916), *Witchcraft in Old and New England* (1929) Editor of *Complete Works of Shakespeare*, which began to appear in 1936

KOSTKA WILLIAM JAMES (1905—)

Born in Chicago, educated at Knox College, of which he later became a trustee At various times he has worked as editor and writer with International News Service, Fawcett Publications, *Look* magazine From 1938 to 1941 he was publicity director for NBC At present he is president of his own public relations firm

KRUTCH, JOSEPH WOOD (1893—)

A B University of Tennessee, 1915, A M, Columbia, 1916 Ph D, Columbia, 1923 For many years dramatic critic of the *Nation* Appointed Brander Matthews Professor of Dramatic Literature at Columbia University in 1943 For the past few years he has been living in Arizona writing essays, reviews, and books such as *The Twelve Seasons* and *The Desert Year*, which are earning for him a nationwide reputation as a naturalist Among the books he has written are *Edgar Allan Poe A Study in Genius*, *The Modern Temper*, *Five Masters*, *Experience in Art*, *Samuel Johnson*

LA FARGE, OLIVER (1901—)

Son of Grant La Farge architect, and grandson of painter John La Farge Born in New York A B, Harvard, 1924 Taught at Tulane, did anthropological field work in Arizona and New Mexico Pulitzer Prize for *Laughing Boy* (1929) Awarded O Henry Memorial Prize in 1930 for the short story "Haunted Ground" Historical officer of Air Transport Command, with rank of major Served in South America, Africa, England, France, Italy His latest books are *Raw Material* (1945), and *Santa Eulalia* (1947)

LAMB, CHARLES (1775-1834)

Born in London of poor parents Educated at Christ's Hospital For thirty three years was a clerk in the East India House A strain of insanity in the family showed itself in his sister Mary, the Bridget of the *Essays of Elia* These he began contributing to the *London Magazine* in 1820, and they fixed his place as the most fascinating and friendly of English essayists

LANGEWIESCHE, WOLFGANG (1907—)

German born student of sociology Came to the United States from Austria in 1930 Studied at Columbia, was research assistant at University of Chicago Instructor in sociology at Sarah Lawrence College Author of nontechnical books on the art of flying *I'll Take the High Road* (1939) and *Stick and Rudder* (1944)

LEWIS, CLIVE STAPLES (1898—)

Born in Belfast and educated in Malvern College, Oxford Since 1954 he has been Professor of Medieval and Renaissance English Literature at Cambridge Among his better known books are *The Allegory of Love* (1936), *The Problem of Pan* (1940), and the *Screwtape Letters* (1942) He has put his learning and wit into some excellent juveniles *The Voyage of the Dawn Treader* (1952) and *The Silver Chair* (1953)

LILIENTHAL, DAVID ELI (1899—)

Born in Morton Ill DePauw University A B, Harvard Law School, LL B Practiced law in Chicago 1923-1931 One of the three directors of TVA appointed in 1933 Chairman of the TVA 1941-1946 Chairman of the U S Atomic Energy Commission 1947-1950 In addition to many articles and government reports, he is author of the books *TVA—Democracy on the March* (1944), *Thus I Do Believe* (1949), and *Big Business A New Era* (1953)

LINCOLN, ABRAHAM (1806-1865)

Sixteenth president of the United States Born and raised in Kentucky, he and his family suffered all the difficulties of frontier life In 1834 he was elected to the State Legislature of Illinois Later he set up as an attorney in Springfield, Ill served one term in Congress (1847-1849) He emerged from obscurity in 1858, when he was nominated by the newly formed Republican party to oppose Stephen A Douglas in a race for the U S Senate Though defeated, he later gained the presidency in 1860, and lived to see the end of the Civil War He was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth in April, 1865

LLOYD, DONALD JACOB (1910—)

Professor of English language and literature at Wayne University since 1948 Born in Sault Ste Marie, Mich, and educated at Wayne and Yale His writings include *Medieval English Religious Literature* and *Main Drift of the English Language*

LOESER, MARY ANN (1918—)

Born in Ohio, graduated from Vassar, 1940 Carried on research for United Automobile Workers, C I O, in Detroit, and for several labor unions in San Francisco Married Lawrence Freiberg in 1945

LOWES, JOHN LIVINGSTON (1867-1945)

Born in Indiana A B, Washington and Jefferson, 1886 Studied in Germany and at Harvard Professor of English Literature at Harvard, 1918 to 1939 Author of many learned articles and some illuminating, delightful books on poets and poetry, particularly *The Road to Xanadu*

MC GINLEY, PHYLLIS (Mrs Charles Hayden) (1905—)

Born Ontario, Ore. Attended the Universities of Utah and California. Teacher, essayist, free lance writer and editor. Author of light verse for national magazines collected in *One More Manhattan* (1937), *Pocket Full of Wry* (1940), and *The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley* (1954).

MAC LEISH, ARCHIBALD (1892—)

Born in Glencoe, Illinois. A.B. in Yale, 1915. Author of the following volumes of verse: *Conquistador*, Pulitzer Prize for poetry (1932), *Frescoes for Mr Rockefeller's City* (1933), *Poems 1929-1933*, *Public Speech* (1936), *Fall of the City* (1937), *America Was Promises* (1939). *Collected Poems, 1917-1952* was followed by *Songs for Eve* (1955). He became drawn into public life. Librarian of Congress, 1939-1944. Assistant Secretary of State, 1944-1945. Boylston Professor of Rhetoric at Harvard since 1949.

MARTIN, BETTY FIBLE (1907—)

Born and brought up in the country. Graduated from Barnard (1929) and studied at the Columbia University Law School. She operates a farm in northern Virginia and raises eggs for the Washington market. In 1941 had a short story in *Country Book*.

MAUGHAM, WILLIAM SOMERSET (1874—)

Born in Paris. Educated at Heidelberg, and trained for medicine at St. Thomas's Hospital, London. Author of novels, stories, and plays. *Of Human Bondage*, an autobiographical novel, published in 1915, is regarded as his greatest achievement.

MILL, JOHN STUART (1806-1873)

The precocious son of James Mill, British philosopher, economist, and historian, who subjected John to a severe educational regimen. He worked for a while as a clerk in India House, soon became interested in problems of political theory. Mill tempered the utilitarian philosophy of his father with humanitarianism. His emphasis on reform led him close to socialism. Among his better-known works are *System of Logic* (1843), *Principles of Political Economy* (1848), *Utilitarianism* (1863), *Auguste Comte and Positivism* (1865).

MORPHY, MARCELLE, Countess

In addition to *Recipes of All Nations* (1935), from which our recipes are taken, Countess Morphy is the author of many interesting cookery books: *100 Ways of Cooking Eggs* (1932), *English Recipes*, *Fish Dishes*, *Vegetable Dishes*, *Mushroom Recipes*, all four in 1936, *Polyglot Cookery Books* (English-French, English-German, English-Italian) (1937), *Good Food from Italy* (1938) and *The Kitchen Encyclopaedia* (1947).

MOWRER, EDGAR ANSEL (1892—)

Born in Bloomington, Ill., he was educated at the University of Chicago and the Sorbonne. After World War I he was for ten years the Rome-Berlin correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*. In 1932 he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for his excellent writing on foreign affairs from Washington, D.C. He served as

Deputy Director of the Office of War Information from 1942 to 1943. Among his many publications are *Immortal Italy* (1923), *Germany Puts the Clock Back* (1932), and *Challenge and Decision* (1950).

NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY (1801-1890)

Born in London. Studied at Oxford, became Fellow of Oriel College, Preacher to the University, 1831-32. Together with Pusey and Keble, inaugurated the Anglo Catholic or Oxford Movement in the Church of England with the publication of *Tracts for the Times* (1833). Went into retirement at Littlemore. In 1845 was received into the Roman Church. As a reply to Charles Kingsley, wrote *Apologia pro Vita Sua* (1864), an account of his religious development. Created cardinal in 1879.

O'NEILL, EUGENE JR. (1910-1950)

Son of the famous playwright Eugene O'Neill, he received his undergraduate and graduate degrees from Yale University. Before his death he had earned for himself a reputation as a Greek scholar of considerable note. He taught Greek and the classics at Yale, Princeton, and Sarah Lawrence College, and was the author of many reviews and articles in both learned and popular periodicals.

ORWELL, GEORGE (1903-1950)

Born in India (his original name was Eric Blair), educated in England, a Socialist mainly concerned with the preservation of individualism. Among his best known works are the satire on Soviet Russia, *Animal Farm* (1946) and 1984, his horrifying vision of the future, published in 1949. The fame of these two books has contributed to the neglect of his early novels and of his trenchant essays, such as those in *Dickens, Dali, and Others* (1945) and in *Shooting an Elephant*, from which 'Politics and the English Language' has been taken.

ROBERTSON, NATHAN (1902-)

Brought up as a Republican at Chevy Chase, Maryland. A.B., University of Michigan, 1923. Has covered political and economic news at Washington, D.C., for twenty five years for press associations and for the newspaper P.M. Won Heywood Brown award and Nieman Fellowship in 1944. Now a free lance writer.

ROBINSON, JAMES HARVEY (1863-1936)

Came from Illinois, studied at Harvard and Freiburg, and for many years was Professor of History at Columbia. While teaching, he wrote a number of school histories which established new standards in the art of textbook writing. He resigned his position at Columbia to lecture at the New School for Social Research. His *Mind in the Making* is one of those very useful books which bring home to the man in the street the results of scientific thinking.

ROOSEVELT, FRANKLIN DELANO (1882-1945)

Thirty first president of the United States. Born in Hyde Park, N.Y., he received the best of educations at Groton, Harvard (B.A., 1904), and Columbia University School of Law (LL.B., 1907). He began his long public career in 1910 as New York State senator. Later he was appointed assistant secretary of the Navy.

(1913-1920) Despite the crippling effects of poliomyelitis, he continued in politics, became governor of New York and in 1932, president of the United States. Re-elected three times he governed during the economic depression of the thirties and the major phases of World War II. He died suddenly on April 12, 1945, a month before the surrender of Germany.

ST JOHN, REV SEYMOUR (1912—)

Born in New Haven, and educated at Yale (A B, 1935), the Episcopal Theological Seminary (1941), and American College (1943). Lieutenant Commander in the U S Navy during World War II. Headmaster of Choate School, Wallingford, Conn, since 1947.

SANDBURG, CARL (1878—)

Born in Illinois. Studied at Lombard College. At various times he was soldier, truck handler, dishwasher, harvest hand, advertising and newspaper writer. *Chicago Poems* (1916) was his first book of poems. Subsequent poems of his have been collected in *Cornhuskers* (1918), *Smoke and Steel* (1920). A great biography is *Abraham Lincoln, The Prairie Years* (1926), *The War Years* (1939). *Complete Poems* appeared in 1950.

SANDERSON, IVAN TERENCE (1911—)

Educated at Cambridge, England. A specialist in ecology and general zoology, he has led nine expeditions to the Orient, Africa, South and Central America. In 1948 and 1949 he conducted radio and television programs on the subject of natural history. Author of books and articles on natural history, member of many American, British, and other foreign scientific societies.

SCHNEIDER, ELISABETH WINTERSTEEN (1897—)

Born in Salt Lake City. A B, Smith, 1920, A M, Pennsylvania, 1926, Ph D, Pennsylvania, 1933. Professor of English at Temple University since 1945. She is chiefly interested in aesthetics and romanticism, and has written on these subjects as well as on the work of Hazlitt and Coleridge.

SEVAREID, ERIC (1912—)

Raised in Velva, N D. Worked as a newspaperman in Minneapolis in the early thirties while attending the University of Minnesota. In 1937 he joined the staff of the *Paris Herald* and in 1939 he became a correspondent with Columbia Broadcasting System. His CBS assignments have included a stay in China during World War II, when he spent weeks in the jungle following a plane crash over the Hump.

SHERMAN STUART PRATT (1881-1926)

American critic and educator. For many years Professor of English at the University of Illinois. From 1924 till his death literary editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*. Author of *Matthew Arnold*, *The Genius of America*, *Critical Woodcuts* and *The Emotional Discovery of America*, the last published after his death.

STEVENS, LEONARD A (1920—)

Born in Lisbon, NH B A and M A in journalism, State University of Iowa For two years he was news editor of the educational radio station WSUI, Iowa City At present he is a free lance writer who has published in many national magazines, including *Collier's*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Reader's Digest*

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS (1850—1894)

The son of a distinguished engineer, he was born in Edinburgh, and educated in the schools and the university of that city He devoted some years to the law, but his interest in literature diverted him into publishing essays and travel sketches Ill health forced him to various parts of the world, to France, California, the Adirondacks, Hawaii, and finally to Samoa, where he died of tuberculosis Besides his essays, he wrote *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* and *Treasure Island*

STRACHEY, LYTTON (1880—1932)

Son of a British general and colonial administrator Studied at Trinity College, Cambridge Created a sensation in 1918 with *Eminent Victorians*, a new venture in brief, realistic, and sometimes caustic biography It was followed by *Queen Victoria* and *Elizabeth and Essex*

STREIT, CLARENCE KIRSHMAN (1896—)

Educated at Montana State University, the Sorbonne, and Oxford, which he attended as a Rhodes Scholar He served for two years in France during World War I, including six months with the Paris Peace Conference Later he covered the Greco-Turk and Riff wars France, Italy, Central Europe, and the Balkans as a correspondent From 1929 to 1939 he was the *New York Times* correspondent at the League of Nations Out of this period grew his absorption with the problems of world cooperation and competition His first major book, *Union Now*, appeared in 1939 He has since published *Union Now with Britain* (1941) and *The New Federalist* (1950) He is editor of *Freedom and Union* magazine and since 1939 has been president of Federal Union, Inc

STROUT, RICHARD LEE (1898—)

Newspaperman born in Cohoes, NY Educated at Harvard (A B, 1919 A M, 1923) Reporter with the *Boston Post*, then the *Christian Science Monitor*, and since 1925 with the Washington Bureau Author (with E B White) of 'Firewell, My Lovely!'

SULLIVAN, FRANK (1892—)

Journalist and humorist Born at Saratoga Springs, NY A B, Cornell, 1914 Served with the infantry in World War I His books include *Innocent Bystanding* (1928), *Broccoli and Old Lace* (1931), *A Pearl in Every Oyster* (1938), and *A Rock in Every Snowball* (1946)

THURBER, JAMES GROVER (1894—)

Educated at Ohio State University An editor of *The New Yorker* where many of his humorous and satiric pieces have appeared Author of *My Life and Hard Times* (1933) *Let Your Mind Alone* (1937) *The Last Flower* (1939), *The Beast*

in *Me, and Other Animals* (1948), and *The 13 Clocks* (1950). He has also done a play, *Male Animal*, in collaboration with Elliot Nugent.

WHITE, ELWYN BROOKS (1899—)

Born in Mount Vernon, N.Y. Educated at Cornell. Reporter, freelance writer and contributor to magazines including *The New Yorker* and *Harper's*. Author of *The Lady Is Cold* poems (1929), *Is Sex Necessary?* (with J. Thurber 1929), *Every Day Is Saturday* (1934), *The Fox of Peapack* (1938), *One Man's Meat* (1942), *Here Is New York* (1949), and *The Second Tree from the Corner* (1953). Edited *A Subtreasury of American Humor* (1941).

WHITE, LEE STROUT, pen name of the collaborators E. B. White (qv) and Richard Lee Strout (qv).

WHYTE, WILLIAM H., JR. (1918—)

Born in West Chester, Pa. graduated from Princeton in 1939. He worked as a traveling salesman for two years before joining the Marine Corps in 1941. He served in the Guadalcanal campaign and later at the Staff and Command School at Quantico, Va. He is now Assistant Managing Editor of *Fortune* magazine, the staff of which he joined in 1946. His publications include a book *Is Anybody Listening?*, which first appeared as a series of articles in *Fortune*.

WILSEY, MILDRED

Born in St. Paul, Minn. A.B., Wells College, 1922; M.A., Columbia, 1927; Ph.D., Yale, 1937. Taught at New Jersey College for Women. Now Associate Professor of English at Wilson College. Contributor of verse and essays, literary and personal, to *New Yorker*, *Christian Century*, *Sky*, *Wings*, *College English*.

WILSON, THOMAS WOODROW (1856–1924)

Twenty-seventh president of the United States. Born in Staunton, Va. graduated from Princeton in 1879. Studied law at the University of Virginia; admitted to the bar in 1882. After receiving a Ph.D. in political science and jurisprudence from Johns Hopkins in 1886, he taught at Bryn Mawr, Wesleyan, and Princeton. He became president of Princeton in 1902, governor of New Jersey in 1910, and president of the United States in 1913. His published works include a number of books on constitutional law and two collections of essays, *An Old Master and Other Political Essays* (1893) and *Mere Literature and Other Essays* (1893).

WOOLLCOTT, ALEXANDER (1887–1943)

Born at Phalanx, N.J. and graduated from Hamilton College. He was dramatic critic for the *New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune*. He wrote two books on the theater, *Enchanted Isles* (1924) and *Going to Pieces* (1928). Later he was famous for his radio talks on books and drama.

WRIGHT, LOUIS B. (1899—)

Born in South Carolina. A.B., Wofford College; Ph.D., University of North Carolina. Guggenheim Fellow in England and Italy, 1928–1929. Joined the research staff of the Huntington Library in 1932. Since 1948, Director of the Folger

Shakespeare Library, Washington, D C Author of *Middle Class Culture in Elizabethan England* (1935), *The First Gentleman of Virginia* (1940), and other books

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